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**A**

**C O L L E C T I O N of POEMS.**

**A NEW EDITION CORRECTED;**

**WITH NOTES.**

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**V O L. I.**



A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
POEMS  
IN SIX VOLUMES.  
BY  
SEVERAL HANDS,  
WITH NOTES.



London:  
Printed for J. DODSTLEY, in PALL-MALL.  
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A D V E R T I S E M E N T  
TO THE FORMER EDITIONS.

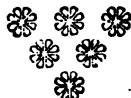
THE intent of the following Volumes is to preserve to the Public those poetical performances, which seemed to merit a longer remembrance than what would probably be secured to them by the MANNER wherein they were originally published. This design was first suggested to the Editor, as it was afterwards conducted, by the opinions of some Gentlemen, whose names it would do him the highest honour to mention. He desires in this place also to make his acknowledgments to the Authors of several pieces inserted in these Volumes; which were never before in print; and which, he is persuaded, would be thought to add credit to the most judicious collection of this kind in our lan-

VOL. I.

A

guage.

guage. He hath nothing farther to premise, but that the Reader must not expect to be pleased with every particular poem which is here presented to him. It is impossible to furnish out an entertainment of this nature, where every part shall be relished by every guest: it will be sufficient, if nothing is set before him, but what has been approved by those of the most acknowledged taste.





ON THE  
PROSPECT OF PEACE,  
A P O E M.

By THOMAS TICKELL, Esq;<sup>a</sup>

To the LORD PRIVY-SEAL.<sup>b</sup>

— — — — — *Sacerdos*

*Fronde super MITRAM, et fælici comptus olivâ. VIRG.*

C O ntending kings, and fields of death, too long  
Have been the subject of the British song.  
Who hath not read of fam'd Ramilia's plain,  
Bavaria's fall, and Danube choak'd with slain?

Exhausted

<sup>a</sup> Mr. Tickell was born in the year 1686, at Bridekirk in Cumberland, where his father, a clergyman, then lived. He became a member of Queen's College, Oxford, in April 1701. On the 22d of February,

Exhausted themes ! A gentler note I raise,  
 And sing returning Peace in softer lays.  
 Their ury quell'd, and martial rage allay'd,  
 I wait our heroes in the sylvan shade.  
 Disbanding hosts are imag'd to my mind,  
 And warring pow'rs in friendly leagues combin'd ;

1708, he took the degree of M. A. and two years afterwards was chosen Fellow of his College. During his residence at the University, the Opera of Rosamond was performed, and on its appearance, Mr. Tickell addressed a Poem to Mr. Addison, the Author, which was so well received, that it laid the foundation of an intimacy between the two friends, and proved of the greatest advantage to Mr. Tickell's future fortune. When Mr. Addison went to Ireland as Secretary to Lord Sunderland, Mr. Tickell accompanied him, and was employed in public business. In 1717, he became Under Secretary of State, and about 1725, was appointed Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland, a place of great honour, in the enjoyment whereof he continued until his death, which happened at Bath, on the 23d of April 1740.

<sup>b</sup> This was Dr. John Robinson, then Bishop of Bristol, but afterwards of London. He was born near Richmond in Yorkshire, and resided some years at Oriel College, Oxford, where he took the degree of M. A. March 5, 1683, and of D. D. by diploma, 7th of August 1710. He had lived many years in Sweden, first as Chaplain to the Ambassador, and afterwards in the quality of Ambassador himself. In both these stations he conducted himself with great credit and advantage to the government. On his return home, he was preferred to a Prebend at Canterbury, then to the Deanry of Windsor, and afterwards to the Bishoprick of Bristol. In 1711, the custody of the Privy Seal was given to him, and he was nominated one of the Plenipotentiaries to negotiate the treaty of Utrecht. On the 13th March, 1713, he was translated to the See of London, and died 11th of April 1723.

While

While ease and pleasure make the nations smile,  
And heav'n and ANNA bless Britannia's isle,

Well sends our Queen her mitred BRISTOL forth,  
For early counsels fam'd, and long-try'd worth,  
Who, thirty rolling years, had oft with-held  
The Suede and Saxon from the dusty field ;  
Compleatly form'd, to heal the Christian wounds,  
To name the kings, and give each kingdom bounds ;  
The face of ravag'd nature to repair,  
By leagues to soften earth, and heav'n by pray'r ;  
To gain by love, where rage and slaughter fail,  
And make the croser o'er the sword prevail.

So when great Mofes, with JEHOVAH's wand,  
Had scatter'd plagues o'er stubborn Pharaoh's land,  
Now spread an host of locusts round the shore,  
Now turn'd Nile's fatt'ning streams to putrid gore ;  
Plenty and gladness mark'd the priest of God,  
And sudden almonds shot from Aaron's rod.

O thou, from whom these bounteous blessings flow,  
To whom, as chief, the hopes of peace we owe,  
(For next to thee, the man whom kings contend  
To stile companion, and to make their friend,  
Great STRAFFORD <sup>c</sup>, rich in every courtly grace,  
With joyful pride accepts the second place,)  
From Britain's isle, and Isis' sacred spring,  
One hour, oh ! listen while the Muses sing,

<sup>c</sup> Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford; joint Plenipotentiary with Bishop Robinson. He died in the year 1739.

Though ministers of mighty monarchs wait,  
 With beating hearts, to learn their masters' fate,  
 One hour forbear to speak thy Queen's commands,  
 Nor think the world, thy charge, neglected stands ;  
 The blissful prospects, in my verse display'd,  
 May lure the stubborn, the deceiv'd persuade ;  
 Ev'n thou to peace shalt speedier urge the way,  
 And more be hasten'd by this short delay.

The haughty Gaul, in ten campaigns o'erthrown,  
 Now ceas'd to think the Western world his own.  
 Oft had he mourn'd his boasting leaders bound,  
 And his proud bulwarks smoaking on the ground ;  
 In vain with pow'rs renew'd he fill'd the plain,  
 Made tim'rous vows, and brib'd the saints in vain ;  
 As oft his legions did the fight decline,  
 Lurk'd in the trench, and skulk'd behind the line.  
 Before his eyes the fancy'd javelin gleams ;  
 At feasts he starts, and seems dethron'd in dreams ;  
 On glory past reflects with secret pain,  
 On mines exhausted, and on millions slain.

To Britain's Queen the scepter'd suppliant bends,  
 To her his crowns and infant race commands ;  
 Who grieves her fame with christian blood to buy,  
 Nor asks for glory at a price so high.  
 At her decree the war suspended stands,  
 And Britain's heroes hold their lifted hands :  
 Their open brows no threat'ning frowns disguise,  
 But gentler passions sparkle in their eyes.

The Gauls, who never in their courts could find  
 Such temper'd fire with manly beauty join'd,  
 Doubt if they're those, whom dreadful to the view  
 In forms so fierce their fearful fancies drew,  
 At whose dire names ten thousand widows pres'd  
 Their helpless orphans clinging to the breast.  
 In silent rapture each his foe surveys,  
 They vow firm friendship, and give mutual praise.  
 Brave minds, how'e'er at war, are secret friends,  
 Their gen'rous discord with the battle ends ;  
 In peace they wonder whence dissention rose,  
 And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.

Methinks I hear more friendly shouts rebound,  
 And social clarions mix their sprightly sound ;  
 The British flags are furl'd, her troops disband,  
 And scatter'd armies seek their native land.  
 The hardy veteran, proud of many a scar,  
 The manly charms and honours of the war,  
 Who hop'd to share his friend's illustrious doom,  
 And in the battle find a soldier's tomb,  
 Leans on his spear to take his farewell view,  
 And sighing bids the glorious camp adieu.

Ye generous fair, receive the brave with smiles,  
 O'erpay their sleepless nights, and crown their toils ;  
 Soft beauty is the gallant soldier's due,  
 For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.  
 In vain proud Gaul with boastful Spain conspires,  
 When English valour English beauty fires ;

The nations dread your eyes, and kings despair  
Of chiefs so brave, 'till they have nymphs so fair.

See the fond wife, in tears of transport drown'd,  
Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er every wound ;  
Hangs on the lips, that fields of blood relate,  
And smiles or trembles, at his various fate.  
Near the full bowl he draws the fancied line,  
And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,  
Then sets th' invested fort before her eyes,  
And mines that whirl'd battalions to the skies ;  
His little list'ning progeny turn pale,  
And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.

Such dire achievements sings the bard that tells  
Of palfrey'd dames, bold knights, and magic spells ;  
Where whole brigades one champion's arms o'erthrew,  
And cleave a giant at a random blow ;  
Slay paynims vile, that force the fair ; and tame  
The goblin's fury, and the dragon's flame.

Our eager youth to distant nations run,  
To visit fields their valiant fathers won ;  
From Flandria's shore their country's fame they trace,  
'Till far Germania shews her blasted face.  
Th' exulting Briton asks his mournful guide,  
Where his hard fate the lost Bavaria try'd ;  
Where <sup>4</sup> Stepney grav'd the stone to ANNA's fame :  
He points to Blenheim, once a vulgar name ;

Here

<sup>4</sup> George Stepney, Esq; a gentleman, who although much celebrated by his contemporaries for poetical genius, is at present more known as a Statesman

Here fled the Household, there did Tallard <sup>a</sup> yield,  
 Here Marlborough turn'd the fortune of the field ;  
 On those steep banks, near Danube's raging flood,  
 The Gauls thrice started back, and trembling stood ;  
 When, Churchill's arm perceiv'd, they stood not long,  
 But plung'd amidst the waves, a desp'rate throng ;  
 Crowds whelm'd on crowds dash'd wide the watry bed,  
 And drove the current to its distant head.

As when by Raphael's, or by Kneller's hands,  
 A warlike courser on the canvas stands,  
 Such as on Landen bleeding Ormond <sup>f</sup> bore,  
 Or set young Ammon on the Granic shore ;  
 If chance a gen'rous steed the work behold,  
 He snorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy gold :  
 So, Hocstet seen, tumultuous passions roll,  
 And hints of glory fire the Briton's soul ;

<sup>a</sup> Statesman than a Poet. He was born at Westminster, in the year 1663, and, having become intimately acquainted with Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, at Trinity College, Cambridge, through his means procured himself the appointment of ambassador to several foreign courts, where he acquitted himself with great ability and success. He died at Chelsea in the year 1707, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

<sup>f</sup> At the battle of Blenheim, the marshal Tallard was taken prisoner by the Duke of Marlborough, and, with twenty-six other officers of distinction, brought to England, where he continued in confinement a considerable time.

<sup>f</sup> At the battle of Landen, the Duke of Ormond was taken prisoner, and exchanged for the Duke of Berwick.

In fancy'd fights he sees the troops engage,  
And all the tempest of the battle rage.

Charm me, ye pow'rs, with scenes less nobly bright,  
Far humbler thoughts th' inglorious Muse delight,  
Content to see the horrors of the field  
By plough-shares levell'd, or in flow'rs conceal'd.  
O'er shatter'd walls may creeping ivy twine,  
And grass luxuriant cloath the harmless mine,  
Tame flocks ascend the breach without a wound,  
Or crop the bastion, now a fruitful ground ;  
While shepherds sleep, along the rampart laid,  
Or pipe beneath the formidable shade.

Who was the man, (Oblivion blast his name,  
Torn out and blotted from the list of fame !)  
Who, fond of lawless rule, and proudly brave,  
First sunk the filial subject to a slave ;  
His neighbour's realms by frauds un-kingly gain'd,  
In guiltless blood the sacred ermine stain'd ;  
Laid schemes for death, to slaughter turn'd his heart,  
And fitted murder to the rules of art !

Ah ! curs'd ambition, to thy lures we owe  
All the great ills that mortals bear below.  
Curs'd by the hind, when to the spoil he yields  
His year's whole sweat and vainly-ripen'd fields ;  
Curs'd by the maid, torn from her lover's side,  
When left a widow, though not yet a bride ;  
By mothers curs'd, when floods of tears they shed,  
And scatter useles roses on the dead.

Oh sacred BRISTOL ! then what dangers prove  
 The arts, thou smil'ft on with paternal love ?  
 Then, mix'd with rubbish by the brutal foes,  
 In vain the marble breathes, the canvas glows ;  
 To shades obscure the glitt'ring sword pursues  
 The gentle Poet and defenceless Muse.  
 A voice, like thine alone, might then assuage  
 The warrior's fury, and controul his rage ;  
 To hear thee speak might the fierce Vandal stand,  
 And fling the brandish'd sabre from his hand.

Far hence be driv'n to Scythia's stormy shore  
 The drum's harsh musick, and the cannon's roar ;  
 Let grim Bellona haunt the lawless plain,  
 Where Tartar-clans and grisly Cossacs reign ;  
 Let the steel'd Turk be deaf to matrons' cries,  
 See virgins ravish'd with relentless eyes ;  
 To death grey heads and smiling infants doom,  
 Nor spare the promise of the pregnant womb ;  
 O'er wasted kingdoms spread his wide command,  
 The savage lord of an unpeopled land.

Her guiltless glory just Britannia draws  
 From pure religion, and impartial laws :  
 To Europe's wounds a mother's aid she brings,  
 And holds in equal scales the rival kings :  
 Her gen'rous sons in choicest gifts abound,  
 Alike in arms, alike in arts renown'd.

As when sweet Venus, (so the fable sings)  
 Awak'd by Nereids, from the Ocean springs ;

With

With smiles she sees the threat'ning billows rise,  
 Spreads smooth the surge, and clears the louring skies ;  
 Light, o'er the deep, with flutt'ring Cupids crown'd,  
 The pearly conch and silver turtles bound ;  
 Her tresses ~~shed~~ ambrosial odours round.

Amidst the world of waves so stands serene  
 Britannia's isle, the Ocean's stately queen ;  
 In vain the nations have conspir'd her fall,  
 Her trench the sea, and fleets her floating wall ;  
 Defenceless barks, her powerful navy near,  
 Have only waves and hurricanes to fear.  
 What bold invader, or what land oppres'd,  
 Hath not her anger quell'd, her aid redress'd ?  
 Say, where have e'er her union crosses fail'd,  
 But much her arms, her justice more prevail'd ?  
 Her labours are to plead th' Almighty's cause,  
 Her pride to teach th' untam'd barbarian laws :  
 Who conquers, wins by brutal strength the prize ;  
 But 'tis a godlike work to civilize.

Have we forgot, how from great Russia's throne  
 The king <sup>8</sup>, whose pow'r half Europe's regions own,  
 Whose scepter waving, with one shout rush forth  
 In swarms the harness'd millions of the north ;  
 Through realms of ice pursu'd his tedious way,  
 To court our friendship, and our fame survey !

<sup>8</sup> Peter the Great, who visited England in the year 1698, and resided here some time.

Hence the rich prize of useful arts he bore,  
 And round his empire spread the learned store,  
 (To adorn old realms is more than new to raise,  
 His country's parent is a monarch's praise.)  
 His bands now march in just array to war,  
 And Caspian gulfs unusual navies bear ;  
 With Runic lays Smolensko's forests ring,  
 And wond'ring Volga hears the Muses sing.  
 Did not the painted kings<sup>h</sup> of India greet  
 Our Queen, and lay their sceptres at her feet ?  
 Chiefs who full bowls of hostile blood had quaff'd,  
 Fam'd for the javelin, and invenom'd shaft ;  
 Whose haughty brows made savages adore,  
 Nor bow'd to less than stars, or sun before :  
 Her pitying smile accepts their suppliant claim,  
 And adds four monarchs to the Christian name.  
 Blest use of pow'r ! O virtuous pride in kings !  
 And like his bounty, whence dominion springs !  
 Which o'er new worlds makes heaven's indulgence shine,  
 And ranges myriads under laws divine !  
 Well bought with all that those sweet regions hold,  
 With groves of spices, and with mines of gold.

<sup>h</sup> Four Indian kings or chiefs, of the six nations lying between New England and Canada, arrived in England in the year 1710, and had a public audience of the queen on the 19th of April. They continued here about two or three weeks, and were entertained during that time by several persons of quality. Mention is made of them in the Tatler, No. 171, and the Spectator No. 50.

Fearless our merchant now pursues his gain,  
 And roams securely o'er the boundless main.  
 Now o'er his head the polar Bear he spies,  
 And freezing spangles of the Lapland skies ;  
 Now swells his canvas to the sultry Line,  
 With glitt'ring spoils where Indian grottoes shine ;  
 Where fumes of incense glad the southern seas,  
 And wafted citron scents the balmy breeze.  
 Here nearer suns prepare the rip'ning gem,  
 To grace great ANNE's imperial diadem ;  
 And here the ore, whose melted mass shall yield  
 On faithful coins each memorable field ;  
 Which, mix'd with medals of immortal Rome,  
 May clear disputes, and teach the time to come.

In circling beams shall godlike ANNE glow,  
 And Churchill's sword hang o'er the prostrate foe ;  
 In comely wounds shall bleeding worthies stand,  
 Webb's <sup>1</sup> firm platoon, and Lumley's <sup>2</sup> faithful band !  
 Bold Mordaunt <sup>1</sup> in Iberian trophies dres'd,  
 And Campbell's <sup>3</sup> dragon on his dauntless breast ;  
 Great Ormond's <sup>4</sup> deeds on Vigo's spoils enroll'd,  
 And Guiscard's knife on Harley's Chili gold.

<sup>1</sup> General Webb.

<sup>2</sup> General Lumley, brother to the earl of Scarborough.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Mordaunt, earl of Peterborough, commander in chief in Spain.

<sup>3</sup> John Campbell, Duke of Argyle.

<sup>4</sup> The duke of Ormond was commander of the land forces at the taking of Vigo, October 12, 1702.

And

And if the Muse, O BRISTOL, might decree,  
Here Granville <sup>o</sup> noted by the lyre should be,  
The lyre for Granville, and the cross for thee.

Such are the honours grateful Britain pays,  
So patriots merit, and so monarchs praise.  
O'er distant times such records shall prevail,  
When English numbers, antiquated, fail :  
A trifling song the Muse can only yield,  
And sooth her soldiers panting from the field ;  
To sweet retirements see them safe convey'd,  
And raise their battles in the rural shade.  
From fields of death to Woodstock's peaceful glooms  
(The poet's haunt) Britannia's hero comes—  
Begin, my Muse, and softly touch the string :  
Here Henry <sup>p</sup> lov'd ; and Chaucer <sup>q</sup> learn'd to sing.

Hail fabled grotto ! hail Elysian soil !  
Thou fairest spot of fair Britannia's isle !  
Where kings of old conceal'd forgot the throne,  
And beauty was content to shine unknown ;  
Where love and war by turns pavilions rear,  
And Henry's bow'r's near Blenheim's dome appear ;  
The weary'd champion lull in soft alcoves,  
The noblest boast of thy romantic groves.

<sup>o</sup> George Granville, Esq; afterwards Lord Lansdowne.

<sup>p</sup> Henry II.

<sup>q</sup> Chaucer is said to have written several of his poems at Woodstock.

Oft, if the Muse presage, shall he be seen  
 By Rosamonda fleeting o'er the green,  
 In dreams be hail'd by heroes' mighty shades,  
 And hear old Chaucer warble through the glades :  
 O'er the fam'd echoing vaults his name shall bound,  
 And hill to hill reflect the favourite sound.

Here, here at least thy love for arms give o'er,  
 Nor, one world conquer'd, fondly wish for more.  
 Vice of great souls alone ! O thirst of fame !  
 The Muse admires it, while she strives to blame ;  
 Thy toils be now to chase the bounding deer,  
 Or view the coursers stretch in wild career ;  
 This lovely scene shall sooth thy soul to rest,  
 And wear each dreadful image from thy breast ;  
 With pleasure, by thy conquests shalt thou see'  
 Thy Queen triumphant, and all Europe free ;  
 No cares henceforth shall thy repose destroy,  
 But what thou giv'st the world, thyself enjoy.

Sweet solitude ! when life's gay hours are past,  
 Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last ;  
 Toss'd through tempestuous seas (the voyage o'er)  
~~Palms~~ look back, and bless the friendly shore.  
 Our own strict judges, our past life we scan,  
 And ask if glory hath enlarg'd the span ?  
 If bright the prospect, we the grave defy,  
 Trust future ages, and contented die.

When strangers from far-distant climes shall come,  
 To view the pomp of this triumphant dome !

Where

Where rear'd aloft dissembled trophies stand,  
 And breathing labours of the sculptor's hand,  
 Where Kneller's art shall paint the flying Gaul,  
 And Bourbon's woes shall fill the story'd wall ;  
 Heirs of thy blood shall o'er their bounteous board  
 Fix Europe's guard, thy monumental sword ;  
 Banners, that oft have wav'd on conquer'd walls,  
 And trumps, that drown'd the groans of gasping Gauls.  
 Fair dames shall oft, with curious eye, explore  
 The costly robes that slaughter'd gen'rals wore,  
 Rich trappings from the Danube's whirlpools brought,  
 (Hesperian nuns the gorgeous broid'ry wrought)  
 Belts stiff with gold, the Boian horseman's pride,  
 And Gaul's fair flow'rs, in human crimson dy'd.  
 Of Churchill's race perhaps some lovely boy  
 Shall mark the burnish'd steel that hangs on high ;  
 Shall gaze transported on its glitt'ring charms,  
 And reach it struggling with unequal arms ;  
 By signs the drum's tumultuous sound request,  
 Then seek, in starts, the hushing mother's breast.  
 So, in the painter's animated frame,  
 Where Mars embraces the soft Paphian dame,  
 The little loves in sport the faulchion wield,  
 Or join their strength to heave his pond'rous shield ;  
 One strokes the plume in Tityon's gore embru'd,  
 And one the spear that reeks in Typhon's blood ;  
 Another's infant brows the helm sustain,  
 He nods his crest, and frights the shrieking train.

Vol. I.

B

Thus,

Thus, the rude tempest of the field o'er-blown,  
 Shall whiter rounds of smiling years roll on :  
 Our victors, blest in peace, forget their wars,  
 Enjoy past dangers, and absolve the stars.  
 But oh ! what sorrows shall bedew your urns,  
 Ye honour'd shades, whom widow'd Albion mourns ?  
 If your thin forms yet discontented moan,  
 And haunt the mangled mansions once your own ;  
 Behold what flow'rs the pious Muses strow,  
 And tears, which in the midst of triumph flow ;  
 Cypress and bays your envy'd brows surround,  
 Your names the tender matron's heart shall wound,  
 And the soft maid grow penive at the sound.

Accept, great ANNE, the tears their mem'ry draws  
 Who nobly perish'd in their sov'reign's cause :  
 For thou in pity bid'ft the war give o'er,  
 Mourn'ft thy slain heroes, nor wilt venture more.  
 Vast price of blood on each victorious day !  
 (But Europe's freedom doth that price repay.)  
 Lamented triumphs ! when one breath must tell  
 That Marlborough conquer'd, and that Dormer <sup>1</sup> fell.

Great Queen ! whose name strikes haughty monarchs  
 On whose just sceptre hangs Europa's scale ; [pale,  
 Whose arm like mercy wounds, decides like fate,  
 On whose decree the nations anxious wait ;

<sup>1</sup> Lieut. Col. Dormer, killed at the head of his squadron, at the battle of Almanza, 14 April 1707.

From Albion's cliffs thy wide-extended hand  
 Shall o'er the main to far Peru command,  
 So vast a tract whose wide domain shall run,  
 Its circling skies shall see no setting sun.  
 Thee, thee an hundred languages shall claim,  
 And savage Indians swear by ANNA's name;  
 The line and poles shall own thy rightful sway,  
 And thy commands the sever'd globe obey.

Round the vast ball thy new dominions chain  
 The wat'ry kingdoms, and controul the main;  
 Magellan's streights to Gibraltar they join,  
 Across the seas a formidable line;  
 The fight of adverse Gaul we fear no more,  
 But pleas'd see Dunkirk, now a guiltless shore.  
 In vain great Neptune tore the narrow ground,  
 And meant his waters for Britannia's bound;  
 Her giant Genius takes a mighty stride,  
 And sets his foot beyond th' incroaching tide;  
 On either bank the land its master knows,  
 And in the midst the subject ocean flows.

So near proud Rhodes, across the raging flood,  
 Stupendous form! the vast Colossus stood:  
 (While at one foot their thronging gallies ride,  
 A whole hour's sail scarce reach the farther fide)  
 Betwixt his brazen thighs, in loose array,  
 Ten thousand streamers on the billows play.

By HARLEY's counsels Dunkirk now restor'd  
 To Britain's empire, owns her ancient lord.

Our OXFORD's <sup>1</sup> earl in careful thought shall stand,  
 To raise his Queen, and save a sinking land.  
 The wealthiest glebe to rav'rous Spaniards known  
 He marks, and makes the golden world our own :  
 Content with hands unsoil'd to guard the prize,  
 And keep the store with undesiring eyes.

So round the tree, that bore Hesperian gold,  
 The sacred watch lay curl'd in many a fold,  
 His eyes up-rearing to th' untaasted prey,  
 The sleepless guardian wasted life away.

Beneath the peaceful olives, rais'd by you,  
 Her ancient pride shall every art renew ;  
 (The arts with you, fam'd HAROURT, shall defend,  
 And courtly BOLINGBROKE, the Muse's friend)  
 With piercing eye some search where nature plays,  
 And trace the wanton through her darksome maze ;  
 Whence health from herbs ; from seeds how groves begun,  
 How vital streams in circling eddies run.  
 Some teach, why round the sun the spheres advance,  
 In the fix'd measures of their mystic dance :  
 How tides, when heav'd by pressing moons, o'erflow,  
 And sun-born Iris paints her show'ry bow.  
 In happy chains our daring language bound,  
 Shall sport no more in arbitrary sound,  
 But buskin'd bards henceforth shall wisely rage,  
 And Grecian plans reform Britannia's Rage :

<sup>1</sup> Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford.

'Till

'Till Congreve bids her smile, Augusta stands,  
 And longs to weep when flowing Rowe commands :  
 Britain's Spectators shall their strength combine,  
 To mend our morals, and our taste refine,  
 Fight virtue's cause, stand up in wit's defence,  
 Win us from vice, and laugh us into sense.  
 Nor, Prior, haft thou hush'd the trump in vain,  
 Thy lyre shall now revive her mirthful strain,  
 New tales shall now be told ; if right I see,  
 The soul of Chaucer is restor'd in thee.  
 Garth, in majestic numbers, to the stars  
 Shall raise mock-heroes, and fantastic wars ;  
 Like the young spreading laurel, Pope, thy name  
 Shoots up with strength, and rises into fame ;  
 With Philips<sup>u</sup> shall the peaceful vallies ring,  
 And Britain hear a second Spenser sing ;  
 That much-lov'd youth<sup>x</sup>, whom Utrecht's walls confine,  
 To BRISTOL's praises shall his STRAFFORD's join :  
 He too, from whom attentive OXFORD draws  
 Rules for just thinking, and poetic laws,  
 To growing bards his learned aid shall send,  
 The strictest critic, and the kindest friend.

<sup>u</sup> Ambrose Philips, author of *Pastorals*, the *Distrest Mother*, and two other tragedies, &c.

<sup>x</sup> William Harrison, Esq; at that time secretary to the embassy at Utrecht. See vol. v.

Ev'n mine, a bashful Muse, whose rude essays  
 Scarce hope for pardon, not aspire to praise,  
 Cherish'd by you, in time may grow to fame,  
 And mine survive with BRISTOL's glorious name.

Fir'd with the views this glitt'ring scene displays,  
 And smit with passion for my country's praise,  
 My artless reed attempts this lofty theme,  
 Where sacred Isis rolls her ancient stream ;  
 In cloyster'd domes, the great Philippa's pride <sup>y</sup>,  
 Where learning blooms, while fame and worth preside,  
 Where the fifth Henry arts and arms was taught <sup>z</sup>,  
 And Edward form'd his Cressy, yet unsought ;  
 Where laurel'd bards have struck the warbling strings,  
 The seat of sages, and the nurse of kings.  
 Here thy commands, O Lancaster, inflame <sup>a</sup>  
 My eager breast to raise the British name ;

Urge

<sup>y</sup> Queen's College, Oxford, founded by Robert Egglefield, on the encouragement of Philippa, Queen to Edward the Third.

<sup>z</sup> Both Henry the Fifth, and Edward the Black Prince, studied at Queen's College, Oxford. See Mr. Tickell's Poem on Queen Caroline's rebuilding their apartments. *Johnson's Prefaces to the Works of the English Poets.*

<sup>a</sup> Dr. William Lancaster, Provost of Queen's College, Oxford. He died in the year 1716. In another poem, Mr. Tickell speaks of him in the following terms :

“ Here Lancaster, adorn'd with every grace,  
 “ Stands chief in merit, as the chief in place :

“ To

Urge on my soul, with no ignoble pride,  
 To woo the Muse whom Addison enjoy'd ;  
 See that bold swan to heav'n sublimely soar,  
 Pursue at distance, and his steps adore.



To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the  
 E A R L of W A R W I C K, &c.  
 On the Death of Mr. ADDISON<sup>a</sup>.

By the Same.

**I**F, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath staid,  
 And left her debt to Addison unpaid ;

Blame

“ To his lov'd name our earliest lays belong,  
 “ The theme at once and patron of our song.  
 “ Long may he o'er his much-lov'd Queen's preside,  
 “ Our arts encourage, and our counsels guide,  
 “ Till after ages, fill'd with glad surprize,  
 “ Behold his image all majestic rise,  
 “ Where now in pomp a venerable band,  
 “ Princes, and queens, and holy fathers, stand.

*Oxford*, a Poem.—Johnson's Prefaces to the Works  
 of the English Poets.

<sup>a</sup> Who had married the Earl of Warwick's mother. M<sup>r</sup>. Addison  
 died 17th June 1719, and after lying in state in the Jerusalem Chamber,  
 was

Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,  
 And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.  
 What mourner ever felt poetic fires !  
 Slow comes the verse, that real woe inspires :  
 Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,  
 Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.  
 Can I forget the dismal night, that gave  
 My soul's best part for-ever to the grave !  
 How silent did his old companions tread,  
 By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,  
 Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,  
 Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings !  
 What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire ;  
 The pealing organ, and the pausing choir ;  
 The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd ;  
 And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd !  
 While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,  
 Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend,  
 Oh gone for ever, take this long adieu ;  
 And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montagu <sup>b</sup> !  
 To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,  
 A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine ;

was interred in Westminster Abbey, the 26th of the same month. Dr. Johnson observes, that there is not a more sublime or more elegant funeral poem than this, to be found in the whole compass of English literature.

<sup>b</sup> Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax.

Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,  
 And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.  
 If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,  
 May shame afflict this alienated heart ;  
 Of thee forgetful if I form a song,  
 My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,  
 My grief be doubled, from thy image free,  
 And mirth a torment, unchaftis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy isles alone,  
 (Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown)  
 Along the walls where speaking marbles show  
 What worthies form the hallow'd mould below :  
 Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;  
 In arms who triumph'd ; or in arts excell'd ;  
 Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood ;  
 Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;  
 Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;  
 And saints, who taught, and led the way to heaven.  
 Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,  
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest<sup>c</sup> ;  
 Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd  
 A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,  
 What new employments please th' unbody'd mind ?

<sup>c</sup> Those venerable walls were never blest,  
 Since their foundation, with a nobler guest.

Higgon's poem on Waller's death. *Nichols's  
 Collection*, vcl. i. p. 130.

A winged

A winged virtue, through th' etherial sky,  
 From world to world unwearied does he fly,  
 Or curious trace the long laborious maze  
 Of heav'n's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze ?  
 Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell,  
 How Michael battled, and the Dragon fell ?  
 Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow  
 In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below ?  
 Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,  
 A task well suited to thy gentle mind ?  
 Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,  
 To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend !  
 When age misguides me, or when fear alarms,  
 When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,  
 In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,  
 And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart ;  
 Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,  
 'Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.  
 That awful form (which, so the heav'n's decree,  
 Must still be lov'd, and still deplo'red by me)  
 In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,  
 Or rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.  
 If business calls, or crowded courts invite,  
 Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight ;  
 If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,  
 I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there ;  
 If penfive to the rural shades I rove,  
 His shape o'er takes me in the lonely grove :

'Twas

"Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,  
 Clear'd some great truths, or rais'd some serious song;  
 There patient shew'd us the wise course to steer,  
 A candid censor, and a friend sincere ;  
 There taught us how to live ; and (oh ! too high  
 The price for knowledge) taught us how to die <sup>4</sup>.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,  
 Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's <sup>5</sup> noble race,  
 Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,  
 O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears ?  
 How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,  
 Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air !  
 How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,  
 Thy noon-tide shadow, and the evening breeze !  
 His image thy forsaken bowers restore ;  
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more ;  
 No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,  
 Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however fortune frown'd,  
 Some refuge in the Muse's art I found ;  
 Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,  
 Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing ;  
 And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,  
 Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.

<sup>4</sup> See Dr. Young's *Conjectures on Original Composition*, where the circumstance here alluded to is very fully explained.

<sup>5</sup> Holland House, where Mr. Addison died.

Oh!

Oh ! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,  
 And Craggs<sup>1</sup> in death to Addison succeeds)  
 The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,  
 And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song !

These words divine, which, on his death-bed laid,  
 To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage convey'd,  
 Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,  
 Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.  
 Swift after him thy social spirit flies,  
 And close to his, how soon ! thy coffin lies.  
 Blest pair ! whose union future bards shall tell  
 In future tongues : each other's boast ! farewell.  
 Farewell ! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,  
 No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

<sup>1</sup> James Craggs, the younger, Esq; who succeeded Mr. Addison as secretary of state, and survived him but a short time. He was a gentleman much esteemed by the first writers of the times in which he lived, and is frequently celebrated in their works. He died the 16th of February 1720-1, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument is erected to his memory, with an inscription thereon written by Mr. Pope.



## COLIN AND LUCY.

By the Same.

### I.

OF Leinster fam'd for maidens fair,  
Bright Lucy was the grace ;  
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream  
Reflect a fairer face ;

### II.

'Till luckless love and pining care  
Impair'd her rosy hue,  
Her dainty lip, her damask cheek,  
And eyes of glossy blue.

### III.

Ah ! have you seen a lily pale  
When beating rains descend ?  
So droop'd this flow-consuming maid,  
Her life now near its end.

### IV.

By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains  
Take heed, ye easy fair ;  
Of vengeance due to broken vows,  
Ye flatt'ring swains, beware !

V. Three

## V.

Three times all in the dead of night,  
 A bell was heard to ring ;  
 And at her window, croaking thrice,  
 The raven flap'd his wing.

## VI.

Full well the love-lorn maiden knew  
 The solemn-boding sound,  
 And thus in dying words bespoke  
 The virgins weeping round.

## VII.

“ I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
 “ That cries, I must not stay ;  
 “ I see a hand you cannot see,  
 “ That beckons me away.

## VIII.

“ Of a false swain, and broken heart,  
 “ In early youth I die ;  
 “ Am I to blame, because the bride  
 “ Is twice as rich as I ?

## IX.

“ Ah, COLIN, give not her thy vows,  
 “ Vows due to me alone !  
 “ Nor thou, rash girl, receive his kifs,  
 “ Nor think him all thy own !

## X. “ To-morrow

## X.

“ To-morrow in the church to wed  
 “ Impatient both prepare :  
 “ But know, false man, and know, fond maid,  
 “ Poor Lucy will be there.

## XI.

“ Then bear my corse, ye comrades dear,  
 “ The bridegroom blithe to meet ;  
 “ He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
 “ I in my winding sheet.”

## XII.

She spake, she dy'd, her corse was borne,  
 The bridegroom blithe to meet ;  
 He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
 She in her winding-sheet:

## XIII.

What then were COLIN's dreadful thoughts ;  
 How were these nuptials kept ?  
 The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,  
 And all the village wept.

## XIV.

Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,  
 At once his bosom swell :  
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow,  
 He groan'd, he shook, he fell.

XV.

From the vain bride, a bride no more,  
The varying crimson fled ;  
When, stretch'd beside her rival's corse,  
She saw her lover dead.

XVI.

He to his Lucy's new-made grave,  
Convey'd by trembling swains,  
In the same mould, beneath one sod,  
For-ever now remains.

XVII.

Oft at this place the constant hind  
And plighted maid are seen ;  
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,  
They deck the sacred green.

XVIII.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,  
This hallow'd ground forbear !  
Remember COLIN's dreadful fate,  
And fear to meet him there.

AN  
IMITATION  
OF THE  
PROPHETY OF NEREUS.

From HORACE, Book III. Ode XXV.

*Dicam insigne, recent, adhuc  
Indictum ore alio. Non secus in jugis  
Exsommis stupet Eviās,  
Hebrum propiciens, & nive candidam  
Tbracen, ac pede barbaro  
Luſtratam Rhodopen.* — HOR.

By the Same.

**A**S Mar<sup>a</sup> his round one morning took,  
(Whom some call earl, and some call duke)<sup>b</sup>  
And his new brethren of the blade,  
Shiv'ring with fear and frost, survey'd,

<sup>a</sup> John Erskine, the tenth earl of Mar, Secretary of State for Scotland, and one of the Commissioners of the Union, in the reign of Queen Anne. In the month of August 1715, he drew together his adherents, and proclaimed the Pretender, King. His forces continued to increase, until they amounted to between six and seven thousand men, and with these he engaged the Duke of Argyle at the head of the King's troops, at Sheriff's Moor, on the 13th of November. The victory was claimed on both sides.

<sup>b</sup> He had been created a duke by the Pretender,

On Perth's bleak hills he chanc'd to spy  
 An aged wizard six foot high,  
 With bristled hair and visage blighted,  
 Wall-ey'd, bare-haunch'd, and second-sighted.

The grizly sage in thought profound  
 Beheld the chief with back so round,  
 Then roll'd his eye-balls to and fro  
 O'er his paternal hills of snow,  
 And into these tremendous speeches  
 Broke forth the prophet without breeches.

Into what ills betray'd by thee,  
 This ancient kingdom do I see !  
 Her realms unpeopled and forlorn ?  
 Wae's me ! that ever thou wert born !  
 Proud English loons (our clans o'ercome)  
 On Scottish pads shall amble home ;  
 I see them dress'd in bonnets blue,  
 {The spoils of thy rebellious crew} ;  
 I see the target cast away,  
 And chequer'd plad become their prey,  
 The chequer'd plad to make a gown  
 For many a lass in London town.

In vain the hungry mountaneers  
 Come forth in all their warlike geers,  
 The shield, the pistol, dirk, and dagger,  
 In which they daily wont to swagger :  
 And oft have sally'd out to pillage  
 The hen-roosts of some peaceful village,

Or,

Or, while their neighbours were asleep,  
Have carry'd off a low-land sheep,

What boots thy high-born host of beggars,  
Mac-leans, Mac-kenzies, and Mac-gregors,  
With popish cut-throats, perjur'd ruffians,  
And Forster's <sup>c</sup> troops of raggamuffins ?

In vain thy lads around thee bandy,  
Inflam'd with bagpipe and with brandy.  
Doth not bold Sutherland <sup>d</sup> the trusty,  
With heart so true, and voice so rusty,  
(A loyal soul) thy troops affright,  
While hoarsely he demands the fight ?  
Do'st thou not gen'rous Ilay <sup>e</sup> dread,  
The bravest hand, the wisest head ?  
Undaunted do'st thou hear th' alarms  
Of hoary Athol <sup>f</sup> sheath'd in arms ?

Douglas <sup>g</sup>, who draws his lineage down  
From thanes and peers of high renown,

<sup>c</sup> Mr. Thomas Forster, jun. of Etherston in the county of Northumberland. He raised troops for the Pretender in the year 1715, and was among those who surrendered to the King's forces at Preston. Being committed to Newgate, he had the good fortune to make his escape from thence before he was brought to his trial.

<sup>d</sup> This nobleman was very active at this time, in defence of the reigning family.

<sup>e</sup> Archibald, Earl of Ilay, afterwards Duke of Argyle.

<sup>f</sup> The Duke of Athol.

<sup>g</sup> The Duke of Douglas, then a minor.

Fiery and young, and uncontroll'd,  
 With knights and squires, and barons bold,  
 (His noble household band) advances,  
 And on his milk-white courser prances.  
 Thee Forfar<sup>h</sup> to the combat dares,  
 Grown swarthy in Iberian wars :  
 And Monroe<sup>i</sup> kindled into rage  
 Sourly defies thee to engage ;  
 He'll rout thy foot, though ne'er so many,  
 And horse to boot — if thou hadst any.

But see Argyle with watchful eyes,  
 Lodg'd in his deep intrenchments lies !  
 Couch'd like a lion in thy way,  
 He waits to spring upon his prey ;  
 While, like a herd of tim'rous deer,  
 Thy army shakes and pants with fear,  
 Led by their doughty gen'ral's skill,  
 From frith to frith, from hill to hill.

Is thus thy haughty promise paid  
 That to the Chevalier was made,  
 When thou didst oaths and duty barter  
 For dukedom, gen'ralship, and garter ?  
 Three moons thy Jemmy shall command,  
 With highland sceptre in his hand,

<sup>h</sup> The Earl of Forfar. He was killed at the battle of Sheriff Muir.

<sup>i</sup> Monroe was one of the vassals of the Earl of Sutherland.

Too good for his pretended birth.

— Then down shall fall the king of Perth.

’Tis so decreed : for GEORGE shall reign,

And traitors be forsworn in vain.

Heav’n shall for ever on him smile,

And bless him still with an Argyle.

While thou, pursu’d by vengeful foes,

Condemn’d to barren rocks and snows,

And hinder’d passing Inverlocky,

Shalt burn thy clan, and curse poor Jocky.



T O

Sir GODFREY KNELLER, \*

At his COUNTRY SEAT.

By the Same.

**T**O Whitton’s<sup>1</sup> shades, and Hounslow’s airy plain,  
 Thou, Kneller, tak’st thy summer flights in vain,  
 In vain thy wish gives all thy rural hours  
 To the fair villa, and well-ordered bowers;

To

\* This celebrated Painter was born at Lubeck, in the year 1648. He received his first instruction in the school of Rembrant, but afterwards became a disciple of Ferdinand Bol, under whose direction he

To court thy pencil, early at thy gates  
 Ambition knocks, and fleeting Beauty waits ;  
 The boastful Muse, of others' fame so sure,  
 Implores thy aid to make her own secure ;  
 The great, the fair, and (if aught nobler be,  
 Aught more belov'd) the Arts solicit thee.

How can't thou hope to fly the world, in vain  
 From Europe sever'd by the circling main :  
 Sought by the kings of every distant land,  
 And every hero worthy of thy hand ?  
 Hast thou forgot that mighty Bourbon <sup>m</sup> fear'd  
 He still was mortal, till thy draught appear'd ;  
 That Cosmo <sup>n</sup> chose thy glowing form to place  
 Amidst her masters of the Lombard race ?  
 See on her Titian's and her Guido's urns,  
 Her failing arts, forlorn Hesperia mourns ;  
 While Britain wins each garland from her brow,  
 Her wit and freedom first, her painting now.

studied a considerable time. After travelling to Rome and Venice, he came to England in the reign of Charles the II<sup>d</sup>. and continued there during the remainder of his life. He was created a baronet by king George the first, and died 26 October 1723.

<sup>1</sup> Whitton, near Hampton Court, where Sir Godfrey built an elegant house, in which he chiefly resided during the latter part of his life.

<sup>m</sup> Sir Godfrey was sent to France by Charles the II<sup>d</sup>. to draw the picture of Lewis the IV<sup>th</sup>.

<sup>n</sup> Cosmo, Grand Duke of Tuscany, requested Sir Godfrey's picture to adorn the famous Florentine gallery ; where it is still to be seen.

Let

Let the faint copier, on old Tyber's shore,  
 (Nor mean the task) each breathing bust explore,  
 Line after line with painful patience trace,  
 This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace:  
 Vain care of parts; if, impotent of soul,  
 Th' industrious workman fails to warm the whole!  
 Each theft betrays the marble whence it came,  
 And a cold statue stiffens in the frame.  
 Thee Nature taught, nor Art her aid deny'd,  
 (The kindest mistress and the surest guide)  
 To catch a likeness at one piercing sight,  
 And place the fairest in the fairest light.  
 Ere yet the pencil tries her nicer toils,  
 Or on the palette lie the blended oyls,  
 Thy careless chalk has half achiev'd thy art,  
 And her just image makes Cleora start.

A mind that grasps the whole is rarely found,  
 Half learn'd, half painters, and half wits abound;  
 Few, like thy genius, at proportion aim,  
 All great, all graceful, and throughout the same.

Such be thy life. O since the glorious rage  
 That fir'd thy youth, flames unsubdu'd by age;  
 Though wealth nor fame now touch thy fated mind,  
 Still tinge the canvas, bounteous to mankind.  
 Since after thee may rise an impious line,  
 Coarse manglers of the human face divine,  
 Paint on, 'till fate dissolve thy mortal part,  
 And live and die the monarch of thy art.

THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF CADOGAN.

## ON THE

## DEATH of the Earl of CADOGAN\*.

By the Same.

OF Marlborough's captains and Eugenio's<sup>p</sup> friends,  
 The last, CADOGAN to the grave descends :  
 Low lies each head whence Blenheim's glory sprung,  
 The chiefs who conquer'd, and the bards who sung.  
 From his cold corse though every friend be fled,  
 Lo ! Envy waits, that lover of the dead.  
 Thus did she feign o'er Nassau's herse to mourn ;  
 Thus wept insidious, Churchill, o'er thy urn ;  
 To blast the living, gave the dead their due,  
 And wreaths, herself had tainted, trim'd anew.

\* This Nobleman died on the 17th July 1726. He was one who attended the great Duke of Marlborough in every action of consequence, in the reign of Queen Anne, and was so much confided in by him, that, the marking out the camp during the war, was always entrusted to his care. Soon after the accession of George the 1st. he was created Lord Cadogan, and in the year 1718 an Earl by the same title. He succeeded<sup>o</sup> the Duke of Marlborough, as Master General of the Ordnance, and Colonel of the first regiment of Foot Guards, both which he was possessed of, at the time of his death.

<sup>p</sup> Prince Eugene's.

Thou

**Thou**, yet unnam'd to fill his empty place,  
**And** lead to war thy country's growing race,  
**Take** every wish a British heart can frame,  
**Add** palm to palm, and rise from fame to fame.

An hour must come, when thou shalt hear with rage  
 Thyself traduc'd, and curse a thankless age :  
 Nor yet for this decline the gen'rous strife,  
 These ills, brave man, shall quit thee with thy life ;  
 Alive though stain'd by every abject slave,  
 Secure of fame, and justice in the grave.  
 Ah ! no — when once the mortal yields to fate,  
 The blast of Fame's sweet trumpet sounds too late,  
 Too late to stay the spirit on its flight,  
 Or sooth the new inhabitant of light ;  
 Who hears regardless, while fond man, distres'd,  
 Hangs on the absent, and laments the blest.

Farewel then fame, ill fought through fields of blood,  
 Farewell unfaithful promiser of good :  
 Thou music, warbling to the deafen'd ear !  
 Thou incense, wasted on the fun'ral bier !  
 Through life pursu'd in vain, by death obtain'd,  
 When ask'd, deny'd us, and when given, disdain'd.

## THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND

A N

O D E

Inscribed to the Right Honourable the  
 EARL OF SUNDERLAND<sup>a</sup> AT WINDSOR.

By the Same.

## I.

**T**HOU dome, where Edward first enroll'd  
 His red-cross knights and barons bold,  
 Whose vacant seats, by virtue bought,  
 Ambitious emperors have sought ;  
 Where Britain's foremost names are found,  
 In peace belov'd, in war renown'd,  
 Who made the hostile nations moan,  
 Or brought a blessing on their own.

## II. Once

<sup>a</sup> Charles the third Earl of Sunderland, first married to Lady Anne Cavendish, youngest daughter of Henry Duke of Newcastle, and afterwards to Lady Anne Churchill, second daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough. By this Lady the title of Marlborough came into his family, his third son, Charles, succeeding to it on her death. He was Secretary

## II.

Once more a son of SPENCER waits,  
 A name familiar to thy gates,  
 Sprung from the chief <sup>b</sup> whose prowess gain'd  
 The garter while thy founder reign'd.  
 He offer'd here his dinted shield,  
 The dread of Gauls in Cressi's field,  
 Which in thy high-arch'd temple rais'd,  
 For four long centuries hath blaz'd.

## III.

These seats our fires, a hardy kind,  
 To the fierce sons of war confign'd,  
 The flow'r of chivalry, who drew  
 With finewy arm the stubborn yew ;  
 Or with heav'd poll-axe clear'd the field ;  
 Or who, in jousts and tourneys skill'd,  
 Before their Ladies' eyes renown'd,  
 Threw horse and horseman to the ground.

Secretary of State during the reign of Queen Anne, and the first person  
 he removed on the change of the ministry in the year 1710. He con-  
 tinued in opposition to the measures of the governing party during the  
 remainder of her reign. On the elevation of George I. he held suc-  
 cessively the posts of Lord Privy Seal, Secretary of State, and First Com-  
 missioner of the Treasury, which last he possessed almost to the time of  
 his death, which happened 21 April 1722. The installation of this  
 Nobleman, which occasioned the above Poem, was performed with great  
 magnificence at Windsor, on 28 May 1720.

<sup>b</sup> Edward Lord Spencer, who is mentioned in our Historians, for his  
 gallant behaviour at the battle of Poictiers.

## IV. In

## IV.

In after-times, as courts refin'd,  
 Our patriots in the list were join'd,  
 Nor only Warwick stain'd with blood,  
 Or Marl'rough near the Danube's flood,  
 Have in their crimson crosses glow'd;  
 But, on just law-givers bestow'd,  
 These emblems Cecil <sup>c</sup> did invest,  
 And gleam'd on wise Godolphin's <sup>d</sup> breast.

## V.

So Greece, ere arts began to rise,  
 Fix'd huge Orion in the skies,  
 And stern Alcides, fam'd in wars,  
 Bespangled with a thousand stars;  
 'Till letter'd Athens round the pole  
 Made gentler constellations roll,  
 In the blue heavens the <sup>e</sup> Lyre she strung,  
 And near the Maid the Balance hung.

## VI.

Then, SPENCER, mount amid the band,  
 Where knights and kings promiscuous stand.

<sup>c</sup> William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, Secretary of State, and Lord High Treasurer of England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was created Knight of the Garter in June 1582.

<sup>d</sup> Sidney Godolphin, Earl of Godolphin, Lord High Treasurer of England in the reign of Queen Anne, was created a Knight of the Garter, July 6, 1704.

<sup>e</sup> Names of Constellations.

What though the hero's flame repress'd  
 Burns calmly in thy gen'rous breast;  
 Yet who more dauntless to oppose  
 In doubtful days our home-bred foes?  
 Who rais'd his country's wealth so high,  
 Or view'd with less desiring eye?

## VII.

The sage, who large of soul surveys  
 The globe, and all its empires weighs,  
 Watchful the various climes to guide,  
 Which seas, and tongues, and faiths divide,  
 A nobler name in Windsor's shrine  
 Shall leave, if right the Muse divine,  
 Than sprung of old, abhor'd and vain,  
 From ravag'd realms and myriads slain.

## VIII.

Why praise we, prodigal of fame,  
 The rage that sets the world on flame?  
 My guiltless Muse his brow shall bind  
 Whose godlike bounty spares mankind:  
 For those, whom bloody garlands crown,  
 The bras may breathe, the marble frown;  
 To him, through every rescu'd land,  
 Ten thousand living trophies stand.



## KENSINGTON GARDEN\*.

By the Same.

*Campus, ubi Troja fuit.*

VI NG.

WHERE Kensington high o'er the neighb'ring lands  
 'Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabric stands,  
 And fees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,  
 A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers,  
 The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair  
 To groves and lawns, and unpoluted air.

\*The Palace to which this Garden belongs, was the seat of Lord Chancellor Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham, and was purchased by King William, who greatly improved it, causing a royal road to be made to it through Saint James's and Hyde Parks. Queen Mary enlarged the Gardens; her sister, Queen Anne, improved what Queen Mary had begun, and was so pleased with the place, that she frequently supped during the Summer in the green-house, which is a very beautiful one: but Queen Caroline was the person who compleated the design, by extending the Gardens from the great road in Kensington to Acton; by bringing what is called the Serpentine river into them; and by taking in some acres out of Hyde Park, on which she caused a mount to be raised. These Gardens are three miles and a half in compass.

Here

Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,  
 They breathe in sun-shine, and see azure skies ;  
 Each walk, with robes of various dyes bespread,  
 Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,  
 Where rich brocades and glossy damasks grow,  
 And chints, the rival of the show'ry bow.

Here England's daughter <sup>b</sup>, darling of the land,  
 Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin band,  
 Gleams through the shades. She, tow'ring o'er the rest,  
 Stands fairest of the fairer kind confess'd,  
 Form'd to gain hearts, that Brunswick's cause deny'd,  
 And charm a people to her Father's side.

Long have these groves to royal guests been known,  
 Nor Nassau first prefer'd them to a throne.  
 Ere Norman banners wav'd in British air ;  
 Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair  
 Pour'd in his Danes ; ere elder Julius came ;  
 Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name ;  
 A prince of Albion's lineage grac'd the wood,  
 The scene of wars, and stain'd with lovers' blood.

You, who through gazing crowds, your captive throng,  
 Throw pangs and passions, as you move along,  
 Turn on the left, ye fair, your radiant eyes,  
 Where all unlevell'd the gay garden lies :  
 If generous anguish for another's pains  
 E'er heav'd your hearts, or shiver'd through your veins,

<sup>b</sup> The Princess Caroline, afterwards Queen of Great Britain.

Look down attentive on the pleasing dale,  
And listen to my melancholy tale.

That hollow space, where now in living rows,  
Line above line the yew's sad verdure grows,  
Was ere the planter's hand its beauty gave,  
A common pit, a rude unfashion'd cave ;  
The landscape now so sweet we well may praise,  
But far, far sweeter in its ancient days,  
Far sweeter was it, when its peopled ground  
With fairy domes and dazzling tow'rs was crown'd.  
Where in the midst those verdant pillars spring,  
Rose the proud palace of the Elfin king ;  
For every hedge of vegetable green,  
In happier years a crowded street was seen,  
Nor all those leaves, that now the prospect grace,  
Could match the numbers of its pigmy race.  
What urg'd this mighty empire to its fate,  
A tale of woe and wonder, I relate.

When Albion rul'd the land, whose lineage came  
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,  
Their midnight pranks the sprightly fairies play'd  
On every hill, and danc'd in every shade.  
But, foes to sun-shine, most they took delight  
In dells and dales conceal'd from human sight :  
There hew'd their houses in the arching rock ;  
Or scoop'd the bosom of the blasted oak ;  
Or heard, o'ershadow'd by some shelving hill,  
The distant murmurs of the falling rill.

They, rich in pilfer'd spoils, indulg'd their mirth,  
 And pity'd the huge wretched sons of earth.  
 Even now, 'tis said, the hinds o'erheard their strain,  
 And strive to view their airy forms in vain :  
 They to their cells at man's approach repair,  
 Like the shy leveret, or the mother hare,  
 The whilst poor mortals startle at the sound  
 Of unseen footsteps on the haunted ground.

Amid this garden, then with woods o'ergrown,  
 Stood the lov'd seat of royal Oberon.  
 From every region to his palace gate  
 Came peers and princes of the fairy state,  
 Who, rank'd in council round the sacred shade,  
 Their monarch's will and great behests obey'd.  
 From Thames' fair banks, by lofty tow'rs adorn'd,  
 With loads of plunder oft his chiefs return'd :  
 Hence in proud robes, and colours bright and gay,  
 Shone every knight and every lovely fay.  
 Whoe'er on Powell's dazzling stage display'd,  
 Hath fam'd king Pepin and his court survey'd,  
 May guess, if old by modern things we trace,  
 The pomp and splendour of the fairy race.

By magic fence'd, by spells encompass'd round,  
 No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground ;  
 No mortal enter'd, those alone who came  
 Stolen from the couch of some terrestrial dame :

\* A famous puppet-show man, whose name frequently occurs in the Spectator.

For oft of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,  
And left some sickly changeling in their stead.

It chanc'd a youth of Albion's royal blood  
Was foster'd here, the wonder of the wood ;  
Milkah, for wiles above her peers renown'd,  
Deep-skill'd in charms and many a mystic sound,  
As through the regal dome she sought for prey,  
Observ'd the infant Albion where he lay  
In mantles broider'd o'er with gorgeous pride,  
And stole him from the sleeping mother's side.

Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind ?  
Ah wretched nymph, to future evils blind !  
The time shall come when thou shalt dearly pay  
The theft, hard-hearted ! of that guilty day :  
Thou in thy turn shalt like the queen repine,  
And all her sorrows doubled shall be thine :  
He who adorns thy house, the lovely boy  
Who now adorns it, shall at length destroy.

Two hundred moons in their pale course had seen  
The gay-rob'd fairies glimmer on the green,  
And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime  
To nineteen years, as mortals measure time.  
Flush'd with resistless charms he fir'd to love  
Each nymph and little Dryad of the grove ;  
For skilful Milkah spar'd not to employ  
Her utmost art to rear the princely boy :  
Each supple limb she swath'd, and tender bone,  
And to the Elfin standard kept him down :

She

She robb'd dwarf-elders of their fragrant fruit,  
 And fed him early with the daisy's root,  
 Whence through his veins the powerful juices ran,  
 And form'd in beauteous miniature the Man.  
 Yet still, two inches taller than the rest,  
 His lofty port his human birth confess'd ;  
 A foot in height, how stately did he show !  
 How look superior on the crowd below !  
 What knight like him could toss the rushy lance !  
 Who move so graceful in the mazy dance !  
 A shape so nice, or features half so fair,  
 What elf could boast ! or such a flow of hair !  
 Bright Kenna saw, a princess born to reign,  
 And felt the charmer burn in every vein.  
 She, heiress to this empire's potent lord,  
 Prais'd like the stars, and next the moon ador'd.  
 She, whom at distance thrones and princedoms view'd,  
 To whom proud Oriel and Azuriel su'd,  
 In her high palace languish'd, void of joy,  
 And pin'd in secret for a mortal boy.

He too was smitten, and discreetly strove  
 By courtly deeds to gain the virgin's love ;  
 For her he pull'd the fairest flowers that grew,  
 Ere morning suns had drain'd their fragrant dew ;  
 He chas'd the hornet in his mid-day flight,  
 And brought her glow-worms in the noon of night ;  
 When on ripe fruits she cast a wishing eye,  
 Did ever Albion think the tree too high ?

He show'd her where the pregnant goldfinch hung,  
 And the wren-mother brooding o'er her young ;  
 To her th' inscription on their eggs he read,  
 (Admire, ye clerks, the youth whom Milkah bred !)  
 To her he show'd each herb of virtuous juice,  
 Their powers distinguish'd, and describ'd their use :  
 All vain their powers, alas ! to Kenna prove,  
 And well sung Ovid, *There's no herb for love.*

As when a ghost, enlarg'd from realms below,  
 Seeks its old friend to tell some secret woe,  
 The poor shade shivering stands, and must not break  
 His painful silence, 'till the mortal speak ;  
 So far'd it with the little love-sick maid,  
 Forbid to utter what her eyes betray'd.  
 He saw her anguish and reveal'd his flame,  
 And spar'd the blushes of the tongue-ty'd dame.  
 The day would fail me, should I reckon o'er  
 The sighs they lavish'd, and the oaths they swore ;  
 In words so melting, that, compar'd with those,  
 The nicest courtship of terrestrial beaus  
 Would found like compliments from country-clowns  
 To red-cheek'd sweet-hearts in their home-spun gowns.

All in a lawn of many a various hue,  
 A bed of flowers (a fairy forest) grew ;  
 'Twas here one noon, the gaudiest of the May,  
 The still, the secret, silent hour of day,  
 Beneath a lofty tulip's ample shade  
 Sate the young lover and th' immortal maid.

They

They thought all fairies slept ; ah luckless pair !  
 Hid, but in vain, in the sun's noon-tide glare !  
 When Albion leaning on his Kenna's breast,  
 Thus all the softness of his soul express'd.

- ‘ All things are hush'd. The sun's meridian rays
- ‘ Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze ;
- ‘ Nor moon nor star in heav'n's blue arch is seen
- ‘ With kindly rays to silver o'er the green,
- ‘ Grateful to fairy eyes ; they secret take
- ‘ Their rest, and only wretched mortals wake.
- ‘ This dead of day I fly to thee alone,
- ‘ A world to me, a multitude in one.
- ‘ Oh sweet as dew-drops on these flow'ry lawns,
- ‘ When the sky opens and the evening dawns !
- ‘ Streight as the pink, that tow'rs so high in air,
- ‘ Soft as the blue-bell ! as the daisy, fair !
- ‘ Blest be the hour, when first I was convey'd
- ‘ An infant captive to this blissful shade !
- ‘ And blest the hand that did my form refine,
- ‘ And shrank my stature to a match with thine !
- ‘ Glad I for thee renounce my royal birth,
- ‘ And all the giant-daughters of the earth.
- ‘ Thou, if thy breast with equal ardour burn,
- ‘ Renounce thy kind, and love for love return.
- ‘ So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties,
- ‘ A race unknown of demi-gods shall rise.
- ‘ Oh speak, my love ! my vows with vows repay,
- ‘ And sweetly swear my rising fears away !’

To whom (the shining azure of her eyes  
 More brighten'd) thus th' enamour'd maid replies.

‘ By all the stars, and first the glorious moon,  
 ‘ I swear, and by the head of Oberon,  
 ‘ A dreadful oath ! no prince of fairy line  
 ‘ Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.  
 ‘ Where'er my footsteps in the dance are seen,  
 ‘ May toadstools rise, and mildews blast the green !  
 ‘ May the keen east-wind blight my fav'rite flowers,  
 ‘ And snakes and spotted adders haunt my bowers !  
 ‘ Confin'd whole ages in an hemlock shade,  
 ‘ There rather pine I a neglected maid ;  
 ‘ Or worse, exil'd from Cynthia's gentle rays,  
 ‘ Parch in the sun a thousand summer-days,  
 ‘ Than any prince, a prince of fairy line,  
 ‘ In sacred wedlock plight his vows with mine.’

She ended ; and with lips of rosy hue  
 Dipt five times over in ambrosial dew,  
 Stifled his words. When, from his covert rear'd,  
 The frowning brow of Oberon appear'd.

A sun-flower's trunk was near, whence (killing sight !)  
 The monarch issu'd, half an ell in height :  
 Full on the pair a furious look he cast,  
 Nor spoke, but gave his bugle horn a blast,  
 That through the woodland echo'd far and wide,  
 And drew a swarm of subjects to his side.

A hundred chosen knights, in war renown'd,  
 Drive Albion banish'd from the sacred ground ;

And

And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes,  
 Where the proud king, among his demi-gods,  
 For Kenna's sudden bridal bids prepare,  
 And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair.

If fame in arms, with ancient birth combin'd,  
 And faultless beauty, and a spotless mind,  
 To love and praise can generous souls incline,  
 That love, Azuriel, and that praise were thine.  
 Blood, only less than royal, fill'd thy veins,  
 Proud was thy roof, and large thy fair domains.  
 Where now the skies high Holland-house invades,  
 And short-liv'd Warwick<sup>4</sup> sadden'd all the shades,  
 Thy dwelling stood; nor did in him afford  
 A nobler owner, or a lovelier lord.  
 For thee an hundred fields produc'd their store,  
 And by thy name ten thousand vassals swore;  
 So lov'd thy name, that, at their monarch's choice,  
 All Fairy shouted with a gen'ral voice.

Oriel alone a secret rage suppress'd  
 That from his bosom heav'd the golden vest.  
 Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,  
 Wide was his range, and populous his clan.  
 When cleanly servants, if we trust old tales,  
 Besides their wages, had good fairy vails,

<sup>4</sup> The Earl of Warwick, son-in-law to Mr. Addison. He died in his 24th year, on the 16 of August 1721.

Whole heaps of silver tokens, nightly paid  
 The careful wife, or the neat dairy-maid,  
 Sunk not his stores. With smiles and powerful bribes  
 He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes,  
 And ere the night the face of heav'n had chang'd,  
 Beneath his banners half the fairies rang'd.

Mean-while driv'n back to earth, a lonely way  
 The cheerles Albion wander'd half the day,  
 A long, long journey, choak'd with brakes and thorns,  
 Ill-measur'd by ten thousand barley-corns.  
 Tir'd out at length, a spreading stream he spy'd  
 Fed by old Thame, a daughter of the tide :  
 'Twas then a spreading stream, though now, its fame  
 Obscur'd, it bears the creek's inglorious name,  
 And creeps, as through contracted bounds it strays,  
 A leap for boys in these degenerate days.

On the clear crystal's verdant bank he stood,  
 And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,  
 And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his breast,  
 And thus in tears his kindred gods addres'd.

‘ If true, ye watry powers, my lineage came  
 ‘ From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame ;  
 ‘ Down to his court, with coral garlands crown'd,  
 ‘ Through all your grottoes waft my plaintive sound,  
 ‘ And urge the god, whose trident shakes the earth,  
 ‘ To grace his off-spring, and assert my birth.’

He said. A gentle Naiad heard his prayer,  
 And, touch'd with pity for a lover's care,

Shoots to the sea, where low beneath the tides  
 Old Neptune in th' unfathom'd depth resides.  
 Rous'd at the news the sea's stern sultan swore  
 Revenge, and scarce from present arms forbore ;  
 But first the nymph his harbinger he sends,  
 And to her care his fav'rite boy commands.

As through the Thames her backward course she guides,  
 Driven up his current by the refluent tides,  
 Along his banks the pigmy legions spread  
 She spies, and haughty Oriel at their head.

Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the host she fires,  
 And counts the ocean's god among his fires ;  
 ' The ocean's god, by whom shall be o'erthrown  
 ' (Styx heard his oath) the tyrant Oberon.  
 ' See here beneath a toadstool's deadly gloom  
 ' Lies Albion : Him the Fates your leader doom.  
 ' Hear and obey ; 'tis Neptune's powerful call,  
 ' By him Azuriel and his king shall fall.'

She said. They bow'd : and on their shield up-bore  
 With shouts their new-saluted emperor.

Even Oriel smil'd : at least to smile he strove,  
 And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.

See now the mourner of the lonely shade  
 By gods protected, and by hosts obey'd,  
 A slave, a chief, by fickle Fortune's play,  
 In the short course of one revolving day.  
 What wonder if the youth, so strangely blest,  
 Felt his heart flutter in his little breast !

His

His thick-embattled troops, with secret pride,  
He views extended half an acre wide ;  
More light he treads, more tall he seems to rise,  
And struts a straw-breadth nearer to the skies.

O for thy Muse<sup>e</sup>, great Bard, whose lofty strains  
In battle join'd the Pygmies and the Cranes !  
Each gaudy knight, had I that warmth divine,  
Each colour'd legion in my verse should shine.  
But simple I, and innocent of art,  
The tale, that sooth'd my infant years, impart,  
The tale I heard whole winter eves, untir'd,  
And sing the battles, that my nurse inspir'd.

Now the shrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to arms,  
To rank and file reduce the straggling swarms.  
Thick rows of spears at once, with sudden glare,  
A grove of needles, glitter in the air ;  
Loose in the wind small ribbon streamers flow,  
Dipt in all colours of the heav'nly bow,  
And the gay host, that now its march pursues,  
Gleams o'er the meadows in a thousand hues.

On Buda's plains thus formidably bright,  
Shone Afia's sons, a pleasing dreadful sight.  
In various robes their filken troops were seen,  
The blue, the red, and prophet's sacred green :

\* ΗΤΤΙΜΑΙΟ-ΤΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΞΙΑ sive Prelum inter Pygmeos et Grues  
commisum. By Mr. Addison.

When blooming BRUNSWICK<sup>f</sup> near the Danube's flood,  
First stain'd his maiden sword in Turkish blood.

Unseen and silent march the flow brigades  
Through pathless wilds, and unfrequented shades,  
In hopes already vanquish'd by surprize,  
In Albion's power the fairy empire lies ;  
Already has he seiz'd on Kenna's charms,  
And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.

The march concludes ; and now in prospect near,  
But fenc'd with arms, the hostile towers appear ;  
For Oberon, or Druids falsely sing,  
Wore his prime visir in a magic ring,  
A subtle spright, that opening plots foretold  
By sudden dimness on the beamy gold.  
Hence in a crescent form'd, his legions bright  
With beating bosoms waited for the fight ;  
To charge their foes they march, a glitt'ring band,  
And in their van doth bold Azuriel stand.

What rage that hour did Albion's soul possess,  
Let chiefs imagine, and let lovers gues !  
Forth issuing from his ranks, that strove in vain  
To check his course, athwart the dreadful plain

<sup>f</sup> At the conclusion of the truce of Ratisbon, a considerable body of troops were sent to the assistance of the Emperor Leopold, then at war with the Turks. In this campaign, King George II. gave very striking proofs of his valour.

He strides indignant : and with haughty *cries*  
 To single fight the fairy prince defies.  
 Forbear, rash youth, th' unequal war to try ;  
 Nor, sprung from mortals, with immortals vie.  
 No god stands ready to avert thy doom,  
 Nor yet thy grandfire of the waves is come.  
 My words are vain—no words the wretch can move,  
 By beauty dazzled, and bewitch'd by love :  
 He longs, he burns to win the glorious prize,  
 And sees no danger, while he sees her eyes.

Now from each host the eager warriors start,  
 And furious Albion flings his hasty dart :  
 'Twas feather'd from the bee's transparent wing,  
 And its shaft ended in a hornet's sting ;  
 But, toss'd in rage, it flew without a wound,  
 High o'er the foe, and guiltless pierc'd the ground.  
 Not so Azuriel's : with unerring aim  
 Too near the needle-pointed javelin came,  
 Drove through the seven-fold shield and filken vest,  
 And lightly ras'd the lover's ivory breast.  
 Rous'd at the smart, and rising to the blow,  
 With his keen sword he cleaves his fairy foe,  
 Sheer from the shoulder to the waist he cleaves,  
 And of one arm the tott'ring trunk bereaves.

His useles'st steel brave Albion wields no more,  
 But sternly smiles, and thinks the combat o'er ;  
 So had it been, had ought of mortal strain,  
 Or less than fairy felt the deadly pain,

But

But empyreal forms, howe'er in fight  
 Gash'd and dismember'd, easily unite<sup>g</sup>.  
 As some frail cup of China's purest mold,  
 With azure varnish'd, and bedrop'd with gold,  
 Though broke, if cur'd by some nice virgin's hands,  
 In its old strength and pristine beauty stands ;  
 The tumults of the boiling Bohea braves,  
 And holds secure the Coffee's sable waves :  
 So did Azuriel's arm, if fame say true,  
 Rejoin the vital trunk whence first it grew ;  
 And, whilst in wonder fix'd poor Albion stood,  
 Plung'd the curs'd sabre in his heart's warm blood.  
 The golden broidery tender Milkah wove,  
 The breast to Kenna sacred and to love,  
 Lie rent and mangled : and the gaping wound  
 Pours out a flood of purple on the ground.  
 The jetty lustre flickens in his eyes ;  
 On his cold cheeks the bloomy freshness dies ;  
 ' Oh Kenna, Kenna,' thrice he try'd to say,  
 ' Kenna, farewell : ' and sigh'd his soul away.  
 His fall the Dryads with loud shrieks deplore,  
 By sister Naiads echo'd from the shore,  
 Thence down to Neptune's secret realms convey'd,  
 Through grots, and glooms, and many a coral shade.

\* Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,  
 (But airy substance soon unites again.)

POPE.

The

The sea's great fire, with looks denouncing war,  
 The trident shakes, and mounts the pearly carr :  
 With one stern frown the wide-spread deep deforms,  
 And works the madding ocean into storms.  
 O'er foaming mountains, and through bursting tides,  
 Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides,  
 'Till through the Thames in a loud whirlwind's roar  
 It shoots, and lands him on the destin'd shore.

Now fix'd on earth his tow'ring stature stood,  
 Hung o'er the mountains, and e'erlook'd the wood.  
 To Brumpton's grove one ample stride he took,  
 (The vallies trembled, and the forests shook)  
 The next huge step reach'd the devoted shade,  
 Where choak'd in blood was wretched Albion laid :  
 Where now the vanquish'd, with the victors join'd,  
 Beneath the regal banners stood combin'd.

Th' embattled dwarfs with rage and scorn he past,  
 And on their town his eye vindictive cast :  
 Its deep foundations his strong trident cleaves,  
 And high in air th' uprooted empire heaves ;  
 On his broad engine the vast ruin hung,  
 Which on the fœ with force divine he flung ;  
 Aghast the legions in th' approaching shade,  
 Th' inverted spires and rocking domes survey'd,  
 That downward tumbling on the host below  
 Crush'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow.  
 Towers, arms, nymphs, warriors, are together lost,  
 And a whole empire falls to sooth sad Albion's ghost.

Such

Such was the period, long restrain'd by Fate,  
 And such the downfal of the fairy state.  
 This dale, a pleasing region, not unblest,  
 'This dale posses'd they ; and had still posses'd,  
 Had not their monarch, with a father's pride,  
 Rent from her lord th' inviolable bride,  
 Rash to dissolve the contract seal'd above,  
 The solemn vows and sacred bonds of love.  
 Now, where his elves so brightly danc'd the round,  
 No violet breathes, nor daisy paints the ground ;  
 His towers and people fill one common grave,  
 A shapeless ruin, and a barren cave.

Beneath huge hills of smoaking piles he lay  
 Stun'd and confounded a whole summer's day.  
 At length awak'd (for what can long restrain  
 Unbody'd spirits !) but awak'd in pain :  
 And as he saw the desolated wood,  
 And the dark den where once his empire stood,  
 Grief chill'd his heart : to his half-open'd eyes ..  
 In every oak a Neptune seem'd to rife :  
 He fled : and left, with all his trembling peers,  
 The long possession of a thousand years.

Thro' bush, thro' brake, thro' groves and gloomy dales,  
 Thro' dank and dry, o'er streams and flowery vales,  
 Direct they fled ; but often look'd behind,  
 And stop'd and startled at each rustling wind.  
 Wing'd with like fear, his abdicated bands  
 Disperse, and wander into different lands ;

Part did beneath the Peak's deep caverns lie,  
 In silent glooms impervious to the sky ;  
 Part on fair Avon's margin seek repose,  
 Whose stream o'er Britain's midmost region flows,  
 Where formidable Neptune never came,  
 And seas and oceans are but known by fame ;  
 Some to dark woods and secret shades retreat,  
 And some on mountains chuse their airy seat.  
 There haply by the ruddy damsel seen,  
 Or shepherd-boy, they feately foot the green,  
 While from their steps a circling verdure springs ;  
 But fly from towns, and dread the courts of kings.

Mean-while fad Kenna, loth to quit the grove,  
 Hung o'er the body of her breathless love,  
 Try'd every art (vain arts !) to change his doom,  
 And vow'd (vain vows !) to join him in the tomb.  
 What could she do ? the Fates alike deny  
 The dead to live, or fairy forms to die.

An herb there grows (the same old <sup>h</sup> Homer tells  
 Ulysses bore to rival Circe's spells)  
 Its root is ebon-black, but fends to light  
 A stem that bends with flow'rets milky white ;  
 Moly the plant, which gods and fairies know,  
 But secret kept from mortal men below.  
 On his pale limbs its virtuous juice she shed,  
 And murmur'd mystic numbers o'er the dead.

When lo ! the little shape by magic power  
 Grew less and less, contracted to a flower ;  
 A flower, that first in this sweet garden smil'd,  
 To virgins sacred, and the Snow-drop styl'd.

The new-born plant with sweet regret she view'd,  
 Warm'd with her sighs, and with her tears bedew'd,  
 Its ripen'd seeds from bank to bank convey'd,  
 And with her lover whiten'd half the shade.  
 Thus won from death each spring she sees him grow,  
 And glories in the vegetable snow,  
 Which now increas'd through wide Britannia's plains,  
 Its parent's warmth and spotless name retains ;  
 First leader of the flowery race aspires,  
 And foremost catches the sun's genial fires,  
 'Midst frosts and snows triumphant dares appear,  
 Mingles the seasons, and leads on the year.

Deserted now of all thy pygmy race,  
 Nor man nor fairy touch'd this guilty place.  
 In heaps on heaps, for many a rolling age,  
 It lay accurst, the mark of Neptune's rage ;  
 'Till great Nassau recloath'd the desart shade,  
 Thence sacred to Britannia's monarchs made.  
 'Twas then the green-rob'd nymph, fair Kenna, came  
 (Kenna that gave the neighb'ring town its name)  
 Proud when she saw th' enabled garden shine  
 With nymphs and heroes of her lover's line.  
 She vow'd to grace the mansions once her own,  
 And picture out in plants the fairy town.

To far-fam'd Wife<sup>1</sup> her flight unseen she sped,  
 And with gay prospects fill'd the craftsman's head,  
 Soft in his fancy drew a pleasing scheme,  
 And plan'd that landscape in a morning dream.

With the sweet view the fire of gardens fir'd,  
 Attempts the labour by the nymph inspir'd,  
 The walls and streets in rows of yew designs,  
 And forms the town in all its ancient lines ;  
 The corner trees he lifts more high in air,  
 And girds the palace with a verdant square :

<sup>1</sup> This person is mentioned with his partner by Mr. Addison, in *The Spectator*, N<sup>o</sup> 477. "Wife and Lo.xon are our heroic Poets : and if, as a critic, I may single out any passage of their works to comment, I shall take notice of that part of the upper garden of Kentington, which was at first nothing but a gravel pit. It must have been a fine genius for gardening, that could have thought of forming such an unsightly hollow into so beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with so uncommon and agreeable a scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular spot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleasing contrast ; for as on one side of the walk you see this hollow basin, with its several little plantations lying so conveniently under the eye of the beholder ; on the other side of it there appears a seeming mount, made up of trees rising one higher than another in proportion as they approach the centre. A spectator, who has not heard this account of it, would think this circular mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually scooped out of that hollow space which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with any one who has walked in this garden, who was not struck with that part of it which I have here mentioned."

Nor

Nor knows, while round he views the rising scenes,  
He builds a city as he plants his greens.

With a sad pleasure the aërial maid  
This image of her ancient realm survey'd ;  
How chang'd, how fallen from its primæval pride !  
Yet here each moon, the hour her lover dy'd,  
Each moon his solemn obsequies she pays,  
And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays ;  
Pleas'd in the shades to head her fairy train,  
And grace the groves where Albion's kinsmen reign.



A N

EPISTLE from a LADY in ENGLAND,

T O A

GENTLEMAN at AVIGNON<sup>a</sup>.

By the Same.

**T**O thee, dear rover, and thy vanquish'd friends,  
The health she wants, thy gentle Chloe sends ;  
Though much you suffer; think I suffer more,  
Worse than an exile on my native shore.

<sup>a</sup> A city belonging to the Holy See, in which the Pretender resided after the rebellion in the year 1715. Dr. Johnson observes of this Epistle, that it stands high among party Poems; it expresses contempt without coarseness, and superiority without insolence.

Companions in your master's flight you roam,  
 Unenvy'd by your haughty foes at home ;  
 For-ever near the royal out-law's side,  
 You share his fortunes, and his hopes divide ;  
 On glorious schemes, and thoughts of empire dwell,  
 And with imaginary titles swell.

Say, (for thou know'st I own his sacred line,  
 The passive doctrine, and the right divine)  
 Say, what new succours does the chief prepare ?  
 'The strength of armies ? or the force of pray'r ?  
 Does he from heav'n or earth his hopes derive ?  
 From saints departed ? or from priests alive ?  
 Nor saints nor priests can Brunswick's troops withstand,  
 And beads drop useles through the zealot's hand ;  
 Heav'n to our vows may future kingdoms owe,  
 But skill and courage win the crowns below.

Ere to thy cause, and thee, my heart inclin'd,  
 Or love to party had seduc'd my mind,  
 In female joys I took a dull delight,  
 Slept all the morn, and punted half the night :  
 But now, with fears and public cares posseis'd,  
 The church, the church, for ever breaks my rest.  
 The Post-boy <sup>b</sup> on my pillow I explore,  
 And sift the news of every foreign shore,  
 Studious to find new friends, and new allies ;  
 What armies march from Sweden in disguise ;

<sup>b</sup> A news-paper, written by Abel Roper.

How

How Spain prepares her banners to unfold,  
 And Rome deals out her blessings, and her gold :  
 Then o'er the map my finger, taught to stray,  
 Crost many a region, marks the winding way ;  
 From sea to sea, from realm to realm I rove,  
 And grow a mere geographer by love.  
 But still Avignon, and the pleasing coast  
 That holds Thee banish'd, claims my care the most ;  
 Oft on the well-known spot I fix my eyes,  
 And span the distance that between us lies.

Let not our James, though foil'd in arms, despair,  
 Whilst on his side he reckons half the fair :  
 In Britain's lovely isle a shining throng  
 War in his cause, a thousand beauties strong.  
 Th' unthinking victors vainly boast their pow'rs ;  
 Be theirs the musket, while the tongue is ours.  
 We reason with such fluency and fire,  
 The beaux we baffle, and the learned tire,  
 Against her prelates plead the church's cause,  
 And from our judges vindicate the laws.  
 Then mourn not, hapless prince, thy kingdoms lost,  
 A crown, though late, thy sacred brow may boast ;  
 Heav'n seems through us thy empire to decree,  
 Those who win hearts have giv'n their hearts to thee.  
 Hast thou not heard that, when profusely gay,  
 Our well-dres'd rivals grac'd their sov'reign's day.  
 We stubborn damsels met the public view  
 In loathsome wormwood, and repenting rue ?

What Whig but trembled, when our spotless band  
 In virgin roses whiten'd half the land !  
 Who can forget what fears the foe possess'd,  
 When oaken boughs mark'd every loyal breast !  
 Less scar'd near Medway's stream the Norman stood,  
 When cross the plain he spy'd a marching wood,  
 'Till, near at hand, a gleam of swords betray'd  
 The youth of Kent beneath its wand'ring shade.

Those, who the succours of the fair despise,  
 May find that we have nails as well as eyes.  
 The female bands, O prince by Fortune cross'd,  
 At least more courage than thy men may boast ;  
 Our sex has dar'd the mug-house chiefs to meet,  
 And purchase fame in many a well-fought street.  
 From Drury-lane, the region of renown,  
 The land of love, the Paphos of the town,  
 Fair patriots sallying oft have put to flight  
 With all their poles the guardians of the night,  
 And borne, with screams of triumph, to their side  
 The leader's staff in all its painted pride.  
 Nor fears the hawker in her warbling note  
 To vend the discontented statesman's thought.  
 Though red with stripes, and recent from the thong,  
 Sore smitten for the love of sacred song,  
 The tuneful sisters still pursue their trade,  
 Like Philomela darkling in the shade.  
 Poor Trott attends, forgetful of a fare,  
 And hums in concert o'er his empty chair.

Mean while, regardless of the royal cause,  
 His sword for James no brother sovereign draws,  
 The Pope himself, surrounded with alarms,  
 To France his bulls, to Corfu sends his arms.  
 And though he hears his darling son's complaint,  
 Can hardly spare one tutelary saint;  
 But lists them all to guard his own abodes,  
 And into ready money coins his gods.  
 The dauntless Swede <sup>c</sup>, pursu'd by vengeful foes,  
 Scarce keeps his own hereditary snoxs;  
 Nor must the friendly roof of kind Lorrain <sup>d</sup>  
 With feasts regale our garter'd youth again:  
 Safe, Bar-le-duc, within thy silent grove  
 The pheasant now may perch, the hare may rove:  
 The knight, who aims unerring from afar,  
 Th' advent'rous knight, now quits the sylvan war:  
 The brinded boars may slumber un-dismay'd,  
 Or grunt secure beneath the chesnut shade.  
 Inconstant Orleans <sup>e</sup> (still we mourn the day  
 That trusted Orleans with imperial sway)  
 Far o'er the Alps our helpless monarch sends,  
 Far from the call of his desponding friends.

<sup>c</sup> Charles the XIIth of Sweden, at the time he was killed before Frederickshall, 1 December 1718, was meditating to disturb the peace of Great Britain, and to assist the Pretender.

<sup>d</sup> After the peace of Utrecht, the Pretender went to reside in the dominions of the Prince of Lorrain.

<sup>e</sup> The Duke of Orleans, Regent of France.

Such are the terms to gain Britannia's grace !  
And such the terrors of the Brunswick race !

Was it for this the sun's whole lustre fail'd <sup>1</sup>,  
And sudden midnight o'er the noon prevail'd !  
For this did heav'n display to mortal eyes  
Aërial knights and combats in the skies !  
Was it for this Northumbrian streams look'd red,  
And Thames driv'n backward show'd his secret bed ?  
False auguries ! th' insulting victors scorn !  
Ev'n our own prodigies against us turn !  
O portents constru'd on our side in vain !  
Let never Tory trust eclipse again !  
Run clear, ye fountains ! be at peace, ye skies !  
And, Thames, henceforth to thy green borders rise !

To Reme then must the royal wand'rer go,  
And fall a suppliant at the papal toe ?  
His life in sloth inglorious must he wear,  
One half in luxury, and one in pray'r ?  
His mind perhaps at length, debauch'd with ease,  
The proffer'd purple and the hat may please.  
Shall he, whose ancient patriarchal race  
To mighty Nimrod in one line we trace,

<sup>1</sup> This refers to the great eclipse of the sun, which happened on the 22d April 1715. About the same period, the several appearances in the skies and the northern rivers here mentioned, were confidently said to have been discovered, and great use was made of them, by the enemies of the reigning family, to instill their prejudices into the mind of the people. The ebbing of the Thames happened on the 14th of September 1716.

In solemn conclave sit, devoid of thought,  
 And poll for points of faith his trusty vote !  
 Be summon'd to his stall in time of need,  
 And with his casting suffrage fix a <sup>fixed</sup> creed !  
 Shall he in robes on stated days appear,  
 And English heretics curse once a year ?  
 Garnet and Faux <sup>s</sup> shall he with pray'r's invoke,  
 And beg that Smithfield piles once more may smoak ?  
 Forbid it heav'n ! my soul, to fury wrought,  
 Turns almost Hanoverian at the thought.

From James and Rome I feel my heart decline.  
 And fear, O Brunswick, 'twill be wholly thine ;  
 Yet still his share thy rival will contest,  
 And still the double claim divides my brest :  
 The fate of James with pitying eyes I view,  
 And wish my homage were not Brunswick's due ;  
 To James my passions and my weakness guide,  
 But reason sways me to the victor's side.  
 Though griev'd I speak it, let the truth appear ;  
 (You know my language, and my heart, sincere.)  
 In vain did falsehood his fair fame disgrace ;  
 What force had falsehood, when he show'd his face !  
 In vain to war our boarful clans were led ;  
 Heaps driven on heaps, in the dire shock they fled :  
 France shuns his wrath, nor raises to our shame  
 A second Dunkirk in another name :

<sup>6</sup> Two of the Conspirators in the gunpowder plot, 1605.

In Britaiп's funds their wealth all Europe throws,  
 And up the Thameп the world's abundance flows :  
 Spite of feign'd fears, and artificial cries,  
 The pious town sees firy churches rise :  
 The hero triumphs as his worth is known,  
 And sits more firmly on his shaken throne.

To my sad thought no beam of hope appears  
 Through the long prospect of succeeding years ;  
 The son, aspiring to his father's fame,  
 Shows all his fire : another and the same,  
 He blest in lovely Carolina's arms,  
 To future ages propagates her charms ;  
 With pain and joy at strife, I often trace  
 The mingled parents in each daughter's face ;  
 Half sick'ning at the sight, too well I spy  
 The father's spirit through the mother's eye ;  
 In vain new thoughts of rage I entertain,  
 And strive to hate their innocence in vain.

O princess ! happy by thy foes confess'd !  
 Blest in thy husband ! in thy children blest !  
 As they from thee, from them new beauties born,  
 While Europe lasts, shall Europe's thrones adorn.  
 Transplanted to each court, in times to come,  
 Thy smile celestial and un-fading bloom  
 Great Austria's sons with softer lines shall grace,  
 And smooth the frowns of Bourbon's haughty race.  
 The fair descendants of thy sacred bed  
 Wide-branching o'er the western' world shall spread,

Like

Like the fam'd Banian tree, whose pliant shoot  
 To earthward bending of itself takes root,  
 'Till like their mother plant, ten thousand stand  
 In verdant arches on the fertile land :  
 Beneath her shade the tawny Indians rove,  
 Or hunt at large through the wide echoing grove.

O thou, to whom these mournful lines I send,  
 My promis'd husband, and my dearest friend ;  
 Since heaven appoints this favour'd race to reign,  
 And blood has drench'd the Scottish fields in vain ;  
 Must I be wretched, and thy flight partake ?  
 Or wilt not thou, for thy lov'd Chloe's sake,  
 Tir'd out at length, submit to Fate's decree ?  
 If not to Brunswick, O return to me !  
 Prostrate before the victor's mercy bend :  
 What spares whole thousands, may to thee extend.  
 Should blinded friends thy doubtful conduct blame,  
 Great Brunswick's virtues will secure thy fame :  
 Say, these invite thee to approach his throne,  
 And own the monarch heav'n vouchsafes to own.  
 The world, convinc'd, thy reasons will approve ;  
 Say this to Them : but swear to Me 'twas love.



THE  
FEMALE REIGN:  
AN  
ODE.

By Mr. COBB<sup>2</sup>.

I.

WHAT can the British senate give,  
To make the name of ANNA live,  
By future people to be sung,  
The labour of each grateful tongue ?  
Can faithful registers, or rhyme,  
In charming eloquence, or sprightly wit,  
The wonders of her reign transmit  
To th' unborn children of succeeding time ?

<sup>2</sup> Samuel Cobb, assistant master of the grammar school of Christ's Hospital; where he was himself educated, and from whence he was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, at which place he took the degree of master of arts. He died at London in 1713, and was interred in the cloyster of Christ's hospital. Dr. Watts esteemed this ode as the truest, and best pindaric he had ever read. It is reprinted in the Gentleman's Magazine 1753, with some alterations by that author.

Can painters' oil, or statuaries' art,  
 Eternity to her impart ?  
 No ! titled statues are but empty things,  
 Inscrib'd to royal vanity,  
 The sacrifice of flattery  
 To lawless Neros, or Bourbonian kings.  
 True virtue to her kindred stars aspires,  
 Does all our pomp of stone and verse surpass,  
 And mingling with ethereal fires,  
 No useles ornament requires  
 From speaking colours, or from breathing bra's.

## II.

Greatest of princes ! where the wand'ring sun  
 Does o'er earth's habitable regions roll,  
 From th' eastern barriers to the western goal,  
 And sees thy race of glory run  
 With swiftness equal to his own :  
 Thee on the banks of Flandrian Scaldis sings  
 The jocund swain, releas'd from Gallic fear ;  
 The English voice unus'd to hear,  
 Thee the repeating banks, thee every valley rings.

## III.

The sword of heav'n how pious ANNA wields,  
 And heav'ly vengeance on the guilty deals,  
 Let the twice fugitive Bavarian tell ;  
 Who, from his airy hope of better state,  
 By lust of sway irregularly great,  
 Like an apostate angel fell ;

Who, by imperial favour rais'd,  
 I' th' highest rank of glory blaz'd :  
 And had 'till now unrivall'd shone,  
 More than a king, contented with his own ;  
 But Lucifer's bold steps he trod,  
 Who durst assault the throne of God ;  
 And for contented realms of blissful light,  
 Gain'd the sad privilege to be  
 The first in solid misery,  
 Monarch of hell, and woes, and everlasting night.  
 Corruption of the best is always worst ;  
 And foul ambition, like an evil wind,  
 Blights the fair blossoms of a noble mind ;  
 And if a seraph fall, he's doubly curs'd.

## IV.

Had guile, and pride, and envy grown  
 In the black groves of Styx alone,  
 Nor ever had on earth the baleful crop been sown ;  
 The swain, without amaze, had till'd  
 The Flandrian glebe, a guiltless field :  
 Nor had he wonder'd, when he found  
 The bones of heroes in the ground :  
 No crimson streams had lately swell'd  
 The Dyle, the Danube, and the Scheld.  
 But evils are of necessary growth,  
 To rouze the brave, and banish sloth ;  
 And some are born to win the stars,  
 By sweat and blood, and worthy scars.

Heroic virtue is by action seen,  
 And vices serve to make it keen ;  
 And as gigantic tyrants rise,  
 NASSAUS and CHURCHILLS leave the skies,  
 The earth-born monsters to chastise.

## V.

If, heav'ly Muse, you burn with a desire  
 To praife the man whom all admire ;  
 Come from thy learn'd Caftalian springs,  
 And stretch aloft thy Pegasean wings,  
 Strike the loud Pindaric strings,  
 Like the lark who foars and sings ;  
 And as you fail the liquid skies,  
 Cast on <sup>b</sup> Menapian fields your weeping eyes :  
 For weep they surely must,  
 To see the bloody annual sacrifice ;  
 To think how the neglected dust,  
 Which with contempt is basely trod,  
 Was once the limbs of captains, brave and just,  
 The mortal part of some great demi-god ;  
 Who for thrice fifty years of stubborn war,  
 With slaught'ring arms, the gun and iword,  
 Have dug the mighty sepulchre,  
 And fell as martyrs on record,  
 Of tyranny aveng'd, and liberty restor'd.

<sup>b</sup> The Menapii were the ancient inhabitants of Flanders.

## VI.

See, where at Audenard, with heaps of slain,  
 Th' heroic man, inspir'dly brave,  
 Mowing acros, bestrews the plain,  
 And with new tenants crowds the wealthy grave.  
 His mind unshaken at the frightful scene,  
 His looks as cheerfully serene,  
 The routed battle to pursue,  
 As once adorn'd the Paphian queen,  
 When to her Thracian paramour she flew,  
 The gath'ring troops he kens from far,  
 And with a bridegroom's passion and delight,  
 Courting the war, and glowing for the fight,  
 The new Salmonius meets the Celtic thunderer.  
 Ah, cursed pride ! infernal dream !  
 Which drove him to this wild extreme,  
 That dust a deity should seem ;  
 Be thought, as through the wondering streets he rode,  
 A man immortal, or a god :  
 With rattling bras, and trampling horse,  
 Should counterfeit th' inimitable force  
 Of divine thunder : horrid crime !  
 But vengeance is the child of time,  
 And will too surely be repaid  
 On his profane devoted head,  
 Who durst affront the powers above,  
 And their eternal flames disgrace,  
 Too fatal, brandish'd by the real Jove,  
 Or <sup>s</sup>Pallas, who assumes, and fills his aweful place :

“ VICEM GERITILLA TONANTIS.

VII. The

## VII.

The British Pallas ! who, as <sup>4</sup> Homer's did  
 For her lov'd Diomede,  
 Her hero's mind with wisdom fills,  
 And heav'nly courage in his heart instils.  
 Hence through the thickest squadrons does he ride,  
 With ANNA's angels by his side.  
 With what uncommon speed  
 He spurs his foaming, fiery steed,  
 And pushes on through midmost fires,  
 Where France's fortune, with her sons, retires !  
 Now here, now there, the sweeping ruin flies ;  
 As when the Pleiades arise,  
 The southern wind afflicts the skies,  
 Then mutt'ring o'er the deep, buffets th' unruly brine,  
 'Till clouds and water seem to join.

<sup>4</sup> Homer, in his fifth Iliad, because his hero is to do wonders beyond the power of man, premises, in the beginning, that Pallas had peculiarly fitted him for that day's exploits.

\* Indomitas prope qualis undas  
 Exercet Auster, Pleiadum choro  
 Scindente nubes, impiger hostium  
 Vexare turmas, & frementem  
 Mittere equum medios per ignes.  
 Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,  
 Qui regna Dauni præfluit Appuli,  
 Cum sævit, horrendamque cultis  
 Diluviem meditatur agris.

Or as a dyke, cut by malicious hands,  
 O'erflows the fertile Netherlands.  
 Through the wide yawn, th' impetuous sea  
 Lavish of his new liberty,  
 Bestrides the vale, and, with tumultuous noise,  
 Bellows along the delug'd plain,  
 Pernicious to the rip'ning grain ;  
 Far as th' horizon he destroys :  
 The weeping shepherd from an hill bewails the wat'ry reign.

## VIII.

So rapid flows the unimprison'd stream !  
 So strong the force of MINDELHEIM !  
 In vain the woods of Audenard  
 Would shield the Gaul, a fenceless guard.  
 As soon may whirlwinds be with-held,  
 As MARLBROUGH's footsteps o'er the foaming Scheld.  
 In vain the torrent would oppose,  
 In vain arm'd banks, and hosts of foes :  
 The foes with coward haste retire,  
 Fly faster than the river flows,  
 And swifter than our fire.  
 Vendosme from far upbraids their shame,  
 And pleads his royal master's fame.  
 " By Condé's mighty ghost," he cries,  
 " By Turenne, Luxemburgh, and all  
 " Those noble souls who fell a sacrifice

“ At<sup>f</sup> Lens, at Fleurus, and at Landen fight,  
 “ Stop, I conjure, your ignominious flight.”  
 But Fear is deaf to Honour’s call.  
 Each frowning threat and soothing pray’r  
 Is lost in the regardless air :  
 As well he may  
 The billows of the ocean stay ;  
 While CHURCHILL like a driving wind,  
 Or high spring-tide, pursues behind,  
 And with redoubled speed urges their forward way.

## IX.

Nor less, EUGENIUS, thy important care,  
 Thou second thunder-bolt of war !  
 Partner in danger and in fame,  
 The wind, with MARLBOROUGH’s, shall bear  
 To distant colonies thy conqu’ring name.  
 Nor shall my Muse forget to sing  
 From harmony what blessings spring :  
 To tell how Death did enviously repine,  
 To see a friendship so divine ;  
 When in a ball’s destroying form she past,  
 And mark’d thy threaten’d brow at last,  
 But durst not touch that sacred brain,  
 Where Europe’s mightiest counsels reign ;  
 For strait she bow’d her ghastly head,  
 She saw the mark of heav’n and fled,

<sup>f</sup> Near this place the prince of Condé gave the Spaniards a very great overthrow, 1648.

As cruel Brennus once, insulting Gaul,  
 When he, at Allia's fatal flood,  
 Had fill'd the plains with Roman blood,  
 With conscious awe forsook the capitol,  
 Where Jove, revenger of profaneness, stood.

## X.

But where the good and brave command,  
 What capitol, what bulwark can withstand ?  
 Virtue, approv'd of heav'n, can pass  
 Through walls, through tow'rs, and gates of brass.  
 Lisle, like a mistress, had been courted long,  
 By all the valiant and the young,  
 The fairest progeny of Vauban's art ;  
 'Till SAVOY's warlike prince withheld  
 Her frowning terrors, and through seas of blood  
 Tore the bright darling from th' old tyrant's heart.  
 Such <sup>a</sup> Buda saw him, when proud <sup>b</sup> Apti fell,  
 Unhappy, valiant infidel !  
 Who, vanquish'd by superior strength  
 Surrender'd up his haughty breath,  
 Upon the breach measuring his manly length,  
 And shun'd the bow-string by a nobler death.

<sup>a</sup> He bore a considerable share in the glory of that day on which Buda was taken.

<sup>b</sup> He was Bassau of the city, and lost his life on the breach.

## XI.

Such <sup>1</sup> Harscam's field beheld him in his bloom,  
 When Victory bespoke him for her own,  
 Her fav'rite, immortal son,  
 And told of better years revolving on the loom :  
 How he should make the Turkish crescent wane,  
 And choke <sup>2</sup> Tibiscus with the slain ;  
 While Viziers lay beneath the lofty pile  
 Of slaughter'd Bassaus, who o'er Bassaus roll'd ;  
 And all his num'rous acts she told,  
 From Latian Carpi down to Flandrian Lisle.

## XII.

Honour with open arms, receives at last  
 The heroes who through Virtue's temple pass ;  
 And show'rs down laurels from above,  
 On those whom heav'n and ANNA love.

<sup>1</sup> This was the fatal battle to the Turks in the year 1687. Prince Eugene, with the regiments of his brigade, was the first that entered the trenches ; and for that reason had the honour to be the first messenger of this happy news to the emperor.

<sup>2</sup> This battle was fought on the 10th of October, 1697, where Prince Eugene commanded in chief ; like which there never happened so great and so terrible a destruction to the Ottoman army, which fell upon the principal commanders more than the common soldiers ; for no less than fifteen Bassaus (five of which had been Viziers of the bench) were killed, besides the supreme Vizier.

And some not sparingly, she throws  
 For the young eagles, who could try  
 The faith and judgment of the sky,  
 And dare the sun with steady eye ;  
 For Hanover's and Prussia's brows,  
 Eugenes in bloom, and future Marlboroughs ;  
 To Hanover, to Brunswick's second grace,  
 Descendant from a long imperial race,  
 The Muse directs her honourable flight,  
 And prophesies, from so serene a morn,  
 To what clear glories he is born,  
 When blazing with a full meridian light,  
 He shall the British hemisphere adorn ;  
 When Mars shall lay his batter'd target down,  
 And he (since Death will never spare  
 The good, the pious, and the fair)  
 In his ripe harvest of renown,  
 Shall after his great father fit,  
 (If heav'n so long a life permit)  
 And having swell'd the flowing tide  
 Of fame, which he in arms shall get,  
 The purchase of an honest sweat,  
 Shall safe in stormy seas Britannia's vessel guide.

## XIII.

Britannia's vessel, which in *ANNA*'s reign,  
 And prudent pilotry, enjoys  
 The tempest which the world destroys,  
 And rides triumphant o'er the subject main.  
 O may she soon a quiet harbour gain !  
 And sure the promis'd hour is come,  
 When in soft notes the peaceful lyre  
 Shall still the trumpet and the drum,  
 Shall play what gods and men desire,  
 And strike Bellona's musick dumb :  
 And war, by parents curs'd, shall quit the field,  
 Unbuckle his bright helmet, and, to rest  
 His weary'd limbs, fit on his idle shield,  
 With scars of honour plough'd upon his breast.  
 But if the Gallic Pharaoh's stubborn heart  
 Grows fresh for punishment, and hardens still ;  
 Prepar'd for th' irrecoverable ill,  
 And forc'd th' unwilling skies to act the last ungrateful part :  
 Thy forces, *ANNA*, like a flood, shall whelm  
 (If heav'n does scepter'd innocence maintain)  
 His famish'd desolated realm ;  
 And all the sons of Pharamond in vain  
 (Who with dishonest envy see  
 The sweet forbidden fruits of distant liberty)  
 Shall curse their Salic law, and wish a female reign.

## XIV. A

## XIV.

A female reign like thine,  
 O ANN<sup>A</sup>, British heroine !  
 To thee afflicted empires fly for aid,  
 Where'er tyrannic standards are display'd,  
 From the wrong'd Iber to the threaten'd Rhine  
 Thee, where the golden-sanded Tagus flows.  
 Beneath fair <sup>1</sup> Ulyssippo's walls,  
 The frightened Lusitanian calls ;  
 Thee, they who drink the Seine, with those  
 Who plough Iberian fields, implore,  
 To give the lab'ring world repose,  
 And universal peace restore :  
 Thee, Gallia, mournful to survive the fate  
 Of her fall'n grandeur and departed state ;  
 By sad experience taught to own,  
 That virtue is a noble way to rise,  
 A surer passage to the skies,  
 Than Pelion upon Ossa thrown :  
 For they, who impiously presume  
 To grasp at heav'n, by Jov<sup>z</sup>'s eternal doom,  
 A prey to thunder shall become ;  
 Or, sent in <sup>2</sup> Aetna's fiery cave to groan,  
 Gain but an higher fall, a mountain for their tomb.

<sup>1</sup> The old name of Lisbon, said to be built by Ulysses.

<sup>2</sup> One of the mountains where Jupiter lodged the giants.

## S I X

T O W N E C L O G U E S<sup>a</sup>.By the Right Hon. Lady Mary Wortley Montague<sup>b</sup>.

M O N D A Y.

R O X A N A<sup>c</sup>; or, The Drawing-Room.

**R**OXANA from the court retiring late,  
 Sigh'd her soft sorrows at St. JAMES's gate.  
 Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her breast,  
 Not her own chairmen with more weight oppress'd;

<sup>a</sup> Four only of these Eclogues are the production of Lady M.W. Montague. Thursday was written by Mr. Pope, and Friday by Mr. Gay.

<sup>b</sup> This witty and agreeable writer, was the eldest daughter of Evelyn, the first Duke of Kingston, by Lady Mary Fielding, sister to Basil Earl of Denbigh. She was married to Edward Wortley Montague, Esq; whom she accompanied in his Embassy to Constantinople, in the year 1716. During her residence at that place, she became acquainted with the art of Inoculation for the Small-pox, and had the fortitude to permit one of the first trials of its efficacy, to be made on her own children. On her return to England, she greatly facilitated the introduction of the present salutary practice of cure in that disorder. She died 21st August 1762.

<sup>c</sup> At the time these pieces of court scandal were originally published, it was generally imagined, that real persons were intended to be exposed and ridiculed by them. By the name of Roxana, the Duchess of Roxborough was supposed to be pointed at.

They

They groan the cruel load they're doom'd to bear ;  
 She in these gentle sounds express'd her care.

“ Was it for this that I these robes wear,  
 “ For this new-set the jewels for my hair ?  
 “ Ah ! princess ! with what zeal have I pursu'd !  
 “ Almost forgot the duty of a prude.  
 “ Thinking I never could attend too soon,  
 “ I've miss'd my prayers to get me dress'd by noon.  
 “ For thee, ah ! what for thee did I resign ?  
 “ My pleasures, passions, all that e'er was mine.  
 “ I sacrific'd both modesty and ease,  
 “ Left operas, and went to filthy plays ;  
 “ Double entendres shock'd my tender ear,  
 “ Yet even this for thee I chose to bear.  
 “ In glowing youth, when nature bids be gay,  
 “ And every joy of life before me lay,  
 “ By honour prompted, and by pride restrain'd ;  
 “ The pleasures of the young my soul disdain'd ;  
 “ Sermons I fought, and with a mien severe  
 “ Censur'd my neighbours, and said daily pray'r.  
 “ Alas ! how chang'd !—with the same sermon-mien  
 “ That once I pray'd, the *What-d'ye-call't* \* I've seen.  
 “ Ah ! cruel princess, for thy sake I've lost  
 “ That reputation which so dear had cost :  
 “ I, who avoided every public place,  
 “ When bloom and beauty bade me show my face ;

\* A Farce by Mr. Gay, acted at Drury Lane 1715.

“ Now

" Now near thee constant every night abide  
 " With never-failing duty by thy side,  
 " Myself and daughters standing on a row,  
 " To all the foreigners a goodly show !  
 " Oft had your drawing-room been sadly thin,  
 " And merchants' wives close by the chair been seen ;  
 " Had not I amply fill'd the empty space,  
 " And sav'd your highness from the dire disgrace.  
 " Yet COQUETILLA's artifice prevails,  
 " When all my merit and my duty fails ;  
 " That COQUETILLA, whose deluding airs  
 " Corrupts our virgins, and our youth ensnares ;  
 " So sunk her character, so lost her fame,  
 " Scarce visited before your highness came :  
 " Yet for the bed-chamber 'tis her you chuse,  
 " When Zeal and Fame and Virtue you refuse.  
 " Ah ! worthy choice ! not one of all your train  
 " Whom censure blasts not, and dishonours stain.  
 " Let the nice hind now suckle dirty pigs,  
 " And the proud pea-hen hatch the cuckoo's eggs !  
 " Let IRIS leave her paint and own her age,  
 " And grave SUFFOLKA wed a giddy page !  
 " A greater miracle is daily view'd,  
 " A virtuous princess with a court so lewd.  
 " I know thee, Court ! with all thy treach'rous wiles,  
 " Thy false caresses and undoing smiles !

• The Dutches of Shrewsbury.

" Ah !

" Ah ! princes, learn'd in all the courtly arts  
 " To cheat our hopes, and yet to gain our hearts !  
 " Large lovely bribes are the great statesman's aim ;  
 " And the neglected patriot follows fame.  
 " The prince is ogled ; some the king pursue ;  
 " But your ROXANA only follows You.  
 " Despis'd ROXANA, cease, and try to find  
 " Some other, since the prince proves unkind :  
 " Perhaps it is not hard to find at court,  
 " If not a greater, a more firm support."



## T U F S D A Y.

ST. JAMES'S Coffee-House.

SILLIANDER and PATCH.

**T**HOU, who so many favours hast receiv'd,  
 Wond'rous to tell, and hard to be believ'd,  
 Oh ! HERTFORD<sup>a</sup>, to my lays attention lend,  
 Hear how two lovers boastingly contend :  
 Like thee successful, such their bloomy youth,  
 Renown'd alike for gallantry and truth.

<sup>a</sup> Algernon Earl of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset. He  
 died 7th February, 1749-50.

St.

St. JAMES's bell had toll'd some wretches in,  
(As tatter'd riding-hoods alone could sin)  
The happier sinners now their charms put out,  
And to their mantuas their complexions suit ;  
The opera queens had finish'd half their faces,  
And city-dames already taken places ;  
Fops of all kinds, to see the Lion, run ;  
The beauties stay till the first act's begun,  
And beaux step home to put fresh linen on.  
No well-dress'd youth in coffee-house remain'd  
But pensive PATCH, who on the window lean'd ;  
And SILLIANDER, that alert and gay,  
First pick'd his teeth, and then began to say.

SILLIANDER.

Why all these sighs ? ah ! why so pensive grown ?  
Some cause there is why thus you sit alone.  
Does hapless passion all this sorrow move ?  
Or dost thou envy where the ladies love ?

PATCH.

If, whom they love, my envy must pursue,  
'Tis true, at least, I never envy you.

SILLIANDER.

No, I'm unhappy—you are in the right—  
'Tis you they favour, and 'tis me they slight.  
Yet I could tell, but that I hate to boast,  
A club of ladies where 'tis me they toast.

PATCH.

Toasting does seldom any favour prove ;  
Like us, they never toast the thing they love.

A certain

A certain duke one night my health begun ;  
 With cheerful pledges round the room it run,  
 'Till the young SYLVIA, press'd to drink it too,  
 Started and vow'd she knew not what to do :  
 What, drink a fellow's health ! she dy'd with shame :  
 Yet blush'd whenever she pronounc'd my name.

## SILLIANDER.

Ill fates pursue me, may I never find  
 The dice propitious, or the ladies kind,  
 If fair Miss FLIPPY's fan I did not tear,  
 And one from me she condescends to wear.

## PATCH.

Women are always ready to receive ;  
 'Tis then a favour when the sex will give.  
 A lady (but she is too great to name)  
 Beauteous in person, spotless in her fame,  
 With gentle strugglings let me force this ring ;  
 Another day may give another thing.

## SILLIANDER.

I could say something—see this billet-doux—  
 And as for presents—look upon my shoe—  
 These buckles were not forc'd, nor half a theft,  
 But a young countess fondly made the gift.

## PATCH.

My countess is more nice, more artful too,  
 Affects to fly, that I may fierce pursue :  
 This snuff-box which I begg'd, she still deny'd,  
 And when I strove to snatch it, seem'd to hide ;

She

She laugh'd and fled, and as I sought to seize,  
 With affectation cram'd it down her stays ;  
 Yet hop'd she did not place it there unseen,  
 I press'd her breasts, and pull'd it from between.

SILLIANDER.

Last night, as I stood ogling of her grace,  
 Drinking delicious poison from her face,  
 The soft enchantress did that face decline,  
 Nor ever rais'd her eyes to meet with mine ;  
 With sudden art some secret did pretend,  
 Lean'd cross two chairs to whisper to a friend,  
 While the stiff whalebone with the motion rose,  
 And thousand beauties to my sight expose.

PATCH.

Early this morn—(but I was ask'd to come)  
 I drank bohea in CÆLIA's dressing room :  
 Warm from her bed, to me alone within,  
 Her night-gown fasten'd with a single pin ;  
 Her night-cloaths tumbled with resistless grace,  
 And her bright hair play'd careleſs round her face ;  
 Reaching the kettle made her gown unpin,  
 She wore no waistcoat, and her shift was thin.

SILLIANDER.

See TITIANA driving to the park !  
 Hark ! let us follow, 'tis not yet too dark :  
 In her all beauties of the spring are seen,  
 Her cheeks are rosy, and her mantle green.

VOL. I.

G

PATCH.

## PATCH.

See **TINTORETTA** to the opera goes !  
 Haste, or the crowd will not permit our bows ;  
 In her the glory of the heav'ns we view,  
 Her eyes are star-like, and her mantle blue.

## SILLIANDER.

What colour does in **CÆLIA**'s stockings shine ?  
 Reveal that secret, and the prize is thine.

## PATCH.

What are her garters ? tell me if you can ;  
 I'll freely own thee far the happier man.

Thus **PATCH** continued his heroic strain,  
 While **SILLIANDER** but contends in vain.  
 After a conquest so important gain'd,  
 Unrivall'd **PATCH** in every ruelle reign'd.



## W E D N E S D A Y.

The Tête à Tête.

## DANCINDA.

“ **N**O, fair **DANCINDA**, no ; you strive in vain  
 “ To calm my care, and mitigate my pain ;  
 “ If all my sighs, my cares, can fail to move,  
 “ Ah ! sooth me not with fruitless vows of love.”

Thus

Thus STREPON spoke. DANCINDA thus reply'd :  
 What must I do to gratify your pride ?  
 Too well you know (ungrateful as thou art)  
 How much you triumph in this tender heart :  
 What proof of love remains for me to grant ?  
 Yet still you tease me with some new complaint.  
 Oh ! would to heav'n !—but the fond wish is vain—  
 Too many favours had not made it plain !  
 But such a passion breaks through all disguise,  
 Love reddens on my cheek, and wishes in my eyes.  
 Is't not enough (inhuman and unkind !)  
 I own the secret conflict of my mind ;  
 You cannot know what secret pain I prove,  
 When I with burning blushes own I love.  
 You see my artless joy at your approach,  
 I sigh, I faint, I tremble at your touch ;  
 And in your absence all the world I shun ;  
 I hate mankind, and curse the chearing sun.  
 Still as I fly, ten thousand swains pursue ;  
 Ten thousand swains I sacrifice to you.  
 I shew you all my heart without disguise :  
 But these are tender proofs that you despise ——  
 I see too well what wishes you pursue ;  
 You would not only conquer, but undo :  
 You, cruel victor, weary of your flame,  
 Would seek a cure in my eternal shame ;  
 And not content my honour to subdue,  
 Now strive to triumph o'er my virtue too.

G 2

Oh !

Oh ! Love, a god indeed to womankind,  
 Whose arrows burn me, and whose fetters bind;  
 Avenge thy altars, vindicate thy fame,  
 And blast these traitors that profane thy name ;  
 Who by pretending to thy sacred fire,  
 Raise cursed trophies to impure desire.

Have you forgot with what ensnaring art  
 You first seduc'd this fond uncautious heart ?  
 Then as I fled, did you not kneeling cry,  
 " Turn, cruel beauty ; whither would you fly ?"  
 " Why all these doubts ? why this distrustful fear ?"  
 " No impious wishes shall offend your ear : "  
 " Nor ever shall my boldest hopes pretend  
 " Above the title of a tender friend ;  
 " Blest, if my lovely goddes will permit  
 " My humble vows, thus fighing at her feet.  
 " The tyrant Love that in my bosom reigns,  
 " The god himself submits to wear your chains..  
 " You shall direct his course, his ardour tame,  
 " And check the fury of his wildest flame."

Unpractis'd youth is easily deceiv'd ;  
 Sooth'd by such sounds, I listen'd and believ'd ;  
 Now quite forgot that soft submissive fear,  
 You dare to ask what I must blush to hear.

Could I forget the honour of my race,  
 And meet your wishes, fearless of disgrace ;  
 Could passion o'er my tender youth prevail,  
 And all my mother's pious maxims fail ;

Yet to preserve your heart (which still must be,  
 False as it is, for ever dear to me)  
 This fatal proof of love I would not give,  
 Which you'd contemn the moment you receive.  
 The wretched she, who yields to guilty joys,  
 A man may pity, but he must despise.  
 Your ardour ceas'd, I then should see you sh  
 The wretched victim by your arts undone.  
 Yet if I could that cold indifference bear,  
 What more would krike me with the last despair,  
 With this reflection would my soul be torn,  
 To know I merited your cruel scorn.

“ Has love no pleasures free from guilt or fear ?  
 “ Pleasures less fierce, more lasting, more sincere ? .  
 “ Thus let us gently kiss and fondly gaze,  
 “ Love is a child, and like a child it plays.”

O STREPTHON, if you would continue just,  
 If love be something more than brutal lust,  
 Forbear to ask what I must still deny,  
 This bitter pleasure, this destructive joy,  
 So closely follow'd by the dismal train  
 Of cutting shame, and guilt's heart-piercing pain,  
 She pass'd ; and fix'd her eyes upon her fan ;  
 He took a pinch of snuff, and thus began ;  
 Madam, if love—but he could say no more,  
 For Mademoiselle came rapping at the door,  
 The dangerous moments no adieu afford ;  
 —Begone, she cries, I'm sure I hear my lord,

The lover starts from his unfinish'd loves,  
 To snatch his hat, and seek his scatter'd gloves ;  
 The fighing dame to meet her dear prepares,  
 While STREPHON cursing slips down the back-stairs.



## T H U R S D A Y.

### The BASSETTE-TABLE,

By Mr. POPE<sup>a</sup>.

SMILINDA<sup>b</sup> and CARDELIA<sup>c</sup>.

#### CARDELIA.

THE bassette-table spread, the tallier come,  
 Why stays SMILINDA in the dressing-room ?  
 Rise, pensive nymph ! the tallier waits for you,

SMILINDA.

Ah ! madam, since my SHARPER is untrue,  
 I joyless make my once ador'd alpieu.



<sup>a</sup> Dr. Warburton asserts, that this alone, of all the town eclogues, was written by Mr. Pope. The alterations in the present edition are taken from a copy corrected by that Author. The humour of the present poem, lies in this happy circumstance, that the one is in love with the game, and the other with the sharper.

<sup>b</sup> Supposed to be lady Mary herself.

<sup>c</sup> The countess of Bristol.

I saw

I saw him stand behind OMBRELIA's chair,  
 And whisper with that soft, deluding air,  
 And those feign'd sighs, which cheat the list'ning fair. }  
 CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantic strains ?  
 A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains.  
 As you by Love, so I by Fortune crost'd,  
 One, one bad deal three septlevas have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that a grief which you compare with mine ?  
 With ease the smiles of Fortune I resign.  
 Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone,  
 Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover lost is but a common care ;  
 And prudent nymphs against that change prepare,  
 The knave of clubs thrice lost ! oh ! who could guess  
 This fatal stroke ! this unforeseen distress ?

SMILINDA.

See ! BETTY<sup>d</sup> LOVEIT very à propos !  
 She all the cares of love and play does know :  
 Dear BETTY shall the important point decide,  
 BETTY, who oft the pains of each has try'd :  
 Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,  
 By cards' ill usage, or by lovers lost.

<sup>d</sup> Mrs. Betty Southwell.

## LOVEIT.

Tell, tell your griefs ; attentive will I stay,  
Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

## CARDELIA.

Behold this equipage by MATHERS wrought,  
With fifty guineas (a great pen'orth !) bought :  
See on the tooth-pick MARS and CUPID strive,  
And both the struggling figures seem alive.  
Upon the bottom shines the queen's bright face ;  
A myrtle foliage round the thimble case ;  
JOVE, JOVE himself does on the scissars shine,  
The metal and the workmanship divine.

## SMILINDA.

This snuff-box, once the pledge of SHARPER's love,  
When rival beauties for the present strove —  
At CORTICELLI's he the raffle won,  
Then first his passion was in public shown :  
HAZARDIA blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,  
Her rival's envy (all in vain) to hide :  
This snuff-box — on the hinge see brilliants shine —  
This snuff-box will I stake, the prize is mine.

## CARDELIA.

Alas ! far lesser losses than I bear,  
Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear :  
But oh ! what makes the disappointment hard,  
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card ! —  
In complaisance I took the queen he gave,  
Though my own secret wish was for the knave :

The

The knave won *son ecart* which I had chose,  
And the next pull my *septleva* I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah ! what aggravates the killing smart,  
The cruel thought that stabs me to the heart,  
This curs'd OMBRELIA, this undoing fair,  
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear,  
She at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,  
She owes to me the very charms she wears :  
An awkward thing when first she came to town,  
Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown.  
She was my friend, I taught her first to spread  
Upon her sallow cheeks enlivening red;  
I introduc'd her to the park and plays,  
And by my interest COSINS made her stays.  
Ungrateful wretch ! with mimic airs grown pert,  
She dares to steal my favourite lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was ! how often have I swore,  
When WINNAL tallied, I would punt no more !  
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run,  
And see the folly which I cannot shun.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have SHARPER's vows deceiv'd !  
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd !  
Yet his known falsehood could no warning prove :  
Ah ! what is warning to a maid in love !

CARDELIA.

## CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd,  
 To gaze on Bassette, and remain unwarm'd ?  
 When kings, queens, knaves, are set in decent rank,  
 Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,  
 Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train,  
 The winner's pleasure and the loser's pain.  
 In bright confusion open rouleaus lie,  
 They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye.  
 Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain,  
 My passions rise, and will not bear the rein :  
 Look upon Bassette, you who reason boast,  
 And see if reason may not there be lost.

## SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose,  
 Can hearken coldly to my SHARPER's vows !  
 Then when he trembles, when his blushes rife,  
 When awful love seems melting in his eyes !  
 With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves ;  
 He loves, I whisper to myself, he loves !  
 Such unfeign'd passion in his look appears,  
 I lose all mem'ry of my former fears ;  
 My panting heart confesses all his charms ;  
 I yield at once, and sink into his arms.  
 Think of that moment, you who prudence boast !  
 For such a moment, prudence well were lost.

## CARDELIA.

## CARDELIA.

At the groom porter's, batter'd bullies play ;  
 Some dukes \* at Marybone bowl time away !  
 But who the bowl or rattling dice compares  
 To Bassette's heavenly joys and pleasing cares ?

## SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a beau ;  
 PRUDINA likes a man, and laughs at show :  
 Their several graces in my SHARPER meet ;  
 Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

## LOVEIT.

Cease your contention, which has been too long,  
 I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong ;  
 Attend, and yield to what I now decide ;  
 The equipage shall grace SMILINDA's side ;  
 The snuff-box to CARDELIA I decree ;  
 So leave complaining, and begin your tea.

\* John Sheffield, duke of Buckingham, is the person here alluded to. It was the custom of this nobleman, daily to frequent the place above-mentioned, where he sacrificed his time, his property, and at length his reputation, in the company of knaves and sharpers. His constant attendance on this scene of infamous resort, is hinted at by himself, in his letter to the duke of Shrewsbury, describing his mode of living.  
 " After I have dined, I drive away to a place (Marybone) of air, and exercise ; which some constitutions are in absolute need of : agitation of the body, and diversion of the mind, being a composition for health, above all the skill of Hippocrates. *Buckingham's Works*, 4to. p. 278.



## F R I D A Y,

## The TOILETTE.

By Mr. GAY.

## LYDIA.

**N**OW twenty springs had cloath'd the park with green,  
 Since LYDIA knew the blossoms of fifteen ;  
 No lovers now her morning hours molest ;  
 And catch her at her toilette half undrest.  
 The thund'ring knocker wakes the street no more,  
 Nor chairs, nor coaches crowd the silent door ;  
 Nor at the window all her mornings pass,  
 Or at the dumb devotion of her glaſs :  
 Reclin'd upon her arm she pensive fate,  
 And curs'd th' inconstancy of man too late.

“ Oh youth ! O spring of life for ever lost !  
 “ No more my name shall reign the fav'rite toast ;  
 “ On glaſs no more the diamond grave my name,  
 “ And lines mis-spelt record my lover's flame :  
 “ Nor shall side-boxes watch my wand'ring eyes,  
 “ And, as they catch the glance, in rows arise  
 “ With humble bows ; nor white-glov'd beaus encroach,  
 “ In crowds behind, to guard me to my coach.  
 “ What shall I do to spend the hateful day ?  
 “ At chapel shall I wear the morn away ?

“ Who

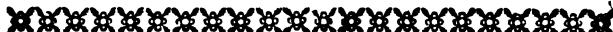
" Who there appears at these unmodish hours,  
 " But ancient matrons with their frizled tow'rs,  
 " And grey religious maids ? My presence there  
 " Amidst that sober train, would own despair ;  
 " Nor am I yet so old, nor is my glance  
 " As yet fix'd wholly on devotion's trance.  
 " Strait then I'll dress, and take my wonted range  
 " Through India-shops, to Motteux's <sup>f</sup>, or the 'Changs,  
 " Where the tall jar erects its stately pride,  
 " With antic shapes in China's azure dy'd ;  
 " There careleſs lies a rich brocade unroll'd,  
 " Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold,  
 " But then, alas ! I must be forc'd to pay,  
 " And bring no penn'orths, not a fan away !  
 " How am I curs'd, unhappy and forlorn !  
 " My lover's triumph, and my sex's scorn !  
 " False is the pompous grief of youthful heirs ;  
 " False are the loose coquet's inveigling airs ;  
 " False is the crafty courtier's plighted word ;  
 " False are the dice, when gamesters stamp the board ;  
 " False is the sprightly widow's public tear ;  
 " Yet these to DAMON's oaths are all sincere.

<sup>f</sup> Peter Motteaux, the translator of Rabelais and Don Quixote, and author of several plays, was master of one of the India shops kept in the city. He resided in Leadenhall Street. See *The Spectator*, No. 288, and 552.

" For what young flirt, base man, am I abus'd ?  
 " To please your wife am I unkindly us'd ?  
 " 'Tis true her face may boast the peach's bloom,  
 " But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume ?  
 " I own her taper shape is form'd to please ;  
 " But don't you see her unconfin'd by stays ?  
 " She doubly to fifteen may claim pretence ;  
 " Alike we read it in her face and sense.  
 " Infipid, servile thing ! whom I disdain !  
 " Her phlegm can best support the marriage chain,  
 " DAMON is practis'd in the modish life ;  
 " Can hate, and yet be civil to his wife ;  
 " He games, he drinks, he swears, he fights, he roves ;  
 " Yet CLOE can believe he fondly loves.  
 " Mistress and wife by turns supply his need ;  
 " A miss for pleasure, and a wife for breed.  
 " Powder'd with diamonds, free from spleen or care,  
 " She can a sullen husband's humour bear ;  
 " Her credulous friendship, and her stupid ease,  
 " Have often been my jest in happier days :  
 " Now CLOE boasts and triumphs in my pains ;  
 " To her he's faithful ; 'tis to me he feigns.  
 " Am I that stupid thing to bear neglect,  
 " And force a smile, not daring to suspect ?  
 " No, perjur'd man ! a wife may be content,  
 " But you shall find a mistress can resent."  
 Thus love-sick LYDIA rav'd ; her maid appears,  
 And in her faithful hand the band-box bears ;

(Tha

(The Cestos that reform'd inconstant Jove  
 Not better fill'd with what allur'd to love)  
 " How well this ribband's gloss becomes your face !"  
 She cries in rapture ; " then, so sweet a lace !  
 " How charmingly you look ! so bright ! so fair !  
 " "Tis to your eyes the head-dress owes its air !"  
 Strait LYDIA smil'd , the comb adjusts her locks ;  
 And at the play-house, HARRY keeps her box.



## S A T U R D A Y,

## The SMALL-Pox.

FLAVIA <sup>2.</sup>

THE wretched FLAVIA, on her couch reclin'd,  
 Thus breath'd the anguish of a wounded mind ;  
 A glass revers'd in her right hand she bore,  
 For now she shun'd the face she fought before.  
 • How am I chang'd ! alas ! how am I grown  
 • A frightful spectre, to myself unknown !  
 • Where's my complexion ! where my radiant bloom,  
 • That promis'd happiness for years to come ?

<sup>2</sup> Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

‘ Then with what pleasure I this face survey’d !  
 ‘ To look once more, my visits oft delay’d !  
 ‘ Charm’d with a view, a fresher red would rise,  
 ‘ And a new life shot sparkling from my eyes !  
 ‘ Ah ! faithless glafs, my wonted bloom restore ;  
 ‘ Alas ! I rave, that bloom is now no more.  
 ‘ The greatest good the gods on men bestow,  
 ‘ Ev’n youth itself to me is useless now.  
 ‘ There was a time (oh ! that I could forget !)  
 ‘ When opera-tickets pour’d before my feet ;  
 ‘ And at the ring, where brightest beauties shine,  
 ‘ The earliest cherries of the spring were mine.  
 ‘ Witness, O Lilly<sup>b</sup> ; and thou, Motteux, tell,  
 ‘ How much japan these eyes have made ye felt.  
 ‘ With what contempt ye saw me oft despise  
 ‘ The humble offer of the raffled prize ;  
 ‘ For at the raffle still each prize I bore,  
 ‘ With scorn rejected, or with triumph wore.  
 ‘ Now beauty’s fled, and presents are no more.  
 ‘ For me the Patriot has the house forsook,  
 ‘ And left debates to catch a passing look :  
 ‘ For me the Soldier has soft verses writ :  
 ‘ For me the Beau has aim’d to be a wit.

<sup>b</sup> This person was a perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort’s Buildings in the Strand. His name often occurs in the Spectator, the Tatler, and the Guardian.

- For me the Wit to no[n]sense was betray'd ;
- The Gamester has for me his dun delay'd,
- And overseen the card he would have play'd. }
- The bold and haughty by success made vain,
- Aw'd by my eyes, have trembled to complain :
- The bashful 'Squire, touch'd by a wish unknown,
- Has dar'd to speak with spirit not his own ;
- Fir'd by one wish, all did alike adore ;
- Now beauty's fled, and lovers are no more !
- As round the room I turn my weeping eyes,
- New unaffected scenes of sorrow rise.
- Far from my sight that killing picture bear,
- The face disigure, and the canvass tear ;
- That picture, which with pride I us'd to show,
- The lost resemblance but upbraids me now.
- And thou, my toilette, where I oft have sate,
- While hours unheeded pass'd in deep debate,
- How curls should fall, or where a patch to place ;
- If blue or scarlet best became my face ;
- Now on some happier nymph your aid bestow ;
- On fairer heads, ye useleſs jewels, glow ;
- No borrow'd lustre can my charms restore ;
- Beauty is fled, and dress is now no more.
- Ye meanner beauties, I permit ye shine ;
- Go, triumph in the arts that once were mine ;
- But, 'midst your triumphs with confusion know,
- Tis to my ruin all your arms ye owe.

• Would pitying heav'n restore my wonted mien,  
 • Ye still might move unthought of and unseen :  
 • But oh, how vain, how wretched is the boast  
 • Of beauty faded, and of empire lost !  
 • What now is left but weeping, to deplore  
 • My beauty fled, and empire now no more ?  
 • Ye cruel chymists, what with-held your aid !  
 • Could no pomatum save a trembling maid ?  
 • How false and trifling is that art ye boast !  
 • No art can give me back my beauty lost.  
 • In tears surrounded by my friends I lay,  
 • Mask'd o'er, and trembled at the sight of day ;  
 • MIRMILLO came my fortune to deplore,  
 • (A golden-headed cane well carv'd he bore)  
 • Cordials, he cry'd, my spirits must restore !  
 • Beauty is fled, and spirit is no more !  
 • GALEN, th' grave : officious SQUIRT was there,  
 • With fruitless grief and unavailing care :  
 • MACHAON too, the great MACHAON, known  
 • By his red cloak and his superior frown ;  
 • And why, he cry'd, this grief and this despair ?  
 • You shall again be well, again be fair ;  
 • Believe my oath : (with that an oath he swore)  
 • False was his oath ; my beauty is no more !  
 • Cease, hap'less maid, no more thy tale pursue,  
 • Forbake mankind, and bid the world adieu !  
 • Monarchs and beauties rule with equal sway ;  
 • All strive to serve, and glory to obey :

- Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow—
- Men mock the idol of their former vow.
- Adieu ! ye parks !—in some obscure recess,
- Where gentle streams will weep at my distress,
- Where no false friend will in my grief take part,
- And mourn my ruin with a joyful heart ;
- There let me live in some deserted place,
- There hide in shades this lost inglorious face.
- Plays, operas, circles, I no more must view !
- My toilette, patches, all the world adieu !



### The L O V E R : A BALLAD.

To Mr. Chandler.

By the Same.

#### I.

**A**T length, by 'o much importunity press'd,  
Take, Chandler, at once the inside of my breast.  
This stupid indiff'rence so often you blame,  
Is not owing to nature, to fear, or to shame.  
I am not as cold as a virgin in lead,  
Nor is Sunday's sermon so strong in my head :  
I know but too well how time flies along,  
That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young.

H 2

II. But

## II.

But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy  
 Long years of repentance for moments of joy.  
 Oh ! was there a man (but where shall I find  
 Good-sense, and good-nature so equally join'd ?)  
 Would value his pleasure, contribute to mine ;  
 Not meanly would boast, nor would lewdly design,  
 Not over severe, yet not stupidly vain,  
 For I would have the power, though not give the pain.

## III.

No pedant, yet learned ; nor rake-helly gay,  
 Or laughing because he has nothing to say ;  
 To all my whole sex, obliging and free,  
 Yet never be fond of any but me :  
 In public preserve the decorum that's just,  
 And show in his eyes he is true to his trust ;  
 Then rarely approach, and respectfully bow,  
 But not fulsomely pert, nor foppishly low.

## IV.

But when the long hours of public are past,  
 And we meet with champagne and a chicken at last,  
 May every fond pleasure that moment endear ;  
 Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear !  
 Forgetting or scorning the airs of the crowd,  
 He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,  
 'Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,  
 And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

## V. And

## V.

And that my delight may be solidly fix'd,  
 Let the friend and the lover be handsomely mix'd,  
 In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,  
 Whose kindness can sooth me, whose counsel can guide.  
 From such a dear lover, as here I describe,  
 No danger should fright me, no millions should bribe ;  
 But 'till this astonishing creature I know,  
 As I long have liv'd chaste, I will keep myself so.

## VI.

I never will share with the wanton coquet,  
 Or be caught by a vain affectation of wit.  
 The toasters and songsters may try all their art,  
 But never shall enter the pass of my heart.  
 I loath the lewd rake, the dress'd fopling despise :  
 Before such pursuers the nice virgin flies :  
 And as OVID has sweetly in parables told,  
 We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold.



### The LADY's RESOLVE.

Written extempore on a Window,

By the Same.

WHILST thirst of praise, and vain desire of fame,  
 In every age, is every woman's aim ;  
 With courtship pleas'd, of silly toasters proud,  
 Fond of a train, and happy in a crowd ;  
 On each poor fool bestowing some kind glance,  
 Each conquest owing to some loose advance ;  
 While vain coquets affect to be pursu'd,  
 And think they're virtuous, if not grossly lewd :  
 Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide ;  
 In part she is to blame that has been try'd—  
 He comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.

}

The



### The GENTLEMAN's ANSWER.

WHILST pretty fellows think a woman's fame  
 In every state and every age the same ;  
 With their own folly pleas'd the fair they toast,  
 And where they least are happy, swear they're most ;  
 No difference making 'twix. coquet and prude ;  
 And her that seems, yet is not really lewd ;  
 While thus they think, and thus they vainly live,  
 And taste no joys but what their fancies give :  
 Let this great maxim be my action's guide,  
 May I ne'er hope, though I am ne'er deny'd ;  
 Nor think a woman won, that's willing to be try'd.



### An EPISTLE to Lord BATHURST<sup>1</sup>.

By the Same.

HOW happy you ! who varied joys pursue ;  
 And every hour presents you something new !  
 Plans, schemes, and models, all Palladio's art,  
 For six long months have gain'd upon your heart ;  
 Of

<sup>1</sup> Allen Bathurst one of the twelve Peers created by Queen Anne. A  
 nobleman

Of colonades, of corridores you talk,  
 The winding stair-case and the cover'd walk :  
 You blend the orders with Vitruvian toil,  
 And raise with wond'rous joy the fancy'd pile :  
 But the dull workman's slow performing hand  
 But coldly executes his lord's command.  
 With dirt and mortar soon you grow displeas'd,  
 Planting succeeds, and avenues are rais'd,  
 Canals are cut, and mountain's level made ;  
 Bowers of retreat, and galleries of shade ;  
 The shaven turf presents a lively green ;  
 The bordering flow'rs in mystic knots are seen :  
 With studied art on nature you refine —  
 The spring beheld you warm in this design ;  
 But scarce the cold attacks your fav'rite trees,  
 Your inclination fails, and wishes freeze.  
 You quit the grove, so lately you admir'd ;  
 With other views your eager hopes are fir'd.  
 Post to the city you direct your way ;  
 Not blooming paradise could bribe your stay :  
 Ambition shews you power's brightest side ;  
 'Tis meanly poor in solitude to hide.

nobleman possessed of the greatest abilities and the most amiable qualities. The friend and patron of the first writers of the times, and a patriot, upon whom no suspicion ever fell that he acted but according to the dictates of his judgment. At a very advanced period of life, he was honoured with the title of an Earl, and died on the 16th of September 1775, at the age of 91 years.

Though

Though certain pains attend the cares of states,  
 A good man owes his country to be great ;  
 Should act abroad the high distinguish'd part,  
 Or shew at least the purpose of his heart.  
 With thoughts like these the shining courts you seek,  
 Full of new projects for almost a week,  
 You then despise the tinsel glittering snare ;  
 Think vile mankind below a serious care.  
 Life is too short for any distant aim ;  
 And cold the dull reward of future fame :  
 Be happy then while yet you have to live ;  
 And love is all the blessing heav'n can give.  
 Fir'd by new passion you address the fair ;  
 Survey the opera as a gay parterre :  
 Young Cloe's bloom had made you certain prize,  
 But for a side-long glance from Celia's eyes :  
 Your beating heart acknowledges her power ;  
 Your eager eyes her lovely form devour ;  
 You feel the poison swelling in your breast,  
 And all your soul by fond desire possest'd.  
 In dying sighs a long three hours' are past ;  
 To some assembly with impatient haste,  
 With trembling hope, and doubtful fear you move,  
 Resolv'd to tempt your fate, and own your love :  
 But there Belinda meets you on the stairs,  
 Easy her shape, attracting all her airs ;  
 A smile she gives, and with a smile can wound ;  
 Her melting voice has music in the sound ;

Her

Her ~~every~~ motion wears resistless grace ;  
 Was in her mien, and pleasure in her face :  
 Here while you vow eternity of love,  
 Cloe and Celia unregarded move.

Thus on the sands of Afric's burning plains,  
 However deeply made, no long impres<sup>s</sup> remains ;  
 The lightest leaf can leave its figure there ;  
 The strongest form is scatter'd by the air.  
 So yielding the warm temper of your mind,  
 So touch'd by every eye, so tost<sup>ed</sup> by wind ;  
 Oh ! how unlike the heav'n my soul design'd !  
 Unseen, unheard, the throng around me move ;  
 Not wishing praise, insensible of love :  
 No whispers soften, nor no beauties fire ;  
 Careless I see the dance, and coldly hear the lyre.  
 So num'rous herds are driven o'er the rock ;  
 No print is left of all the passing flock :  
 So sing<sup>es</sup> the wind around the solid stone :  
 So vainly beat the waves with fruitless moan.  
 Tedium the toil, and great the workman's care,  
 Who dare attempt to fix' impressions there :  
 But should some swain more skilful than the rest,  
 Engrave his name upon this marble breast,  
 Not rolling ages could deface that name ;  
 Through all the storms of life 'tis still the same :  
 Though length of years with moss may shade the ground,  
 Deep, though unseen, remains the secret wound.



## E P I L O G U E

To M A R Y, QUEEN of S C O T S.\*

Design'd to be spoken by Mrs. O L D F I E L D.

By the Same.

WHAT could luxurious woman wish for more,  
 To fix her joys, or to extend her pow'r?  
 Their every wish was in this Mary seen,  
 Gay, witty, youthful, beauteous, and a queen.  
 Vain useless blessings with ill conduct join'd!  
 Light as the air, and fleeting as the wind.  
 Whatever poets write, and lovers vow,  
 Beauty, what poor omnipotence hast thou!  
 Queen Bess had wisdom, council, power, and law,  
 How few espous'd a wretched beauty's cause!

\* A play which the celebrated Philip Duke of Wharton conceived a design of writing, but never executed. Mr. Walpole says, no part of it remains but the following four lines:

“ Sure were I free and Norfolk were a prisoner,  
 “ I'd fly with more impatience to his arms  
 “ Than the poor Israelite gaz'd on the serpent,  
 “ When life was the reward of every look.”

*Catalogue of Royal Authors*, vol. ii. p. 134.

Learn

Learn thence, ye fair, more solid charms to prize,  
 Contemn the idle flatt'lers of your eyes.  
 The brightest object shines but while 'tis new ;  
 That influence lessens by familiar view.  
 Monarchs and beauties rule with equal sway,  
 All strive to serve, and glory to obey ;  
 Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow—  
 Men mock the idol of their former vow.

Two great examples have been shown to-day,  
 To what sure ruin passion does betray ;  
 What long repentance to short joys is due ;  
 When reason rules, what glory does ensue.

If you will love, love like Eliza then ;  
 Love for amusement, like those traitors men.  
 Think that the pastime of a leisure hour  
 Was favour'd oft—but never shar'd her pow'r.

The traveller by desert wolves pursu'd,  
 By the savage foe's subdu'd,  
 The world will still the noble act applaud,  
 Though victory was gain'd by needful fraud.

Such is, my tender sex, our helpless case ;  
 And such the barbarous heart, hid by the begging face.  
 By passion fir'd, and not withheld by shame,  
 They cruel hunters are ; we, trembling game.  
 Trust me, dear ladies, (for I know 'em well)  
 They burn to triumph, and they sigh to tell :  
 Cruel to them that yield, callous to them that fell.

Believe }

Believe me, 'tis by far the wiser course,  
 Superior art should meet superior force :  
 Hear, but be faithful to your interest still :  
 Secure your hearts—then fool with whom you will.



### A R E C E I P T to Cure the V A P O U R S.

Written to Lady J —— n.

By the Same.

#### I.

WHY will Delia thus retire,  
 And idly languish life away ?  
 While the sighing crowd admire,  
 'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea.

#### II.

All those dismal looks and fretting  
 Cannot Damon's life restore ;  
 Long ago the worms have eat him,  
 You can never see him more.

#### III.

Once again consult your toilette,  
 In the glass your face review :  
 So much weeping soon will spoil it,  
 And no spring your charms renew.

#### IV. I,

## IV.

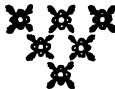
I, like you, was born a woman,  
 Well I know what vapours mean ;  
 The disease, alas ! is common ;  
 Single, we have all the spleen.

## V.

All the morals that they tell us,  
 Never cur'd the sorrow yet :  
 Chuse, among the pretty fellows,  
 One of honour, youth, and wit.

## VI.

Prithee hear him every morning,  
 At the least an hour or two ;  
 Once again at night returning—  
 I believe the dose will do.



## The S P L E E N.

### An EPISTLE to Mr. Cuthbert Jackson.

By Mr. MATTHEW GREEN of the Custom House\*.

THIS motley piece to you I send,  
Who always were a faithful friend ;  
Who, if disputes should happen hence,  
Can best explain the author's sense ;  
And, anxious for the public weal,  
Do, what I sing, so often feel.  
The want of method pray excuse,  
Allowing for a vapour'd Muse ;

\* Mr Matthew Green was of a family in good repute amongst the Dissenters, and had his education in the Seft. He was a man of approved probity and sweetness of temper and manners. His wit abounded in conversation, and was never known to give the least offence. He had a post in the Custom House, and discharged the duty there, with the utmost diligence and ability. He died at the age of 41 years, at a lodgging in Nag's Head Court, Gracechurch Street.

In this Poem, Mr. Meimoth says, there are more original thoughts thrown together than he had ever read in the same compass of lines.

*Fitz-Jean's Letters, p. 224.*

Nor

Not to a narrow path confined,  
 Hedge in by rules a young mind.  
 The child is gentle, you may trace  
 Throughout the fire's transmitted face.  
 Nothing is stol'n : my ~~Muse~~, though mean,  
 Draws from the spring she finds within ;  
 Nor vainly buys what Gildon sells,  
 Poetic buckets for dry wells.

School-helps I want, to climb on high,  
 Where all the ancient treasures lie,  
 And there unseen commit a theft  
 On wealth in Greek exchequers left.  
 Then where? from whom? what can I steal,  
 Who only with the moderns deal?  
 This were attempting to put on  
 Raiment from naked bodies won.  
 They safely sing before a thief,  
 They cannot give who want relief,  
 Some few excepted, names well known,  
 And justly laurel'd with renown,  
 Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,  
 And theft detects : of theft beware ;

Gildon's Art of Poetry.

- A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,  
 Which from a naked Pict his grandfire won.

*Harrow's British Princess.*

From

From More<sup>4</sup> so lash'd, example fit,  
Shun petty larceny in wit.

First know, my friend, I do not mean  
To write a treatise on the Spleen ;  
Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse ;  
Nor mend th' alarm watch, your pulse.  
If I am right, your question lay,  
What course I take to drive away  
The day-mare Spleen, by whose false pleas  
Men prove mere suicides in ease ;  
And how I do myself demean  
In stormy world to live serene.

When by its magic lantern Spleen  
With frightful figures spreads life's scene,  
And threat'ning prospects urg'd my fears,  
A stranger to the luck of heirs ;  
Reason, some quiet to restore,  
Shew'd part was substance, shadow more ;  
With Spleen's dead weight though heavy grown,  
In life's rough tide I sunk not down,  
But swam, 'till Fortune threw a rope,  
Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.

I always choofe the plainest food  
To mend viscidity of blood.

<sup>4</sup> James More Smith, Esq; See Dunciad, B. ii. l. 50. and the notes, where the circumstances of the transaction here alluded to are very fully explained.

Hail! water-gruel, healing power,  
 Of easy access to the poor;  
 Thy help love's confessors implore,  
 And doctors secretly adore;  
 To thee, I fly, by thee dilute—  
 Through veins ~~my~~ blood doth quicker shoot,  
 And by swift current throws off clean,  
 Prolific particles of Spleen.

I never sick by drinking grow,  
 Nor keep myself a cup too low,  
 And seldom Cloe's lodgings haunt,  
 Thrifty of spirits, which I want.

Hunting I reckon very good  
 To brace the nerves, and stir the blood;  
 But after no field-honours itch,  
 Atchiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.  
 While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,  
 Or o'er coal fires inclines the head,  
 Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,  
 And jovial cry awake the morn.  
 These see her from the dusky plight,  
 Smear'd by th' embraces of the night,  
 With roral wash redeem her face,  
 And prove herself of Titan's race,  
 And, mounting in loose robes the skies,  
 Shed light and fragrance as she flies.  
 Then horse and hound fierce joy display,  
 Exulting at the Hark-away.

And in pursuit o'er tainted ground  
 From lungs robust field-notes resound.  
 Then, as St. George the dragon slew,  
 Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view'd;  
 While all their spirits are on wing,  
 And woods, and hills, and vallies ring.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen;  
 Some recommend the bowling-green;  
 Some, hilly walks; all, exercise;  
 Fling but a stone, the giant dies;  
 Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been  
 Extreme good doctors for the Spleen;  
 And kitten, if the humour hit,  
 Has harlequin'd away the fit.

Since mirth is good in this behalf,  
 At some partic'lers let us laugh.  
 Witlings, brisk fools, curs'd with half sense,  
 That stimulates their impotence;  
 Who buzz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,  
 Err with their wings for want of eyes.  
 Poor authors worshipping a calf,  
 Deep tragedies that make us laugh,  
 A strict dissenter saying grace,  
 A lect'rer preaching for a place,  
 Folks, things prophetic to dispense,  
 Making the past the future tense,  
 The popish dubbing of a priest,  
 Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,

Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,  
 Great Æsculapius on his stage,  
 A miser starving to be rich,  
 The prior of Newgate's dying speech,  
 A jointur'd widow's ritual state,  
 Two Jews disputing tête à tête,  
 New almanacs compos'd by feers,  
 Experiments on felons ears,  
 Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply  
 The superb muscle of the eye,  
 A coquet's April-weather face,  
 A Queenb'rough mayor behind his mace,  
 And fops in military shew,  
 Are sov'reign for the case in view.

If Spleen-fogs rise at close of day,  
 I clear my ev'ning with a play,  
 Or to some concert take my way.  
 The company, the shine of lights,  
 The scenes of humour, music's flights,  
 Adjust and set the soul to rights.

Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,  
 To others' grief attention raise :  
 Here, while the tragic fictions glow,  
 We borrow joy by pitying woe ;  
 There gaily comic scenes delight,  
 And hold true mirrors to our sight.  
 Virtue, in charming dress array'd,  
 Calling the passions to her aid,

{

When

When moral scenes just actions join,  
Takes shape, and shews her face divine.

Music has charms, we all may find,  
Ingratiate deeply with the mind.  
When art does found's high pow'r advance,  
To music's pipe the passions dance ;  
Motions unwill'd its pow'rs have shewn,  
Tarantulated by a tune.  
Many have held the soul to be  
Nearly ally'd to harmony.  
Her have I known indulging grief,  
And shunning company's relief,  
Unveil her face, and looking round,  
Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,  
The consanguinity of found.

In rainy days keep double guard,  
Or Spleen will surely be too hard ;  
• Which, like those fish by sailors met,  
Fly highest, while their wings are wet.  
In such dull weather, so unfit  
To enterprize a work of wit,  
When clouds one yard of azure sky,  
That's fit for simile, deny,  
I dress my face with studious looks,  
And shorten tedious hours with books.  
But if dull fogs invade the head,  
That mem'ry minds not what is read,

{

I fit in window dry as ark,  
 And on the drowning world remark:  
 Or to some coffee-house I stray  
 For news, the manna of a day,  
 And from the hipp'd discourses gather,  
 That politics go by the weather;  
 Then seek good-humour'd tavern chums,  
 And play at cards, but for small sums;  
 Or with the merry fellows quaff,  
 And laugh aloud with them that laugh;  
 Or drink a joco-serious cup  
 With souls who've took their freedom up,  
 And let my mind, beguil'd by talk,  
 In Epicurus' garden walk,  
 Who thought it heay n to be serene;  
 Pain, hell, and purgatory, spleen.

Sometimes I dress, with women fit,  
 And chat away the gloomy fit;  
 Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,  
 And wear a gay impertinence,  
 Nor think nor speak with any pains,  
 But lay on fancy's neck the reins;  
 Talk of unusual swell of waist  
 In maid of honour loosely lac'd,  
 And beauty bor'wing Spanish red,  
 And loving pair with sep'rate bed,  
 And jewels pawn'd for losf of game,  
 And then redeem'd by losf of fame;

Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch  
 By grave pretence to go to church)  
 Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,  
 Like Will and Mary on the coin :  
 And thus in modish manner we,  
 In aid of sugar, sweeten tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form,  
 Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,  
 May with its beauties grace my line,  
 While I bow down before its shrine,  
 And your throng'd altars with my lays  
 Perfume, and get by giving praise.  
 With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien  
 You excommunicate the Spleen,  
 Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring  
 You form with sound, when pleas'd to sing ;  
 Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,  
 We look, we listen, and approve.  
 Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,  
 Our nerves officious throng to kiss ;  
 By Celia's pat, on their report,  
 The grave-air'd soul, inclin'd to sport,  
 Renounces wisdom's full'nen pomp,  
 And loves the floral game, to romp.  
 But who can view the pointed rays,  
 That from black-eyes scintillant blaze ?  
 Love on his throne of glory seems  
 Encompas'd with Satellite beams.

But when blue eyes, more softly bright,  
 Diffuse benignly humid light,  
 We gaze, and see the smiling loves,  
 And Cytherea's gentle doves,  
 And raptur'd fix in such a face,  
 Love's mercy-seat, and throne of grace,  
 Shine but on age, you melt its snow ;  
 Again fires long-extinguish'd glow,  
 And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,  
 Blood long congealed liquefies ?  
 True miracle, and fairly done  
 By heads which are ador'd while on.

But oh, what pity 'tis to find  
 Such beauties both of form and mind,  
 By modern breeding much debas'd,  
 In half the female world at least !  
 Hence I with care such lott'ries shun,  
 Where, a prize mis'd, I'm quite undone ;  
 And han't, by vent'ring on a wife,  
 Yet run the greatest risk in life.

Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear  
 Your impious pains to form the fair,  
 Nor lay out so much cost and art,  
 But to deflow'r the virgin heart ;  
 Of every folly-foft'ring bed  
 By quick'ning heat of custom bred.  
 Rather than by your culture spoil'd,  
 Desist, and give us nature wild,

Delighted

Delighted with a hoyden soul,  
 Which truth and innocence controul.  
 Coquets, leave off affected arts,  
 Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts ;  
 Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill,  
 You shew so plain, you strive to kill.  
 In love the artless catch the game,  
 And they scarce miss who never aim.

The world's great author did create  
 The sex to fit the nuptial state,  
 And meant a blessing in a wife  
 To solace the fatigues of life ;  
 And old inspired times display,  
 How wives could love, and yet obey.  
 Then truth, and patience of controul,  
 And house-wife arts adorn'd the soul ;  
 And charms, the gift of nature, shone ;  
 And jealousy, a thing unknown :  
 Veils were the only masks they wore ;  
 Novels (receipts to make a whore)  
 Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,  
 Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo.  
 Wife men did not to be thought gay,  
 Then compliment their pow'r away :  
 But left, by frail desires misled,  
 The girls forbidden paths should tread,  
 Of ign'rance rais'd the safe high wall ;  
 We sink haw-haws, that shew them all.

Thus

Thus we at once solicit sense,  
And charge them not to break the fence;

Now, if untir'd, consider friend,  
What I avoid to gain my end.

I never am at Meeting seen,  
Meeting, that region of the Spleen ;  
The broken heart, the busy fiend,  
The inward call, on Spleen depend.

Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,  
To which vacation is disease :  
A gypsy diction scarce known well  
By th' magi, who law-fortunes tell,  
I shun ; nor let it breed within  
Anxiety, and that the Spleen ;  
Law, grown a forest, where perplex  
The mazes, and the brambles vex ;  
Where its twelve verd'ers every day,  
Are changing still the public way :  
Yet if we miss our path and err,  
We grievous penalties incur ;  
And wand'ers tire, and tear their skin,  
And then get out where they went in.

I never game, and rarely bet,  
Am loth to lend, or run in debt.  
No compter-writs me agitate ;  
Who moralizing pass the gate,  
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,  
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.

Wisdom, before beneath their care,  
 Pays her upbraiding visits there,  
 And forces folly through the grate  
 Her panegyric to repeat.  
 This view, profusely when inclin'd,  
 Enters a caveat in the mind :  
 Experience join'd with common sense,  
 To mortals is a providence.

Passion, as frequently is seen,  
 Subsiding settles into Spleen.  
 Hence, as the plague of happy life,  
 I run away from party-strife.  
 A prince's cause, a church's claim,  
 I've known to raise a mighty flame,  
 And priest, as stoker, very free  
 To throw in peace and charity.

That tribe, whose practicals decree  
 Small beer the deadliest heresy ;  
 Who, fond of pedigree, derive  
 From the most noted whore alive ;  
 Who own wine's old prophetic aid,  
 And love the mitre Bacchus made,  
 Forbid the faithful to depend  
 On half-pint drinkers for a friend,  
 And in whose gay red-letter'd face  
 We read good living more than grace ;  
 Nor they so pure, and so precise,  
 Immac'late as their white of eyes,

Who

Who for the spirit hug the Spleen,  
 Phylacter'd throughout all their mien,  
 Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd pray'r  
 To the state's mellow forms prefer ;  
 Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,  
 Which are not steep'd in vinegar,  
 And samples of heart-chested grace  
 Expose in shew-glaſs of the face,  
 Did never me as yet provoke  
 Either to honour band and cloak,  
 Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.

I rail not with mock-patriot grace  
 At folks, because they are in place ;  
 Nor, hir'd to praise with stallion pen,  
 Serve the ear-lechery of men ;  
 But to avoid religious jars  
 The laws are my expositors,  
 Which in my doubting mind create  
 Conformity to church and state.  
 I go, pursuant to my plan,  
 To Mecca with the Caravan.  
 And think it right in common sense  
 Both for diversion and defence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine ;  
 To mend the world's a vast design :  
 Like theirs, who tug in little boat,  
 To pull to them the ship afloat,

While

While to defeat their labour'd end,  
 At once both wind and stream contend :  
 Success herein is seldom seen,  
 And zeal, when baffled, turns to Spleen.

Happy the man, who, innocent,  
 Grieves not at ills he can't prevent ;  
 His skiff does with the current glide,  
 Not puffing pull'd against the tide.  
 He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,  
 Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,  
 And when he can't prevent foul play,  
 Enjoys the folly of the fray.

By these reflections I repeal  
 Each hasty promise made in zeal.  
 When gospel propagators say,  
 We're bound our great light to display,  
 And Indian darkness drive away,  
 Yet none but drunken watchmen send,  
 And scoundrel link-boys for that end ;  
 When they cry up this holy war,  
 Which every christian should be for,  
 Yet such as owe the law their ears,  
 We find employ'd as engineers :  
 This view my forward zeal so shocks,  
 In vain they hold the money-box.  
 At such a conduct, which intends  
 By vicious means such virtuous ends,

I laugh

I laugh off Spleen, and keep my peace  
 From spoiling Indian innocence.  
 Yet philosophic love of ease  
 I suffer not to prove disease,  
 But rise up in the virtuous cause  
 Of a free press, and equal laws,  
 The press restrain'd ! nefandous thought !  
 In vain our fires have nobly fought :  
 While free from force the press remains,  
 Virtue and Freedom cheer our plains,  
 And Learning largesses bestows,  
 And keeps uncensur'd open house.  
 We to the nation's public mart  
 Our works of wit, and schemes of art,  
 And philosophic goods this way,  
 Like water carriage, cheap convey.  
 This tree, which knowledge so affords,  
 Inquisitors with flaming swords  
 From lay-approach with zeal defend,  
 Lest their own paradise should end.  
 The press from her fecundous womb  
 Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome ;  
 Her offspring, skill'd in logic war,  
 Truth's banner wav'd in open air ;  
 The monster Superstition fled,  
 And hid in shades its Gorgon head ;  
 And lawless pow'r, the long-kept field,  
 By reason quell'd, was forc'd to yield.

This

This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence  
 To chain, is treason against sense ;  
 And, Liberty, thy thousand tongues  
 None silence, who design no wrongs ;  
 For those, who use the gag's restraint,  
 First rob, before they stop complaint.

Since disappointment gauls within,  
 And subjugates the soul to Spleen,  
 Most schemes, as money-snares, I hate,  
 And bite not at projector's bait.  
 Sufficient wrecks appear each day,  
 And yet fresh fools are cast away.  
 Ere well the bubbled can turn round,  
 Their painted vessel runs aground ;  
 Or in deep seas it oversets  
 By a fierce hurricane of debts ;  
 Or helm directors in one trip,  
 Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.  
 Such was of late a corporation,  
 The brazen serpent of the nation,

e The Charitable Corporation, instituted for the relief of the industrious poor, by affording them with small sums upon pledges at legal interest. By the villainy of those who had the management of this scheme, the proprietors were defrauded of very considerable sums of money. In 1732 the conduct of the directors of this body, became the subject of a parliamentary enquiry, and some of them who were members of the House of Commons, were expelled for their concern in this iniquitous transaction.

Which

Which, when hard accidents distress'd,  
 The poor must look at to be blest,  
 And thence expect, with paper seal'd  
 By fraud and us'ry, to be heal'd.

I in no foul-consumption wait  
 Whole years at levees of the great,  
 And hungry hopes regale the while  
 On the spare diet of a smile.  
 There you may see the idol stand  
 With mirror in his wanton hand ;  
 Above, below, now here, now there  
 He throws about the sunny glare.  
 Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,  
 The gay delusion of their eyes.

When Fancy tries her limning skill  
 To draw and colour at her will,  
 And raise and round the figures well,  
 And shew her talent to excel,  
 I guard my heart, lest it should woo  
 Unreal beauties Fancy drew,  
 And disappointed, feel despair  
 At loss of things, that never were.

When I lean politicians mark  
 Grazing on æther in the park ;  
 Who e'er on wing with open throats  
 Fly at debates, expresses, votes,  
 Just in the manner swallows use,  
 Catching their airy food of news ;

Who

Whose latrant stomachs oft molest  
 The deep-laid plans their dreams suggest ;  
 Or see some poet penfive fit,  
 Fondly mistaking Spleen for Wit ;  
 Who, though short-winded, still will aim  
 To sound the epic trump of Fame ;  
 Who still on Phœbus' smiles will doat,  
 Nor learn conviction from his coat ;  
 I bleſs my stars, I never knew  
 Whimſies, which close purſu'd, undo,  
 And have from old experience been  
 Both parent and the child of Spleen.  
 These ſubjects of Apollo's ſtate,  
 Who from falſe fire derive their fate,  
 With airy purſuades undone  
 Of lands, which none lend money on,  
 Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,  
 Nor loſt one hour to gather bays.  
 Their fancies firſt delirious grew,  
 And ſcenes ideal took for true.  
 Fine to the ſight Parnassus lies,  
 And with falſe propects cheats their eyes ;  
 The fabled gods the Poets ſing,  
 A ſeafon of perpetual spring,  
 Brooks, flow'ry fields, and groves of trees,  
 Affording sweets and ſimiles,  
 Gay dreams inspir'd in myrtle bow'rs,  
 And wreaths of undecaying flow'rs,

Apollo's harp with airs divine,  
 The sacred music of the Nine,  
 Views of the temple rais'd to Fannie,  
 And for a vacant niche proud aim,  
 Ravish their souls, and plainly shew  
 What Fancy's stretching power can do.  
 They will attempt the mountain steep,  
 Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,  
 The Muses revelations shew,  
 That find men crack'd, or make them so.

You, friend, like me, the trade of rhyme  
 Avoid, elab'rate waft of time,  
 Nor are content to be undohe,  
 To pass for Phœbus' crazy son.  
 Poems, the hop-gounds of the brain,  
 Afford the most uncertain gain;  
 And lott'ries never tempt the wife  
 With blanks so many to a prize.  
 I only transient visits pay,  
 Meeting the Muses in my way,  
 Scarce known to the farridious dames,  
 Nor skill'd to call them by their names.  
 Nor can their passports in these days,  
 Your profit warrant, or your praise.  
 On Poems by their dictates writ,  
 Critics, as sworn appraisers, sit,  
 And th'ree uphol'sters in a trice  
 On gems and painting set a price.

These tayl'ring artists for our days  
 Invent cramp'd rules, and wish strait stays  
 Striving free Nature's shape to hit,  
 Emaciate sense, before they fit.

A common place, and many friends,  
 Can serve the plagiary's ends.  
 Whose easy vamping talent lies,  
 First wit to pilfer, then disguise.  
 Thus some devoid of art and skill  
 To search the mine on Pindus' hill,  
 Proud to aspire, and workmen grow,  
 By genius doom'd, to stay below.  
 For their own digging shew the town,  
 Wit's treas'ry brought by others down.  
 Some wanting, if they find a mine,  
 An artist's judgment to refuse a child of  
 On fame precipitately fix'd.  
 The ore with baser metals mix'd  
 Melt down, impatient of delays,  
 And call the vicious mass a play.  
 All these engage to serve their ends,  
 A band select of trusty friends,  
 Who, lesson'd right, extol the thing,  
 As Psapho taught his birds to sing.

Then

\* Psapho was a Libyan, who desiring to be accounted a God, effected it by this invention: He took young birds and taught them to sing. Psapho is a great God. When they were perfect in their lesson, he let

Then to the ladies they submit,  
 Returning officers on wit :  
 A crowded house their presence draws,  
 And on the beaus imposes laws,  
 A judgment in its favour ends,  
 When all the pannel are its friends :  
 Their natures merciful and mild  
 Have from mere pity sav'd the child ;  
 In bulrush ark the bantling found  
 Helpless, and ready to be drown'd,  
 They have preserv'd by kind support,  
 And brought the baby-muse to court.

But there's a youth <sup>3</sup> that you can name,  
 Who needs no leading strings to fame,  
 Whose quick maturity of brain  
 The birth of Pallas may explain :  
 Dreaming of whose depending fate,  
 I heard Melpomene debate,  
 This, this is he, that was foretold  
 Should emulate our Greeks of old.  
 Inspir'd by me with sacred art,  
 He sings, and rules the varied heart ;  
 If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,  
 We hear the thunder in his verse <sup>3</sup>.

them fly ; and other birds learning the same ditty, repeated it in the woods ; on which his countrymen offered sacrifice to him, and considered him as a Deity.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Glover, the excellent author of *Levidas*, *Bonicas*, *Medes*, &c.  
 If

If he describes love turn'd to rage,  
 The furies riot in his page.  
 If he fair liberty and law  
 By ruffian pow'r expiring draw,  
 The keener passions then engage  
 Aright, and sanctify their rage ;  
 If he attempt disastrous love,  
 We hear those plaints that wound the grove.  
 Within the kinder passions glow,  
 And tears distill'd from pity flow.  
 From the bright vision I descend,  
 And my deserted theme attend.  
 Me never did ambition seize,  
 Strange fever most inflam'd by ease !  
 The active lunacy of pride,  
 That courts jilt Fortune for a bride,  
 This par'dise-tree, so fair and high,  
 I view with no aspiring eye :  
 Like aspine shake the restless leaves,  
 And Sodom-fruit our pains deceives,  
 Wheance frequent falls give no surprise,  
 But fits of Spleen, call'd *growing w/ſe*,  
 Greatness in glitt'ring forms display'd  
 Affects weak eyes much us'd to shade,  
 And by its falsely-envy'd scene  
 Gives self-debasing fits of Spleen,  
 We should be pleas'd that things are so,  
 Who do for nothing see the show.

And, middle siz'd, can pass between  
 Life's hubbub safe, because unseen,  
 And 'midst the glare of greatness trace  
 A wat'ry sun-shine in the face,  
 And pleasures fled to, to redress  
 The sad fatigue of idleness.

Contentment, parent of delight,  
 So much a stranger to our sight,  
 Say, goddess, in what happy place  
 Mortals behold thy blooming face ;  
 Thy gracious auspices impart,  
 And for thy temple choose my heart.  
 They, whom thou deignest to inspire,  
 Thy science learn, to bound desire ;  
 By happy alchymy of mind  
 They turn to pleasure all they find ;  
 They both disdain in outward mien  
 The grave and solemn' garb of Spleen,  
 And meretricious arts of dress,  
 To feign a joy, and hide distress ;  
 Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,  
 Without an opiate they repose ;  
 And cover'd by your shield, defy  
 The whizzing shafts, that round them fly ;  
 Nor meddling with the god's affairs,  
 Concern themselves with distant cares ;  
 But place their bliss in mental rest,  
 And feast upon the good possess'd.

Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,  
 The blithsome goddess sooths my care,  
 I feel the deity inspire,  
 And thus she models my desire.  
 Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,  
 Annuity securely made,  
 A farm some twenty miles from town,  
 Small, tight, salubrious, and my own ;  
 Two maids, that never saw the town,  
 A serving-man not quite a clown,  
 A boy to help to tread the snow,  
 And drive, while t'other holds the ploughs,  
 A chief, of temper form'd to please,  
 Fit to converse, and keep the keys ;  
 And better to preserve the peace,  
 Commission'd by the name of niece ;  
 With understandings of a size  
 To think their master very wise.  
 May heav'n (it's all I wish for) send  
 One genial room to treat a friend,  
 Where decent cup-board, little plate,  
 Display benevolence, not state.  
 And may my humble dwelling stand  
 Upon some chosen spot of land :  
 A pond before full to the brim,  
 Where cows may cool, and geese may swim ;  
 Behind, a green like velvet neat,  
 Soft to the eye, and to the feet ;

Where od'rous plants in evening fair  
 Breathe all around ambrosial air ;  
 From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,  
 Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,  
 Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,  
 Who pay their quit-rents with a song ;  
 With op'ning views of hill and dale,  
 Which sense and fancy too regale,  
 Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,  
 Like amphitheatre surrounds :  
 And woods impervious to the breeze,  
 Thick phalanx of embodied trees,  
 From hills through plains in dusk array  
 Extended far, repel the day.  
 Here stillness, height, and solemn shade  
 Invite, and contemplation aid :  
 Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate  
 The dark decree and will of fate,  
 And dreams beneath the spreading beech  
 Inspire, and docile fancy teach,  
 While soft as breezy breath of wind,  
 Impulses ruffle through the mind.  
 Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,  
 While Pan melodious pipes away,  
 In measur'd motions frisk about,  
 Till old Silenus puts them out.  
 There see the clover, pea, and bean,  
 Vie in variety of green ;

Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,  
 Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,  
 Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,  
 And poppy-top-knots deck her hair,  
 And silver-streams through meadows stray,  
 And Naiads on the margin play,  
 And lesser nymphs on side of hills  
 From play-thing urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,  
 May I enjoy a calm through life ;  
 See faction, safe in low degree,  
 As men at land see storms at sea,  
 And laugh at miserable elves,  
 Not kind, so much as to themselves,  
 Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,  
 As can possess, but not enjoy ;  
 Debarr'd the pleasure to impart  
 By av'rice, sphinx of the heart,  
 Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,  
 Bequeath nntouch'd to thankless heirs.  
 May I, with look unglom'd by guile,  
 And wearing Virtue's liv'ry-smile,  
 Prone the distressed to relieve,  
 And little trespasses forgive,  
 With income not in Fortune's pow'r,  
 And skill to make a busy hour,  
 With trips to town life to amuse,  
 To purchase books, and hear the news,

To ~~see~~ old friends, brush off the clown;  
 And quicken taste at coming down,  
 Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage;  
 And slowly mellowing in age,  
 When Fate extends its gathering gripe,  
 Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,  
 Quit a worn-being without pain,  
 Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow,  
 And what I think, my Memmies, know.

Th' enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,  
 Have never yet my reason foil'd.  
 His springy soul dilates like air,  
 When free from weight of ambient care,  
 And, hush'd in meditation deep,  
 Slides into dreams, as when aleep;  
 Then, fond of new discoveries grown,  
 Proves a Columbus of her own;  
 Disdains the narrow bounds of place,  
 And through the wilds of endless space,  
 Borne up on metaphysic wings,  
 Chases light forms and shadowy things,  
 And in the vague excursion caught,  
 Brings home some rare exotic thought.  
 The melancholy man such dreams,  
 As brightest evidence, esteems;  
 Fain would he see some distant scene  
 Suggested by his rotted Spleen,

And

And Fancy's telescope applies  
 With tinctur'd glass to cheat his eyes.  
 Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,  
 I close examine by the light ;  
 For who, though brib'd by gain to lie,  
 Dare sun-beam-written truths deny,  
 And exectute plain common sense  
 On faith's mere hearsay evidence ?  
 That superstition mayn't create,  
 And club its ills with those of fate,  
 I many a notion take to task,  
 Made dreadful by its self-made ;  
 Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,  
 Is cur'd, and certainty I find.  
 Since optic reason shew's me plain,  
 I dreaded spectres of the brain.  
 And legendary fears are gone,  
 Though in tenacious childhood sown.  
 Thus in opinions I commence  
 Freeholder in the proper sense,  
 And neither suit nor service do,  
 Nor homage to pretenders shew,  
 Who boast themselves by spurious roll  
 Lords of the manor of the foul ;  
 Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,  
 To nonsense thrón'd in whisker'd hair.  
 To thee, Creator uncreate,  
 O Entium Ens ! divinely great ! —

**Hold,**

Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try;  
 Nor near the blazing glory fly;  
 Nor straining break thy feeble bow,  
 Unfeather'd arrows far to throw:  
 Through fields unknown nor madly stray,  
 Where no ideas mark the way.  
 With tender eyes, and colours faint,  
 And trembling hands forbear to paint.  
 Who features veil'd by light can hit?  
 Where can, what has no outline, fit?  
 My soul, the vain attempt forego,  
 Thyself, the fitter subject, know.  
 He wisely shuns the bold extreme,  
 Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,  
 Nor runs, with wisdom's Sirens caught,  
 On quicksands swall'wing shipwreck'd thought;  
 But, conscious of his distance, gives  
 Mute praise, and humble negatives.  
 In one, no object of our sight,  
 Immutable, and infinite,  
 Who can't be cruel, or unjust.  
 Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;  
 To him my past and present state  
 I owe, and must my future fate.  
 A stranger into life I'm come,  
 Dying may be our going home,  
 Transported here by angry Fate,  
 The convict of a prior state.

Hence

Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow  
 On matters, I can never know ;  
 Through life's foul way, like vagrant pass'd,  
 He'll grant a settlement at last.  
 And with sweet ease the wearied crown,  
 By leave to lay his being down.  
 If doom'd to dance th' eternal round,  
 Of life no sooner lost but found,  
 And dissolution soon to come,  
 Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,  
 But can't our state of pow'r bereave  
 An endless series to receive ;  
 Then, if hard dealt with here by fate,  
 We ballanxt in another state,  
 And consciousness must go along,  
 And sign th' acquittance for the wrong.  
 He for his creatures must decree  
 More happiness than misery,  
 Or be supposed to create,  
 Curious to try, what 'tis to hate :  
 And do an act, which rage infers,  
 'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.  
 Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail  
 On even keel with gentle gale ;  
 At helm I make my reason sit,  
 My crew of passions all submit.  
 If dark and blust'ring prove some nights,  
 Philosophy puts forth her lights ;

Experience holds the cautious glaze,  
 To shun the breakers, as I pass,  
 And frequent throws the wary lead,  
 To see what dangers may be hid :  
 And once in seven years I'm seen  
 At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen,  
 Though pleas'd to see the dolphin play,  
 I mind my compass and my way,  
 With store sufficient for relief,  
 And wisely still prepar'd to sped,  
 Nor wanting the dispersive bowl  
 Of cloudy weather in the soul,  
 I make (my heav'nly preparations sped)  
 Such wind and weather to the eird,  
 Neither becalm'd, nor over-blown,  
 Life's voyage to the world unknown.



An E P I G R A M,

On the Reverend Mr. LAURENCE ECHARD's, and  
 Bishop GILBERT BURNETT's Histories.

By the Same.

G I L's history appears to me  
 Political anatomy,  
 A case of skeletons well done,  
 And malefactors every one.

His

His sharp and strong incision pen  
Historically cuts up men,  
And does with lucid skill impart  
Their faward ails of head and heart.

LAURENCE proceeds another way;  
And well-dress'd figures doth display  
His characters are all in flesh,  
Their hands are fair, their faces fresh;  
And from his sweet'ning art derive  
A better scent than when aixtac'd.  
He wax-work made to please the sons,  
Whose fathers were Goliath's skeletons.



### The S P A R R O W and D I A M O N D.

A S O N G. By the Same.

#### I.

I Lately saw, what now I sing,  
Fair Lucia's hand display'd,  
This finger grac'd a diamond ring,  
On that a sparrow play'd.

#### II.

The feather'd play-thing she care'd,  
She stroak'd its head and wings,  
And while it nestled on her breast,  
She lisp'd the dearest things.

#### III. With

## III.

With chizzled bill a spark ill-set  
 He loosen'd from the rest  
 And swallow'd down to grind his meat,  
 The easier to digest.

## IV.

She seiz'd his bill with wild affright,  
 Her diamond to descry  
 'Twas gone! she sieken'd at the sight,  
 Moaning her bird would die.

## V.

The tongue-ty'd knock'r none might use,  
 The curtains none undraw,  
 The footmen went without their shoes,  
 The street was laid with straw.

## VI.

The doctor us'd his oily art  
 Of strong emetic kind,  
 The apothecary play'd his part,  
 And engineer'd behind.

## VII.

When physic ceas'd to spend its store,  
 To bring away the stone,  
 Dicky, like people given o'er,  
 Picks up, when let alone.

## VIII. Hit.

## VIII.

His eyes disspell'd their fickle dews;  
 He peck'd behind his wing;  
 Lucia recovering at the news,  
 Relapses for the ring.

## IX.

Mean while within her beauteous breast  
 Two different passions strove;  
 When a'rice ended the contest,  
 And triumph'd over love.

## X:

Poor little, pretty, fluttering things!  
 Thy pains the sex display,  
 Who only to repair a ring,  
 Could take thy life away.

## XI.

Drive a'rice from your breasts, ye fair,  
 Monster of foulest mien:  
 Ye would not let it harbour there,  
 Could but its form be seen.

## XII.

It made a virgin put on guile,  
 Truth's image break her word;  
 A Lucia's face forbear to smile,  
 A Venus kill her bird.



## J O V E and S E M E L E.

By the Same.

*Occasioned by a Lady's saying, that none of the ancient poetical Stories reflected so much on the vanity of Women, as that of Phaëton does on the ambition of Men.*

J O V E for amusement quitted oft his skies,  
 To visit earth, contracted to our size ;  
 And lov'd (however things in heav'n might go)  
 Exceedingly a game of romps below.  
 Miss Semele he pick'd up, as he went,  
 And thought he pleas'd her to her heart's content.  
 But minds aspiring ne'er can be at ease ;  
 Once known a god, as man he ceas'd to please.  
 In tenderest time, which women know, 'tis said,  
 Thus she bespake the loving god in bed.

Thou, who gav'st Dædalus his mazy art,  
 And knowest all things but a woman's heart,  
 Hear my request, for something yet untry'd,  
 And swear by Styx, I shall not be deny'd.

Fond Jove, like men, the better to succeed,  
 Took any oath ; then bade the girl proceed.  
 In human guise, great Jove, leave off to rove,  
 Deceiving woman-kind, and pil'ring love :

What

What are those joys, which as a man you give,  
 To what a god of thunder can atchieve ?  
 Such weight of love, and might of limbs employ,  
 As give immortal madams heav'ly joy.

Jove came array'd, as bound by cruel fate,  
 And Semele enjoy'd the god in state :  
 When flaming splendors round his beamy head  
 Divinely shone, and struck the mortal dead,  
 Faint from the course though we awhile retreat,  
 To cool and breathe before another heat ;  
 The gods can't know, fresh with eternal prime,  
 Love's stinted pause, nor want recruits from time ;  
 But must with unabating ardours kiss,  
 And bear down nature with excess of bliss.

Learn hence, each fair one, whom like beauties grace,  
 Possess'd of lawless empire by your face,  
 Not to do what you list, because you may,  
 Let cool discretion warm desires allay ;  
 And itching curiosity believè,  
 A lurking taint deriv'd from mother Eve.  
 Spare then the men, ye fair, and frankly own,  
 Your sex, like ours, has had its Phaëton.



## The S E E K E R.

By the Same.

WHEN I first came to London, I rambled about  
 From sermon to sermon, took a slice and went out.  
 Then on me, in divinity batchelor, try'd  
 Many priests to obtrude a Levitical bride ;  
 And urging their various opinions, intended  
 To make me wed systems, which they recommended.

Said a letch'rous old fry'r skulking near Lincoln's-Inn,  
 (Whose trade's to absolve, but whose pastime's to sin ;  
 Who, spider-like, seizes weak protestant flies,  
 Which hung in his sophistry cobweb he spies ;)  
 Ah pity your soul, for without our church pale,  
 If you happen to die, to be damn'd you can't fail ;  
 The bible, you boast, is a wild revelation :  
 Hear a church that can't ert if you hope for salvation.

Said a formal non-con, (whose rich stock of grace  
 Lies forward expos'd in shop-window of face,)  
 Ah ! pity your soul : come, be of our fect !  
 For then you are safe, and may plead you're elect.  
 As it stands in the Acts, we can prove ourselves saints,  
 Being Christ's little flock every where spoke against.

Said

Said a jolly church parson, (devoted to ease,  
While penal law dragons guard his golden fleece,)  
If you pity your soul, I pray listen to neither ;  
The first is in error, the last a deceiver :  
That our's is the true church, the sense of our tribe is,  
And surely *in medio tutissimus ibis.*

Said a yea and nay friend with a stiff hat and band,  
(Who while he talk'd gravely would hold forth his hand,)  
Dominion and wealth are the aim of all three,  
Though about ways and means they may all disagree ;  
Then prithee be wise, go the quakers by-way,  
'Tis plain, without turnpikes, so nothing to pay.

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### ON BARCLAY'S APOLOGY FOR THE QUAKERS<sup>a</sup>.

By the Same.

THESE sheets primæval doctrines yield,  
Where revelation is reveal'd ;  
Soul-phlegm from literal feeding bred,  
Systems lethargic to the head

They

<sup>a</sup> This celebrated book was written by its Author, both in Latin and English, and was afterwards translated into High Dutch, Low Dutch, French, and Spanish, and probably into other languages. It has always been esteemed a very ingenious defence of the principles of Quakerism, even by those who deny the doctrines which it endeavours to establish.

They purge, and yield a diet thin,  
 That turns to gospel-chyle within,  
 Truth sublime may here be seen  
 Extracted from the parts terrene.  
 In these is shewn, how men obtain  
 What of Prometheus poets feign :  
 To scripture-plainness dress is brought,  
 And speech, apparel to the thought.  
 They hiss from infinft at red coats,  
 And war, whose work is cutting throats,  
 Forbid, and press the law of love :  
 Breathing the spirit of the doye.  
 Lucrative doctrines they detest,  
 As manufactur'd by the priest ;  
 And throw down turnpikes, where we pay  
 For stuff, which never mends the way ;  
 And tythes, a Jewish tax, reduce,  
 And frank the gospel for our use.  
 They fable standing armies break ;  
 But the militia useful make :  
 Since all unhir'd may preach and pray,  
 Taught by these rules as well as they ;

The Author was born at Edinburgh in 1648, and received part of his education at the Scots College in Paris, where his uncle was Principal. His father became one of the earliest converts to the new Sect, and from his example, the son seems to have been induced to tread in his steps. He died on the 3d of October 1690, in the 42d year of his age.

Rules,

Rules, which, when truths themselves reveal,  
Bid us to follow what we feel.

The world can't hear the small still voice,  
Such is its bustle and its noise;  
Reason the proclamation reads,  
But not one riot passion heeds.

Wealth, honour, power the graces are,  
Which here below our homage share:  
They, if one votary they find  
To mistress more divine inclin'd,  
In truth's pursuit to cause delay  
Throw golden apples in his way.

Place me, O heav'n, in some retreat,  
There let the serious death-watch beat,  
There let me self in silence shun,  
To feel thy will, which should be done.

Then comes the Spirit to our hut,  
When fast the senses' doors are shut;  
For so divine and pure a guest  
The emptiest rooms are furnish'd best.

O Contemplation! air serene!  
From damps of sense, and fogs of spleen!  
Pure mount of thought! thrice holy ground,  
Where grace, when waited for, is found.

Here 'tis the soul feels sudden youth,  
And meets exulting, virgin Truth;  
Here, like a breeze of gentlest kind,  
Impulses rustle through the mind;

Here shines that light with glowing face,  
 The fuse divine, that kindles grace ;  
 Which, if we trim our lamps, will last,  
 'Till darkness be by dying past,  
 And then goes out at end of night,  
 Extinguish'd by superior light.

Ah me ! the heats and colds of life,  
 Pleasure's and pain's eternal strife,  
 Breed stormy paffions, which confin'd,  
 Shake, like th' Æolian cave, the mind,  
 And raise despair ; my lamp can last,  
 Plac'd where they drive the furious blast.

False eloquence, big empty sound,  
 Like showers that rush upon the ground,  
 Little beneath the surface goes,  
 All streams along and muddy flows.  
 This sinks, and swells the buried grain,  
 And fructifies like southern rain.

His art, well hid in mild discourse,  
 Exerts persuasion's winning force,  
 And nervates so the good design,  
 That King Agrippa's case is mine.

Well-natur'd, happy shade, forgive !  
 Like you I think, but cannot live.  
 Thy scheme requires the world's contempt,  
 That, from dependence life exempt ;  
 And constitution fram'd so strong,  
 This world's worst climate cannot wrong.

Not such my lot, not Fortune's brat,  
 I live by pulling off the hat ;  
 Compell'd by station every hour  
 To bow to images of power ;  
 And in life's busy scenes immers'd,  
 See better things, and do the worst.

Eloquent Want, whose reasons sway,  
 And make ten thousand truths give way,  
 While I your scheme with pleasure trace,  
 Draws near, and stares me in the face.  
 Consider well your state, she cries,  
 Like others kneel, that you may rise ;  
 Hold doctrines, by no scruples vex'd,  
 To which preferment is annex'd,  
 Nor madly prove, where all depends,  
 Idolatry upon your friends.  
 See, how you like my rueful face,  
 Such you must wear, if out of place.  
 Crack'd is your brain to turn recluse  
 Without one farthing out at use.  
 They, who have lands, and safe bank-stock,  
 With faith so founded on a rock,  
 May give a rich invention ease,  
 And construe scripture how they please.

The honour'd prophet, that of old  
 Us'd heav'n's high counsels to unfold,  
 Did, more than courier angels, greet  
 The crows, that brought him bread and meat.

THE PRE-EXISTENCE

P R E - E X I S T E N C E :

A P O E M,

In Imitation of M I L T O N.

*Has quoniam celi nondum dignamur honore,  
Quas dedimus certè terras habitare finamus.*

**N**OW had th' archangel trumpet, rais'd sublime  
Above the walls of heav'n, begun to sound ;  
All æther took the blast, and hell beneath  
Shook with celestial noise ; th' almighty host  
Hot with pursuit, and reeking with the blood  
Of guilty cherubs smear'd in sulphurous dust,  
Pause at the known command of sounding gold.  
At first they close the wide Tartarian gates,  
Th' impenetrable folds on brazen hinge  
Roll creaking horrible ; the din beneath  
O'ercomes the roar of flames, and deafens hell.  
Then through the solid gloom with nimble wing  
They cut their shining traces up to light ;

Return'd

Return'd upon the edge of heavenly day,  
 Where thinnest beams play round the vast obscure,  
 And with eternal gleam drive back the night.  
 They find the troops less stubborn, less involv'd,  
 In crime and ruin, barr'd the realms of peace,  
 Yet uncondemn'd to baleful seats of woe,  
 Doubtful and suppliant ; all the plumes of light  
 Moult from their shuddering wings, and fickly fear  
 Shades every face with horror ; conscious guilt  
 Rolls in the livid eye-ball, and each breast  
 Shakes with the dread of future doom unknown.

'Tis here the wide circumference of heaven  
 Opens in two vast gates, that inward turn  
 Voluminous, on jasper columns hung  
 By geometry divine : they ever glow  
 With living sculptures, that arise by turns  
 T' imboss the shining leaves, by turns they set  
 To give succeeding argument their place ;  
 In holy hieroglyphics on they move,  
 The gaze of journeying angels, as they pass  
 Oft looking back, and held in deep surprize.  
 Here stood the troops distinct ; the cherub guard  
 Unbarr'd the splendid gates, and in they roll  
 Harmonious ; for a vocal spirit fits  
 Within each hinge, and, as they onward drive,  
 In just divisions breaks the numerous jarr  
 With symphony melodious, such as spheres  
 Involv'd in tenfold wreaths are said to sound.

Out

Out flows a blaze of glory : for on high  
 Tow'ring advanc'd the moving throne of God,  
 Vast and majestic ; on each radiant side  
 The pointed rays slope glittering ; at the foot  
 Glides a full tide of day, that onward pours,  
 In liquid torrents through the black abyss,  
 Sparkling among reluctant shapes which thence  
 Retire confus'd ; as when Vesuvio shakes  
 With inward torments, and disgorges flames,  
 O'er the vast mountain's ridge the burning waves  
 Drive their resplendent curls, and on they roll  
 Sweeping the glowing plains down to the sea ;  
 Th' affrighted sea leaps back with hideous roar  
 To give the fire its course ; thus Chaos wild  
 Hissing recoils to let in floods of light.

Above the throne, th' ideas heavenly bright  
 Of past, of present, and of coming time  
 Fix'd their immov'd abode, and there present  
 An endless landscape of created things  
 To fight celestial, where angelic eyes  
 Are lost in prospect ; for the shiny range,  
 Boundless and various, in its bosom bears  
 Millions of full-proportion'd worlds, beheld  
 With steadfast eyes, till more arise to view,  
 And farther inward scenes start up unknown.

Myriads of seraphs in long series wait  
 About the throne, and as it moves, proceed  
 In numerous order, to celestial song.

Above,

Above, the symphony of mellow flutes,  
 And harps, by flying angels gently touch'd,  
 Relieve the trumpet's rage, and fitly blend  
 The solemn sounds in harmony divine ;  
 Such as might tune new worlds, and give the laws  
 To globes on high, and the just figure guide  
 Of planets forming all their airy dance.  
 Below, the blazing wheels drive bounding o'er  
 The starry pavement ; stars and hills of light  
 Double their glories where the chariot rolls  
 With rattling sound ; and th' empyræum vast  
 Down to its stedfast axis, groans throughout  
 Under the burning tracts, 'till now it rests  
 Upon the gaping brink of heaven ; and there  
 With open portap, fills the vast empty space.

Silence ensues ; a deep and aweful pause  
 More terrible, all expectation held  
 In horror ; now wrath imminent amaz'd  
 With dreadful precipice, to all it seems  
 More formidable near ; then from the throne  
 A vocal thunder roll'd the sense of God,  
 Majestically long, repugnant all  
 To princes' customs here ; their judgments flash  
 On guilt, with words concise, and sudden blaze.  
 Quite otherwise, the God's enlarged speech  
 Set wide the fate of things ; that all around  
 Might take full prospects of their coming doom.

Servants of God ! and Virtues great in arms ;  
 We approve your faithful works, and you return  
 Bless'd from the dire pursuit of rebel foes ;  
 Resolv'd, obdurate, they have try'd the force  
 Of this right hand, and known Almighty pow'r ;  
 Transfix'd with lightning down they sunk, they fell  
 Into the fiery gulf, and deep they plunge  
 Below the burning waves, to hide their heads  
 In shelter from my vengeance bellowing hence  
 More fierce, and scorching with more dreadful fires.  
 There let 'em find their doom, that durst defy  
 Omnipotence, and slight his proffer'd grace ;  
 Rolling in flames, and ne'er to find a dawn  
 Of heavenly day ; instead, the mind imbibes  
 Eternal gloom, and sing'd with constant flames,  
 Can find no ease ; while fierce their boiling rage  
 Eats through th' impyreal mould, and glows within  
 With endless pain ; not one repentant thought  
 Shall cool the breast, but proud in horrid crime,  
 The soul anneals and hardens in the fire.

But you commission'd by commands divine,  
 Have wisely fill'd your trust, and clos'd 'em all  
 Within the fervid lake, left any roam  
 Into the dark abyss to shun their doom,  
 And in the womb immense of things unbora  
 Should seek annihilation ; you must rise  
 Among the shining Virtues more sublime ;  
 On lofty thrones preferr'd for lofty deeds.

For you, ye guilty throng ! that lately join'd  
 In this sedition, since seduc'd from good,  
 And caught in trains of guile, by spirits malign,  
 Superior in their order ; you accept,  
 Trembling, my heavenly clemency and grace.  
 When the long æra once has fill'd its orb,  
 You shall emerge to light, and humbly here  
 Again shall bow before his favouring throne,  
 If your own virtue second my decree :  
 But all must have their manes first below,  
 So stands th' eternal fate, but smoother yours  
 Than what lost angels feel ; nor can our reign,  
 Without just dooms, the peace of heav'n secure ;  
 For forms celestial new erect in glory  
 Would totter, dazzled with the heights of power,  
 Did not the nerves of justice fix their sight.

See, where below in Chaos wond'rous deep  
 A speck of light dawns forth, and thence throughout  
 The shades, in many a wreath, my forming power  
 There swiftly turns the burning eddy round,  
 Absorbing all crude matter near its brink ;  
 Which next, with subtle motions, takes the form  
 I please to stamp, the seed of infant worlds  
 All now in embryo, but ere long shall rise  
 Variously scatter'd in this vast expanse,  
 Involv'd in winding orbs, until the brims  
 Of outward circles brush the heavenly gates.  
 The middle point a globe of curling fire

Shall

Shall hold, which round it sheds its genial heat ;  
 Where'er I kindle life the motion grows  
 In all the endless orbs, from this machine ;  
 And infinite vicissitudes shall roll  
 About the restless center : for I rear,  
 In those meanders turn'd, a dusty ball,  
 Deform'd all o'er with woods, whose shaggy tops  
 Inclose eternal mists, and deadly damps  
 Hover within their boughs, to choak the light ;  
 Impervious scenes of horror, till reform'd  
 To fields, and grassy dales, and flow'ry meads,  
 By your continual pains. The torrid zone  
 Here tries with constant heat the swarthy world :  
 Parching the plains where hideous monsters glare,  
 And dusty mountains, tumbled by the winds,  
 Stretch their uncertain heaps ; no less the frost  
 At either end shall rage, and high shall raise  
 Firm promontories ; vast the ruins seem  
 Of desert nature, and th' eternal piles  
 Load all the dreary coast, and thick in ice,  
 Arm either pole, that yearly peeps a'rance  
 On coming light, but feels no gentle ray  
 Unbind the frozen chain. Between these lie  
 The changeful climes, alternately they burn,  
 And chill again by turns ; for both extremes  
 Make their incursions here ; and this my will  
 Unchangeable ordains your doleful seat.

Beneath

Beneath mishapen Chaos, and the field  
 Of fighting atoms, where hot, moist, and dry,  
 Wage an eternal war with dismal roar ;  
 The dismal roar breaks smoothly on the ground,  
 Sacred to horror, and eternal night :  
 Here Silence sits, whose visionary shape  
 In folds of wreathy mantling sinks obscure,  
 And in dark fumes reclines his drowsy head ;  
 An urn he holds, from whence a lake proceeds,  
 Wide, flowing gently, smooth, and Lethe nam'd :  
 Hither compell'd, each soul must drink long draughts  
 Of those forgetful streams, till forms within,  
 And all the great ideas fade and die :  
 For if vast thought should play about a mind  
 Inclos'd in flesh, and dragging cumbrous life,  
 Flutt'ring and beating in the mournful cage,  
 It soon would break its grates and wing away :  
 'Tis therefore my decree, the foul return  
 Naked from off this beach, and perfect blank,  
 To visit the new world ; and strait to feel  
 Itself, in crude confisstance closely shut,  
 The dreadful monument of just revenge ;  
 Immur'd by heaven's own hand, and plac'd erect  
 On fleeting matter, all imprison'd round  
 With walls of clay : th' æthereial mould shall bear  
 The chain of members, deafen'd with an ear,  
 Blinded by eyes, and manacled in hands,  
 Here anger, vast ambition, and disdain,

And all the haughty movements, rise and fall,  
 As storms of neighbouring atoms tear the soul ;  
 And hope, and love, and all the calmer turns  
 Of easy hours, in their gay gilded shapes,  
 With sudden run, skin o'er deluded minds,  
 As matter leads the dance ; but one desire,  
 Unsatisfy'd, shall mar ten thousand joys.

The rank of beings, that shall first advance,  
 Drink deep of human life ; and long shall stay  
 On this great scene of cares. From all the rest,  
 That longer for the destin'd body wait,  
 Less penance I expect ; and short abode  
 In those pale dreary kingdoms will content :  
 Each has his lamentable lot, and all,  
 On different racks, abide the pains of life.

The pensive spirit takes the lonely grove :  
 Nightly he visits all the silvan scenes,  
 Where far remote, a melancholy moon  
 Raising her head, serene and shorn of beams,  
 Throws here and there her glimmerings through the trees,  
 To make more awful darkness. Starry lights,  
 Hung up on high, shed round 'em as they burn..  
 A pale sad influence ; and they gild the plains.  
 With doubtful rays, which strike within the shades,  
 A trembling lustre and uncertain light.

The SAGE shall haunt this solitary ground,  
 And view the dismal landscape, limn'd within  
 In horrid shades, mix'd with imperfect light.

Here

Here JUDGMENT, blinded by delusive SENSE,  
 Contracted through the cranny of an eye,  
 Shoots up faint languid beams, to that dark seat,  
 Wherein the soul, bereav'd of native fire,  
 Sits intricate, in misty clouds obscur'd,  
 Ev'n from itself conceal'd, and there presides  
 O'er jarring images with Reason's sway,  
 Which by his ordering more confounds their form ;  
 And by decisions more embroils the fray :  
 The more he strives t' appease, the more he feels  
 The struggling surges of the darksome void  
 Impetuous, and the thick revolving thoughts  
 Encount'ring thoughts, image on image turn'd,  
 A Chaos of wild silence, where sometimes  
 The clashing notions strike out casual light,  
 Which soon must perish and be lost again  
 In the thick darkness round it. Now, he tries  
 With all his might to raise some weighty thought,  
 Of me, of fate, or of th' eternal round,  
 Which but recoils to crush the labouring mind.  
 High are his reasonings, but the feeble clue  
 Of fleeting images he draws in vain  
 To wond'rous length ; (for still the turning maze  
 Eludes his art) its end flies far away,  
 And leaves him tracing round the toilsome path,  
 Returning oft on the same beaten thought.  
 For much of good he talks, and life serene,  
 Of happiness deny'd, the dismal waste

Of wisdom's privilege; and th' obdurate breast,  
 Stubborn in anguish; idle wisdom all,  
 Weak sorcery to charm a real pain;  
 Distasting crowds and business, thus he seeks  
 Diversion in himself, but with deep thoughts  
 He kindles doubt; and while he strives to blow  
 The ashes off, revives the brand of care.

Hence far remov'd, a diff'rent noisy race  
 In cities full and frequent take their seat,  
 Where honour's crush'd, and gratitude oppres'd  
 With swelling hopes of gain; that raise within  
 A tempest, and, driv'n onward by success,  
 Can find no bounds. For creatures of a day  
 Stretch their wide cares to ages; full increase  
 Starves the penurious soul, while empty found  
 Fills the ambitious; *that* shall ever shrink,  
 Pining with endless cares; whilst *this* shall swell  
 To tympany enormous. Bright in arms  
 Here shines the hero, out he fiercely leads  
 A martial throng, his instruments of rage,  
 To fill the world with death, and thin mankind.  
 Ambition drives, and round the world he roams,  
 Marking his way with blood; the dreadful noise  
 Begets a fame; and all the breath he leaves  
 Is spent in his false praise, and vainly bloats  
 The tyrant's soul; while high his kingdoms rise  
 In fleeting pomp, hov'ring their gaudy wings  
 Around the servile globe, that tamely bends

Beneath.

Beneath his haughty reign ; and all his slaves  
 Under his yoke shall groan, and scarce shall groan  
 Without a crime. Here torturing engines roar  
 With human voice disguis'd; earth, water, fire,  
 Are made (dire elements of cruelty !) :  
 Subservient to his lust, and power to kill :  
 Yet shall the herd endure, nor dare to break  
 United their imaginary chain ;  
 While their great monarch chills with equal fears,  
 No less a slave than they. Each rumour shakes  
 The haughty purple, dark and cloudy cares  
 Involve the awful throne, that stands erect,  
 Balanc'd on the wild people's temper'd rage,  
 And fortify'd with dangerous arts of power.  
 But death shall shift those scenes of misery ;  
 Then doubtful titles kindle up new wars,  
 And urge on ling'ring fate ; the ensigns blaze  
 About the camp, and drums and trumpets sound,  
 Prepare a solemn way to griezly war ;  
 Javelins and bearded spears in ghastly ranks  
 Erect their shining heads, and round the field  
 A harvest's seen of formidable death ;  
 Then joins the horrid shock, whose bellowing burst  
 Torments the shatter'd air, and drowns the groans  
 Of men below that roll in certain death.  
 These are the mortal sports, the tragic plays  
 By man himself embroil'd ; the dire debate  
 Makes the waste desert seem serene and mild,

Where savage nature in one common lies,  
 By homely cots possess'd ; all squalid, wild,  
 And despicably poor, they range the field,  
 And feel their share of hunger, care, and pain,  
 Cheated by flying prey ; and now they tear  
 Their panting flesh ; and now with nails unclean  
 They tug their shaggy beards ; and deeply quaff  
 Of human woe, even when they rudely sip  
 The flowing stream, or chew the savory pulp  
 Of nature's freshest viands ; fragrant fruits  
 Enjoy'd with trembling, and in danger sought.

But where th' appointed limits of a law  
 Fences the general safety of the world,  
 No greater quiet reigns ; for wanton man,  
 In giddy frolic, easily leaps o'er  
 His own invented bounds ; hence rapine, fraud,  
 Revenge, and lust, and all the hideous train  
 Of nameless ills, distort the meagre mind  
 To endless shapes of woe. Here misers mourn  
 Departed gold, and their defrauded heirs  
 Dire perjuries complain ; the blended loads  
 Of punishment and crime deform the world,  
 And give no rest to man ; with pangs and throes  
 He enters on the stage ; prophetic tears  
 And infant cries prelude his future woes ;  
 And all is one continu'd scene of grief,  
 'Till the sad fable curtain falls in death.

But that last act shall in one moment close  
 Of doubt and darkness ; pain shall crack the strings  
 Of life decay'd ; no less the soul convuls'd,  
 Trembles in anxious cares, and shuddering stands,  
 Afraid to leap into the opening gulf  
 Of future fate, till all the banks of clay  
 Fall from beneath his feet : in vain he grasps  
 The shatter'd reeds that cheat his easy wish.  
 Reason is now no more ; that narrow lamp  
 (Which with its flickly fires would shoot its beams  
 To distances unknown, and stretch its rays  
 Afkance my paths, in deepest darkness veil'd)  
 Is sunk into his socket ; only there  
 It burns a dismal light ; th' expiring flame  
 Is choak'd in fumes, and parts in various doubt.

Then the gay glories of the living world  
 Shall cast their empty varnish, and retire  
 Out of his feeble view ; and rising shade  
 Sit hov'ring o'er all nature's various face.  
 Music shall cease, and instruments of joy ,  
 Shall fail that fullon hour ; nor can the mind  
 Attend their sounds, when fancies swim in death,  
 Confus'd and crush'd with cares : for long shal seem  
 The dreary road, and melancholy dark,  
 That leads he knows not where. Here empty space  
 Gapes horrible, and threatens to absorb  
 All being : yonder sooty demons glare,  
 And dolorous spectres grin ; the shavleless rout

Of wild imagination dance and play  
 Before his eyes obscure : till all in death  
 Shall vanish, and the prisoner, now enlarg'd,  
 Regains the flaming borders of the sky.

He ended. Peals of thunder rend the heavens,  
 And Chaos, from the bottom turn'd, resounds  
 The mighty clangor : All the heavenly host  
 Approve the high decree, and loud they sing  
 Eternal justice ; while the guilty troops,  
 Sad with their doom, but sad without despair,  
 Fall fluttering down to Lethe's lake, and there  
 For penance, and the destin'd body, wait.



### C H I R O N to A C H I L L E S.

A P O E M.

By SIR HILDEBRAND JACOB, Bart.

*Res est severa voluptas.*

OLD CHIRON to his pupil thus began,  
 When he beheld him rip'ning into man.  
 " Accomplish'd youth ; well worthy of my pains,  
 " You now are free, and guide yourself the reins :  
 " Yet hear, Achilles, hear, before we part,  
 " A few short precepts from a faithful heart.

" What

" What though the gods a Nestor's age deny !  
 " Let management a longer life supply,  
 " And learn, at least, to live, 'before you die.  
 " A little tract, well till'd, more profit yields  
 " Than realms of wild, uncultivated fields.  
 " 'Tis not from length of years our pleasures flow,  
 " Nor to the gods alone our bliss we owe.  
 " Our happiness and pain depend on us ;  
 " Man's his own good, or evil genius,  
 " Great ills by art we lighten, or remove,  
 " And art our meanest pleasures may improve :  
 " Much to ourselves is due, though much to Jove.  
 " Think not, young prince, your elevated state,  
 " Birth, honours, or the empty name of great,  
 " Can fix your joys : they're ill secur'd, unless  
 " You know yourself to form your happiness,  
 " Which in the shepherd's humble hut is found,  
 " While palaces with discord still resound.  
 " Fortune to industry is ever kind,  
 " And, though by the blind vulgar painted blind,  
 " Is still more equal than the crowd suppose,  
 " Who judge of happiness by outward shows ;  
 " She smiles on all conditions, each may be  
 " A man of pleasure in his own degree.  
 " Yet few with art their happiness pursue,  
 " Though all mankind have happiness in view,  
 " And every sense seems made by nature's skill  
 " For giving pleasure and avoiding ill.

" Nature

" Nature our common mother has been kind,  
 " And for a race of joy her sons design'd,  
 " Who long to reach the goal, yet lazy, lag behind,  
 " Or wholly blind, or doubtful how t' advance,  
 " They leave the work of industry to chance.  
 " And of those few who with more active strife  
 " Pursue this great, important end of life,  
 " Some, too impatient, know not how to wait,  
 " Or aim at things beyond their human state :  
 " These last through too much delicacy fall,  
 " And by refining rob themselves of all.  
 " Shun then, Achilles, shun the faults of such,  
 " Who still propose too little, or too much.  
 " Stretch not your hopes too far, nor yet despair,  
 " But above all, of indolence beware,  
 " Attend to what you do, or life will seem  
 " But a mere vision, or fantastic dream,  
 " Pafs'd in ideas of delight, at best :  
 " While real pleasure's lost in doubtful rest.  
 " In short, learn when, and how to bear ; in vain  
 " He pleasure seeks, who is afraid of pain ;  
 " Pleasure's a serious thing, and cheaply bought  
 " By labour, patience, management, and thought.  
 " But you, aspiring youth, by nature seem  
 " Addicted to an opposite extreme ;  
 " Impetuous, and restless, soon inflam'd,  
 " And, like a generous courier, hardly tam'd ;

" In all things violent : but, O ! disdain,  
 " Brave prince, to let usurping passion reign,  
 " In one rash moment sacrificing more  
 " Than years of sad repentance may restore.  
 " As Thracian winds the Euxine sea molest,  
 " So wrath, and envy, from an human breast  
 " Drive Halcyon peace, and banish kindly rest  
 " And no security for joy is found,  
 " But in a mind that's tractable and sound.  
 " Suppress the first emotions of your ire,  
 " And smother in its birth the kindling fire.  
 " Ere anger yet possesses all your soul,  
 " Ere yet your bosom heaves, and eyeballs roll,  
 " Think on the useful precepts, I have taught.  
 " And meet the rising heat with wholesome thought.  
 " Or seek the sacred Muses with your lyre,  
 " Who with sweet peace to lonely shades retire ;  
 " Gods, and the sons of gods, the heroes, sing,  
 " While hills and vallies with their praises ring :  
 " These learn to imitate, and those adore,  
 " And sweetly to yourself yourself restore ;  
 " Music, and verse, and solitude controul  
 " Impetuous fury, and compose the soul.  
 " For this, I early taught you how to sing,  
 " And form'd your fingers to the trembling string ;  
 " For 'tis not all sweet pleasure's path to show :  
 " The art of consolation man should know :

" Our

" Our joys are short, and broken ; and 'in vain  
 " To constant bliss would human race attain :  
 " Be oft contented to be free from pain.  
 " There is a deity, ordain'd by fate  
 " To damp our joys immoderately great,  
 " That none on earth from sorrow should be free,  
 " But ev'n our blessings taste of misery.  
 " If fortune gives, what rarely we obtain,  
 " An equal share of pleasure, and of pain,  
 " Our portion is o'er-paid, the rest you'll find  
 " But fond ideas of the wanton mind ;  
 " Which now vain scenes of godlike pleasure shows,  
 " And now creates imaginary woes.  
 " When sad, your ills examine and compare,  
 " Judge of your own by what another's are.  
 " Consider greater wretches, and the fates  
 " Of mighty heroes, and of mighty states :  
 " Thus real evils in their proper light  
 " Appear, the false thus vanish out of sight.  
 " Nor aim at pleasures difficult to gain,  
 " Choose rather what you may with ease obtain,  
 " Who scorns to trifle, is by pride abus'd ;  
 " I pity him who ne'er can be amus'd ;  
 " But slighting pleasures moderate and small,  
 " Must live in rapture, or not live at all.  
 " Great pleasures still are near ally'd to pain :  
 " Who quits the peaceful shore, and ploughs the main,  
 " Big waves and mighty tempests must sustain.

" Let

" Let not such fond ambition to be blest,  
 " The humbler pleasures in your power molest ;  
 " Yet cherish hope ; for without hope there's none ;  
 " Taste hope ; but be not fed with that alone.  
 " Some their whole lives in expectation spend ;  
 " As life were not begun, or ne'er would end :  
 " Fondly from day to day themselves deceive,  
 " Not living, but intending still to live ;  
 " While they neglect the joys they might possess,  
 " For empty dreams of future happiness.  
 " Let nature in your pleasures be your guide,  
 " Nor suffer art her genuine charms to hide :  
 " Her beauties with unwearied eyes we see ;  
 " The truth of beauty is simplicity.  
 " Live not by imitation, servile state !  
 " Nor on the fashion for your pleasures wait.  
 " Man, otherwise so selfish, or so proud,  
 " Submits his taste to the fantastic crowd,  
 " And lives not for himself ; do you pursue  
 " Your own desires, and to yourself be true.  
 " As bees extract their sweets from every flow'r,  
 " So you your joys from all things in your pow'r,  
 " With industry and management produce ;  
 " The meanest trifles are sometimes of use.  
 " Yet know well what you do, and when 'tis done,  
 " Nor at all hours to every pleasure run ;  
 " But mix with art your pleasures, and your toils ;  
 " For pleasures have their seasons, and their soils.

" Thus

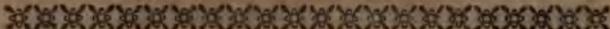
" Thus when the earliest dawn of eastern light  
 " Proclaims the finish'd empire of the night,  
 " Haste to the field, Achilles, nor disdain  
 " To chace the foaming monster o'er the plain,  
 " Or teach the untam'd steed to feel the rein ;  
 " Or let your car and arms your nerves prepare,  
 " Or for Olympic games or future war :  
 " Then, whether arts or glory fire your mind,  
 " Will thoughts more generous rise, or more confin'd ;  
 " Aurora to the Muses still is kind.  
 " At noon, a simple short repast be made ;  
 " A shorter slumber in the cooling shade ;  
 " What's gay and light th' unbended mind employs,  
 " Or sports, or past delights, or future joys.  
 " But when the ev'ning-star begins to rise,  
 " When Phœbus' fainting steeds forsake the skies,  
 " Still cheerful at the well-spread board be found,  
 " Amidst bright friends, and with fresh garlands crown'd,  
 " While wine, and Thais with her voice and lyre,  
 " Banish old sorrows, and new joys inspire.  
 " Thus when from toils of empire you are free,  
 " Nor camp nor council claim your liberty,  
 " The morn to labour and the Muses give ;  
 " At noon with temperance and quiet live ;  
 " Ceres' and Bacchus' gifts at ev'ning prove ;  
 " Divide the night with Somnus and with Love.  
 " Thus, thus, Pelides, drive your cares away,  
 " Nor fear the evil, till the evil day.

" What

" What though on Simois' or Scamander's shore,  
 " Far off from home; the Greeks your death deplore ?  
 " No matter where, or when: it once must be,  
 " And nothing can revoke the firm decree.  
 " Though Thetis' son, though third from mighty Jove,  
 " Eternal monarch of the realms above,  
 " Nor Jove, nor Thetis, can your days recal,  
 " Or for an hour defer your destin'd fall.  
 " Mean while a looser reign to pleasure give :  
 " Time flies in haste, be you in haste to live :  
 " Seize on the precious minutes, as they fleet ;  
 " Your life, however short, will be compleat,  
 " If at the fatal moment you can say,  
 " I've liv'd, and made the most of every day !  
 " One precept more I fain would recommend,  
 " And then old Chiron's tedious lessons end.  
 " Learn, gen'rous prince, what's little understood,  
 " The godlike happiness of doing good.  
 " How glorious to defend, and to bestow !  
 " From nobler springs can human pleasure flow ?  
 " A solid good which nothing can destroy,  
 " The best prerogative the great enjoy.  
 " For this, remember, monarchs first were made,  
 " For this, young prince, be lov'd, and be obey'd,  
 " At once yourself, and mighty nations bles,  
 " And make humanity your happiness.  
 " But now Aurora ushers in the day,  
 " And fond, expecting Peleus chides your stay.

" Go

" Go then, brave youth, where'er the Fates may call;  
 " Live with design, and fearless wait thy fall.  
 " Whatever space of Life the gods decree,  
 " Thy name is still immortal; for I see  
 " More than another Peleus rise in thee.  
 " Thy fame the <sup>a</sup> prince of sacred bards shall fire,  
 " Thy deeds the <sup>b</sup> conquest of the world inspire."



## F N Ω Θ I Σ E A I T O N.

### KNOW YOUR S E L F.

By JOHN ARBUTHNOT<sup>a</sup>, M.D.

**W**HAT am I? how produc'd? and for what end?  
 Whence drew I being? to what period tend?  
 Am I th' abandon'd orphan of blind chance,  
 Dropt by wild atoms in disorder'd dance?

Or

<sup>a</sup> Homer.

<sup>b</sup> By Alexander, who had Homer's Iliad always with him, proposing Achilles for his example.

Dr. Arbuthnot was descended from a noble family in Scotland, and  
 was the son of a clergyman of the Episcopal Church in that kingdom.  
 He was born at Arbuthnot in Kincardineshire, not long after the re-  
 storation <sup>b</sup>

Or from an endless chain of causes wrought,  
 And of unthinking substance, born with thought ?  
 By motion which began without a cause,  
 Supremely wise, without design or laws ?  
 Am I but what I seem, mere flesh and blood ;  
 A branching channel, with a mazy flood ?  
 The purple stream that through my vessels glides,  
 Dull and unconscious flows, like common tides :  
 The pipes through which the circling juices stray,  
 Are not that thinking I, no more than they ?

floration ; and received his education at Aberdeen, where he took his Doctor's degree. He soon afterwards removed to London, and was employed sometime in teaching the mathematics. On St. Andrew's day 1704, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society ; and on the 30th October following, was sworn Physician extraordinary to Queen Anne ; upon the indisposition of Dr. Hanes, he was appointed fourth Physician in ordinary to the Queen ; and on 27th April 1710, was admitted a Fellow of the College of Physicians. The death of Queen Anne deprived him of his place and residence at Court. On 30th September 1723, he was named second Censor of the College of Physicians ; and on the 5th October 1727, became an Elect of the same Society. During the latter part of his life, he was afflicted with an asthma, of which he died on the 27th February 1734-5. Dr. Johnson observes of Arbuthnot, " that he was a man estimable for his learning, amiable for his life, and venerable for his piety." The same writer also adds, " that he was a man of great comprehension, skilful in his profession, versed in the sciences, acquainted with ancient literature, and able to animate his mass of knowledge by a bright and active imagination : a scholar with great brilliancy of wit ; a wit, who in the crowd of life, retained and discovered a noble ardour of religious zeal."

This frame compacted with transcendent skill,  
 Of moving joints obedient to my will,  
 Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,  
 Waxes and wastes ; I call it mine, not me.  
 New matter still the mould'ring mast sustains,  
 The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains ;  
 And from the fleeting stream, repair'd by food,  
 Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.  
 What am I then ? sure, of a nobler birth,  
 By parents right, I own as mother, earth ;  
 But claim superior lineage by my SIRE,  
 Who warm'd th' unthinking clod with heavenly fire :  
 Essence divine, with lifeless clay allay'd,  
 By double nature, double instinct sway'd :  
 With look erect, I dart my longing eye,  
 Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky ;  
 I strive to mount, but strive, alas ! in vain,  
 Ty'd to this massy globe with magic chain.  
 Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,  
 View worlds around their flaming centers roll :  
 What steady powers their endless motions guide,  
 Through the same trackless paths of boundless void ?  
 I trace the blazing comet's fiery trail,  
 And weigh the whirling planets in a scale :  
 These godlike thoughts while eager I pursue,  
 Some glittering trifle offer'd to my view,  
 A gnat, an insect, of the meanest kind,  
 Erase the new-born image from my mind ;

Some

Some beastly want, craving, importunate,  
 Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,  
 Calls off from heav'nly truth this reas'ning me;  
 And tells me, I'm a brute as much as he.  
 If on sublimer wings of love and praise,  
 My soul above the starry vault I raise,  
 Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,  
 I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust.  
 The tow'ring lark thus from her lofty strain,  
 Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain;  
 By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tost,  
 I rove to one, now to the other coast;  
 To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,  
 My lot unequal to my vast desires.  
 As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth  
 Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth;  
 So man, 'mongst his fellow brutes expos'd,  
 Sees he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd.  
 Pity him, beasts! you by no law confin'd;  
 Are barr'd from devious paths by being blind;  
 Whilst man, through op'ning views of various ways  
 Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays;  
 Too weak to choose, yet chooing still in haste,  
 One moment gives the pleasure and distaste;  
 Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,  
 The flatt'ring future still must give the joy:  
 Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,  
 And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode;

Whether next sun his being shall restrain  
To endless nothing, happiness or pain.

Around me, lo ! the thinking thoughtless crew,  
(Bewilder'd each) their diff'rent paths pursue ;  
Of them I ask the way ; the first replies  
Thou art a god ; and sends me to the skies :  
Down on the turf, the next, thou two-legg'd beast,  
There fix thy lot, thy bliss and endless rest :  
Between these wide extremes the length is such,  
I find I know too little or too much.

“ Almighty Power, by whose most wise command,  
“ Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand ;  
“ Take this faint glimmering of thyself away ;  
“ Or break into my soul with perfect day !”  
This said, expanded lay the sacred text,  
The balm, the light, the guide of souls perplex'd.  
Thus the benighted traveller that strays  
Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays ;  
The nightly mist, and thick descending dew,  
Parting, unfold the fields, and vaulted blue.  
“ O Truth divine ! enlighten'd by thy ray,  
“ I grope and guess no more, but see my way ;  
“ Thou clear'dst the secret of my high descent,  
“ And told me what those mystic tokens meant ;  
“ Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,  
“ Too hard for worldly sages to explain.  
“ Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' schemes,  
“ Their systems false, delusive were their dreams :  
“ Unskill'd

" Unskill'd my two-fold nature to divide,  
 " One nurs'd my pleasure, and one nurs'd my pride ;  
 " Those jarring truths which human art beguile,  
 " Thy sacred page thus bids me reconcile."

Offspring of God, no less thy pedigree,  
 What thou once werst, art now, and still may be,  
 Thy God alone can tell, alone decree ;  
 Faultless thou drop'dst from his unerring skill,  
 With the bare power to sin, since free of will :  
 Yet charge not with thy guilt his bounteous love,  
 For who has power to walk, has power to rove :  
 Who acts by force impell'd, can nought deserve ;  
 And wisdom short of infinite may fserve.  
 Borne on thy new-imp'd wings, thou took'st thy flight,  
 Left thy Creator, and the realms of light ;  
 Disdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil ;  
 And thought to grow a god by doing ill :  
 Though by foul guilt thy heavenly form defac'd,  
 In nature chang'd, from happy mansions chas'd,  
 Thou still retain'st some sparks of heav'nly fire,  
 Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire ;  
 Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,  
 And brute enough to make thy search in vain.  
 The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,  
 Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce ;  
 Repast ill suited to such diff'rent guests,  
 For what thy sense desires, thy soul distastes ;

Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,  
 Curb'd, or deferr'd, or balk'd, or gratify'd,  
 Rage on, and make thee equally unbless'd,  
 In what thou want'st, and what thou haft posses'd.  
 In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod,  
 Return, and seek thy Father, and thy God:  
 Yet think not to regain thy native sky,  
 Borne on the wings of vain philosophy;  
 Mysterious passage ! hid from human eyes ;  
 Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise :  
 Let humble thoughts thy wary footsteps guide,  
 Repair by meekness what you lost by pride.





L O N D O N:  
A P O E M.

In Imitation of the  
THIRD SATIRE of JUVENAL.

By Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

— *Quis inceptæ  
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?* Juv.

**T**HOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel,  
When injur'd THALES bids the town farewell,  
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,  
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend ;  
Who now resolves, from vice and LONDON far,  
To breathe in distant fields a purer air,  
And fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,  
Give to St. David one true Briton more.

J U V. SAT. III.

<sup>2</sup> *Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici ;  
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis  
Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.*

<sup>b</sup> For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,  
 Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand ?  
 There none are swept by sudden fate away,  
 But all whom hunger spares, with age decay ;  
 Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,  
 And now a rabble rages, now a fire ;  
 Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,  
 And here the fell attorney prowls for prey ;  
 Here falling houses thunder on your head,  
 And here a female atheist talks you dead.

<sup>c</sup> While THALES waits the wherry that contains  
 Of dissipated wealth the small remains,  
 On Thames's bank in silent thought we stood,  
 Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood.  
 Struck with the seat that gave <sup>d</sup> Eliza birth,  
 We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth ;  
 In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,  
 And call Britannia's glories back to view :  
 Behold her cross triumphant on the main,  
 The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,

<sup>b</sup> ——Ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ.  
 Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non  
 Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus  
 Tectorum assiduos, et mille pericula sœvæ  
 Urbis, & Augusto recitantes mense poetas ?

<sup>c</sup> Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,  
 Substîtit ad veteres arcus. ——

<sup>d</sup> Queen Elizabeth born at Greenwich,

Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,  
Or English honour grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,  
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.

At length awaking with contemptuous frown,  
Indignant THALES eyes the neigh'ring town.

Since worth, he cries, in these degen'rate days  
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise ;  
In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,  
Since unrewarded science toils in vain ;  
Since hope but sooths to double my distress,  
And every moment leaves my little less ;  
While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,  
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins ;  
Grant me, kind heaven, to find some happier place,  
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace ;  
Some pleasing bank where verdant oifers play,  
Some peaceful vale with nature's painting gay ;  
Where once the harras'd Briton found repose,  
And safe in poverty defy'd his foes ;

¶ Hic tunc Umbrius : Quando artibus, inquit, honestis  
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,  
Res hodie minor est, heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras  
Deteret exiguis aliquid : proponimus illuc  
Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exuit alas ;  
Dum nova camities —

5 ————— et pedibus me  
Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.

Some

Some secret cell, ye powers, indulgent give.  
 Let —— live here, for —— has learn'd to live.  
 Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite  
 To vote a patriot black, a courtier white ;  
 Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,  
 And plead for pirates in the face of day ;  
 With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,  
 And lend a lye the confidence of truth.

Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,  
 Collect a tax, or farm a lottery,  
 With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd stage,  
 And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.

Heroes, proceed ! what boonds your pride shall hold ?  
 What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and gold ?  
 Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,  
 Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.  
 To such, a groaning nation's spoils are giv'n,  
 When public crimes inflame the wrath of heav'n :  
 But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,  
 Who start at theft, and blush at perjury ?

¶ Cedamus patriæ : vivant Arturius istic  
 Et Catulus ; maneant qui nigra in candida vertunt.

¶ Quid facile est adem conducere, flumina, portus,  
 Siccandam cliviem, portandum ad busa cadaver. ——  
 Munera nunc edunt.

¶ Quid Romæ faciam ? mentiri nescio : librum  
 Si malus est, nequeo lundare & poscere.

Who

Who scarce forbear, though BRITAIN'S court he sing,  
 To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing ;  
 A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,  
 And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer ;  
 Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,  
 And strive in vain to laugh at H——y's jest.

<sup>k</sup> Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,  
 Can sap the principles, or taint the heart ;  
 With more address a lover's note convey,  
 Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.  
 Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue  
 Ne'er new to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,  
 Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,  
 Live unregarded, unlamented die.

<sup>l</sup> For what but social guilt the friend endears ?  
 Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares :  
<sup>m</sup> But thou, should tempting villainy present,  
 All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers <sup>n</sup> spent,

<sup>k</sup> — Ferre ad nuptas, que mittit adulter,  
 Que mandat, norint alii : me nemo ministro  
 Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.

<sup>l</sup> Quis nunc diligitur, nisi conscius ? — — —  
 Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,  
 Accusare potest. — — —

<sup>m</sup> — Tanti tibi non sit opaci  
 Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,  
 Ut somno careas. — — —

<sup>n</sup> George Villiers, the witty and profligate Duke of Buckingham.

Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,  
 Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,  
 The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,  
 Unfulfilled fame, and conscience ever gay.

• The cheated nation's happy fav'rites see ;  
 Mark whom the great carefs, who frown on me.  
 LONDON ! the needy villain's gen'ral home,  
 The common sewer of Paris and of Rome,  
 With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,  
 Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.  
 Forgive my transports on a theme like this,  
 ▶ I cannot bear a French metropolis.

• Illustrious EDWARD ! from the realms of day,  
 The land of heroes and of saints survey ;  
 Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,  
 The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace,  
 But lost in thoughtless ease, and empty show,  
 Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau ;  
 Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,  
 Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,  
 Or like a gibbet better than a wheel ;

◦ Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,  
 Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri.

▶ — — — Non possum ferre, Quirites,  
 Graecam urbem. — — —

◦ Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine;  
 Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.

His'd

Hid'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,  
 Their air, their dress, their politics import :  
 • Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,  
 On Britain's fond credulity they prey.  
 No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,  
 • They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap ;  
 All sciences a fasting-Monsieur knows,  
 And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

• Ah ! what avails it, that, from flav'ry far,  
 I drew the breath of life in English air ;  
 Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,  
 And lisp the tales of HENRY's victories ;  
 If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,  
 And flattery subdues when arms are vain ?

• Studious to please, and ready to submit,  
 The supple Gaul was born a parasite :  
 Still to his int'rest true, where-e'er he goes,  
 Wit, bravery, worth, his lavish tongue bestows ;  
 In every face a thousand graces shine,  
 From every tongue flows harmony divine.

• *Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo  
 Promptus.* — — —

• *Augur, schænobates, medicus, magus : omnia novit  
 Græculus esuriens, in cælum, jusseris, ibit.*

• *Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia cælum  
 Haufit Aventini ?*

• *Quid, quod adulandi gens prudentissima laudat  
 Sermonem indecti, faciem deformis amici ?*

These

\* These arts in vain our rugged natives try,  
Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lye,  
And gain a kick for awkward flattery.

Besides, with justice this discerning age  
Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage :  
\* Well may they venture on the mimic's art,  
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part ;  
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,  
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face ;  
With every wild absurdity comply,  
And view each object with another's eye ;  
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,  
To pour at will the counterfeited tear,  
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,  
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.  
\* How, when competitors like these contend,  
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend ?  
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,  
And lye without a blush, without a smile ;

\* *Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare : sed illi  
Creditur.*

\* *Natio cothæda est. Rides & majore cachinas  
Concutitur, &c.*

\* *Non sumus ergo pares : melior, qui semper & omni  
Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum :  
A facie jaclare manus, laudare paratus,  
Si bene rustavit, & rectum minxit amicus.*

Exalt each tribe, every vice adore,  
 Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore ;  
 Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear  
 He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.

For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, careſ'd,  
 They first invade your table, then your breast ;  
 \* Explore your secrets with infidious art,  
 Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart ;  
 Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,  
 Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

    b By numbers here from shame or censure free,  
 All crimes are safe, but hated poverty.  
 This, only this, the rigid law pursues,  
 This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse.  
 The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,  
 Wakes from his dreamz, and labours for a joke ;  
 With brisker air the filken courtiers gaze,  
 And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.  
 \* Of all the griefs that harrass the distress'd ;  
 Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest ;  
 Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,  
 Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

\* Scire volunt secreta domūs, atque inde timeri.

b ————— Materiem præbet causasque jocorum  
 Omnibus hic idem ? si fœda & seissa lacerna, &c.

c Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,  
 Quam quod ridiculos hemineas facit.

• His beaten scier'd, or poor to the poor,  
Doth patient-wait or undiscov'red more :  
So fierce thence is the bounded main :  
too peaceful scier'd, yet encircle'st by SPAIN :  
Quick set w' right, the happy seas explore,  
And bear oppressing' insolence no more.

• The abominable trait is every where confess'd,  
• **LOW WILLE WORKE, BY POVERTY DEFEST'D :**  
But were more low, where all are slaves to gold,  
Where now are merchandise, and similes are sold ;  
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,  
The grooms retain the favour of his lord.

• But mark ! in' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries :  
Roll through the streets and thunder to the skies :  
Start from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow' ;  
Some pompous palace or some blissful bow'r,  
Sighs at you start, and scarce with aching sight  
Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light ;  
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,  
And leave your little all to flames a prey ;

- ————— Argine facto  
In bucentum olim tenet inigratae Quirites.
- **Haud farta emergunt, quorum virtutibus obfata**  
Per aspera domi, sed Roma durior illis  
Conatus —————
- ————— **Omnis Roma**  
Conspicuo —————
- **Cogitans, & cultus a genit' populi servis**

Then

f Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,  
 For where can starving merit find a home ?  
 In vain your mournful narrative disclose,  
 While all neglect, and most insult your woes.

g Should heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,  
 And spread his flaming palace on the ground,  
 Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,

And public mournings pacify the skies ;  
 The laureat tribe in servile verse relate,  
 How virtue wars with persecuting fate ;

h With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band  
 Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.

See ! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,  
 And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome ;  
 The price of boroughs and of souls restore ;  
 And raise his treasures higher than before.

Now blest'd with all the baubles of the great,  
 The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,  
<sup>1</sup> Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,

And hopes from angry heav'n another fire.

f ————— Ultimus autem

Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum, & frustra rogantem  
 Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoque juvabit.

g Si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,  
 Pullati proceres —————

h Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,  
 Conferat impensas : hic, &c.  
 Hic modum argenti: —————

i ————— McLiora, ac plura reponit  
 Persicus orborum lautissimus. —————

\* Could'ft thou resign the park and play content,  
 For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent ;  
 There might'ft thou find some elegant retreat,  
 Some hireling senator's deserted seat ;  
 And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,  
 For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand ;  
 There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow'rs,  
 Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs ;  
 And, while thy beds a cheap repast afford,  
 Despise the dainties of a venal lord.  
 There every bush with nature's music rings,  
 There every breeze bears health upon its wings ;  
 On all thy hours security shall smile,  
 And bleis thy evening walk and morning toil.

<sup>1</sup> Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,  
 And sign your will before you sup from home.

<sup>m</sup> Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,  
 Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man ;

<sup>k</sup> Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,  
 Aut Fabrateriæ domus, aut Frusinone paratur,  
 Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.  
 Hortulus hic ——————  
 Vive bidentis amans, & culti villicus horti,  
 Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoræis.

<sup>l</sup> ——————Poffis ignavus haberi,  
 Et subiti casus improvidus, ad cœnam si  
 Intestatus eas.

<sup>m</sup> Ebrius et'petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,  
 Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicūm  
 Pelcide—————

Some

Some frolic drûnkard, reeling from a feast,  
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

<sup>a</sup> Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay,  
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way ;  
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,  
Their prudent insults to the poor confine ;  
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,  
And shun the shining train and golden coach.

<sup>b</sup> In vain these dangers past, your doors you close,  
And hope the balmy blessings of repose :  
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,  
The midnight murd'ret bursts the faithless bar ;  
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,  
And plants, unseen, a dagger in your b'ræst.

<sup>c</sup> Scarce can otr fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,  
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.  
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,  
Whose ways and means support the sinking land ;  
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,  
To rig another convoy for the king.

<sup>n</sup> ————— Sed, quamvis improbus amnis,  
Atque mero servens, cavit hunc, quem coccina lîena  
Vitari jubet, et comitum longissimus ordo,  
Multum præterea flammaturum, atque ænea lampas.

<sup>o</sup> Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas : nam qui spoliet te  
Non deerit: clausis domibus, &c.

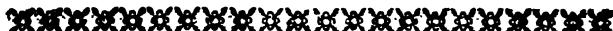
<sup>p</sup> Maximus in vinculis ferri modus : ut timeas ne  
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ et sarcula defint.

¶ A single jail, in ALFRED's golden reign,  
 Could half the nation's criminals contain ;  
 Fair Justice then, without constraint ador'd,  
 Held high the steady scale, but deep'd the sword ;  
 No spies were paid, no special juries known,  
 Blest age ! but ah ! how different from our own !

¶ Much could I add, but see the boat at hand,  
 The tide retiring, calls me from the land :  
 ¶ Farewel !—When youth, and health, and fortune spent,  
 Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent ;  
 And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,  
 In angry numbers warn't succeeding times ;  
 Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,  
 Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade ;  
 In virtue's cause once-more exert his rage,  
 Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

¶ *Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas  
 Secula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis  
 Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romanam.*

¶ His alias poteram, & plures subnecere causas :  
 Sed jumenta vocant. ——————  
 ¶ —————— Ergo vale nostri memor : & quoties te  
 Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,  
 Me quoque ad Elvinam Cererem, vestramque Dianam.  
 Convelle a Cumis : satirarum ego, ni pudet illas,  
 Adjutor gelidas veniam caligatus in agros.



## PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY

Mr. GARRICK.

At the Opening of the Theatre in DRURY-LANE, 1747.

By the Same.

WHEN learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes  
 First rear'd the stage, immortal SHAKESPEARE rose;  
 Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,  
 Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:  
 Existence saw him spurn her bounded reigh,  
 And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:  
 His powerful strokes prefiguring truth impress'd,  
 And unrefuted passion storm'd the breast.

Then JONSON came, instructed from the school,  
 To please in method, and invent by rule;  
 His studious patience, and laborious art,  
 By regular approach assai'd the heart;  
 Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays,  
 For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.  
 A mortal born, he met the general doom,  
 But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,  
 Nor wish'd for JONSON's art, or SHAKSPEARE's flame:  
 Themselves they studied, as they felt their writ;  
 Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.  
 Vice always found a sympathetic friend,  
 They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.  
 Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,  
 And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.  
 Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong,  
 Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long;  
 'Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,  
 And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,  
 For years the power of tragedy declin'd;  
 From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,  
 'Till declamation roar'd, while passion slept.  
 Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,  
 Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.  
 But forc'd at length her ancient reign to quit,  
 She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of Wit:  
 Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day,  
 And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway.

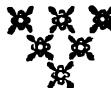
But who the coming changes can presage,  
 And mark the future periods of the stage?  
 Perhaps if skill could distant times explore,  
 New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store.  
 Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,  
 On flying cars new sorcerers may ride.

Perhaps

Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance ?)  
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot, that here by Fortune plac'd,  
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste ;  
With every meteor of caprice must play,  
And chace the new-blown bubbles of the day.  
Ah ! let not censure term our fate our choice ;  
The stage but echoes back the public voice,  
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,  
For we that live to please, must please, to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,  
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die ;  
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence  
Of rescu'd nature and reviving sense ;  
To chace the charms of sound, the pomp of show,  
For useful mirth, and salutary woe ;  
Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,  
And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.



Of ACTIVE and RETIRED LIFE,  
A N E P I S T L E  
T O  
HENRY COVENTRY\*, Esq;  
By WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq;  
First printed in the Year MDCCXXXV.

*Meo quidem iudicio neuter culpandus, alter dum exposit debitos  
titulos, dum alter mavult videri contemptiss.*

PLIN. Ep.

YES, you condemn those sages too refin'd,  
That gravely lecture ere they know mankind ;  
Who whilst ambition's fiercer fires they blame,  
Would damp each useful spark that kindles fame.  
'Tis in false estimates the folly lies ;  
The passion's blameless, when the judgment's wise.  
In vain philosophers with warmth contest,  
Life's secret shade, or open walk is best :  
Each has its separate joys, and each its use :  
This calls the patriot forth, and that the Muse.

\* Author of Philemon to Hydaspe. He died 29th December 1752.

Hence

Hence not alike to all the species, heav'n  
 An equal th'rit of public fame has giv'n :  
 Patrius it forms to shine in action great ;  
 While Decio's talents best adorn retreat.  
 If where Pierian maids delight to dwell,  
 The haunts of silence, and the peaceful cell,  
 Had, fair Astræa ! been thy Talbot's <sup>b</sup> choice,  
 Could lift'ning crowds now hang upon his voice ?  
 And thou, bleit maid, might'it long have wept in vain  
 The distant glories of a second reign,  
 In exile doom'd yet ages to complain.

Were high ambition still the power confess'd  
 That rul'd with equal sway in every breast,  
 Say where the glories of the sacred nine ?  
 Where Homer's verse sublime, or, Milton, thine ?  
 Nor thou, sweet Bard <sup>c</sup> ! who " turn'd the tuneful art,  
 " From sound to sense, from fancy to the heart,"  
 Thy lays instructive to the world hadst giv'n,  
 Nor greatly justify'd the laws of heav'n.  
 Let satire blast with every mark of hate,  
 The vain aspirer, or dishonest Great,  
 Whom love of wealth, or wild ambition's sway  
 Push forward, still regardless of the way ;

<sup>b</sup> Charles Lord Talbot, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.  
 He died 14th February 1737.

<sup>c</sup> Mr. Pope.

High and more high who aim with restless pride,  
 Where neither reason nor fair virtue guide :  
 And him, the wretch, who labours on with pain,  
 For the low lucre of an useless gain,  
 (Wise but to get, and active but to save)  
 May scorn deserv'd still follow to the grave.  
 But he who fond to raise a splendid name,  
 On life's ambitious height would fix his fame,  
 In active arts, or vent'rous arms would thine,  
 Yet shuns the paths which virtue bids decline ;  
 Who dignifies his wealth by gen'rous use,  
 To raise th' oppres'd, or merit to produce ——  
 Shall reason's voice impartial e'er condemn  
 The glorious purpose of so wise an aim ?

Where virtue regulates this just desire,  
 'Twere dangerous folly to suppress its fire.  
 Say, whence could fame supply (its force unknown)  
 Her roll illustrious of fair renown ?  
 What laurels prompt the hero's useful rage ?  
 What prize the patriot's weighty toils engage ?  
 Each public passion bound to endless frost,  
 Each deed of social worth for ever lost.  
 O ! may the Muse inspire the love of praise,  
 Raise the bright passion, but with judgment raise !  
 For this she oft has tun'd her sacred voice,  
 Call'd forth the patriot, and approv'd his choice ;  
 Bid him the steep ascent to honour take,  
 Nor, till the summit gain'd, her paths forsake.

Yet not success alone true fame attends ;  
 He too shall reach it who but well intends.  
 See 'midst the vanquish'd virtuous, Falkland <sup>d</sup> lies ;  
 His gen'rous efforts vain, and vain his sighs ;  
 Yet true to merit faithful records tell  
 To distant ages how the patriot fell :  
 Blest youth ! infur'd the sweetest voice of praise,  
 Who lives approv'd in Pope's unrivall'd lays.  
 Grave precepts fleeting notions may impart,  
 But bright example best instructs the heart :  
 Then look on Patrius, let his conduct shew  
 From active life what various blessings flow.  
 In him a just ambition stands confess'd ;  
 It warms, but not inflames, his equal breast.  
 See him in senates act the patriot's part,  
 Truth on his lips, the public at his heart ;  
 There neither fears can awe, nor hopes control,  
 The honest purpose of his steady soul.  
 No mean attachments e'er seduc'd his tongue  
 To gild the cause his heart suspected wrong ;  
 But deaf to envy, faction, spleen, his voice  
 Joins here or there, as reason guides his choices.  
 To one great point his faithful labours tend,  
 And all his toils in Britain's interest end.

<sup>d</sup> He was killed in the civil wars ; see his character at large in  
 Clarendon's history.

To him each neighbour safe refers his claim,  
 The right he settles, and abates the flame.  
 Nor arts nor worth to Patrius sue in vain,  
 Nor unreliev'd the injur'd e'er complain.  
 For him the hand unseen, are pray'r's prefer'd,  
 And grateful vows in distant temples heard;  
 Like nature's blessings to no part confin'd,  
 His well-pois'd bounty reaches all mankind;  
 That insolence of wealth, the pomp of state  
 Which crowds the mansions of the vainly great,  
 Flies far the limits of his modest gate.  
 Just what is elegantly useful's there;  
 Of aught beyond he scorns th' unworthy care;  
 Nor would, for all the trim that pride can show,  
 One single act of social aid forego;  
 For this he labours to improve his storr, ]  
 For this he wishes to enlarge his pow'r;  
 This is his life's great purpose, end, and aim:  
 Such true ambition is, and worthy fame.

How different Rapax spent his worthless hour!  
 With treasure indigent, a slave with pow'r:  
 Large sums o'erlooking, still intent on more,  
 He wasted, not enjoy'd, his tasteless storr.  
 His growing greatness rais'd his hopes the high'r,  
 And fan'd his restless pride's increasing fire.  
 'Twas thus amidst prosperity he pin'd;  
 For what can fill the false ambitious mind?

With

With all the honours that his prince could give,  
 With all the wealth his av'rice could receive,  
 'Midst outward opulence, but inward care,  
 Reproach and want were all he left his heir.

'Tis true, the patriot well deserves his fame,  
 And from his country just applause may claim.  
 But what avails it to the world beside,  
 That Brutus bravely stab'd, or Curtius dy'd ?  
 While Tully's merit, unconfin'd to place,  
 Diffuses blessings down through all our race ;  
 Remotest times his learned labours reach,  
 And Rome's great moralist ev'n now shall teach.

Averse to public noise, ambition's strife,  
 And all the splendid ills of busy life,  
 Through latent paths, unmark'd by vulgar eye,  
 Are there who wish to pass unheeded by ?  
 Whom calm retirement's sacred pleasures move,  
 The hour contemplative, or friend they love ;  
 Yet not by spleen, or superstition led,  
 Forbear ambition's giddy heights to tread ;  
 Who not inglorious spend their peaceful day,  
 Whilst science, lovely star ! directs their way ?  
 Flows there not something good from such as these ?  
 No useful product from the men of ease ?  
 And shall the Muse no social merit boast ?  
 Are all her vigils to the public lost ?  
 Though noisy pride may scorn her silent toil,  
 Fair are the fruits which bless her happy soil :

There

There every plant of useful produce grows,  
 There science sprang, and thence instruction flows ;  
 There true philosophy erects her school,  
 There plans her problem, and there forms her rule ;  
 There every seed of every art began,  
 And all that eases life, and brightens man.

'Twas hence great Newton, mighty genius ! soar'd,  
 And all creation's wond'rous range explor'd.  
 Far as th' Almighty stretch'd his utmost line,  
 He pierc'd in thought, and view'd the vast design.  
 Too long had darker ages sought in vain  
 The secret scheme of nature to explain ;  
 Too long had truth escap'd each sage's eye,  
 Or faintly shone through vain philosophy :  
 Each shapely offspring of her feeble thought,  
 A darker veil o'er genuine science brought ;  
 Still stubborn facts o'erthrew their fruitless toil ;  
 For truth and fiction who shall reconcile ?  
 But Britain's sons a surer guide pursue ;  
 Thread safe the maze, since Newton gave the clue.  
 Where-e'er he turn'd true Science rear'd her head,  
 While far before her puzzled Ign'rance fled :  
 From each blest truth these noble ends he draw'd,  
 Use to mankind, and to their God applause.  
 Taught by his rules secure the merchant rides,  
 When threat'ning seas roll high their dreadful tides ;  
 And either India speeds her precious stores,  
 'Midst various dangers safe to Britain's shores.

Long

Long as those orbs he weigh'd shall shed their rays,  
His truth shall guide us, and shall last his praise.

Yet if so just the fame, the use so great,  
Systems to poise, and spheres to regulate ;  
To teach the secret well-adapted force,  
That steers of countless orbs th' unvaried course ;  
Far brighter honours wait the nobler part,  
To balance manners, and conduct the heart.  
Order *without* us, what imports it seen,  
If all is restless anarchy within ?  
Fir'd by this thought great Ashley <sup>c</sup>, gen'rous sage,  
Plan'd in sweet leisure his <sup>c</sup> instructive page.  
Not orbs he weighs, but marks, with happier skill,  
The scope of actions and the poise of will :  
In fair proportion here describ'd we trace  
Each mental beauty, and each moral grace ;  
Each useful passion taught, its tone design'd,  
In the nice concord of a well-tun'd mind.  
Does mean self-love contract each social aim ?  
Here public transports shall thy soul inflame.  
Virtue and Deity supremely fair,  
Too oft delineated with looks severe,  
Resume their native smiles and graces here :

{

<sup>c</sup> Anthony Ashley Cowper, third Earl of Shaftesbury.

<sup>t</sup> See the Characteristics, particularly the Enquiry concerning Virtue and the Morslists.

Sooth'd

Sooth'd into love relenting foes admire,  
And warmer raptures every friend inspire.

Such are the fruits which from retirement spring :  
These blessings ease and learned leisure bring.

Yet of the various tasks mankind employ,  
'Tis sure the hardest, leisure to enjoy.  
For one who knows to taste this god-like bliss,  
What countless swarms of vain pretenders miss ?  
Though each dull plodding thing, to ape the wise,  
Ridiculously grave, for leisure sighs,  
(His boasted wish from busy scenes to run)  
Grant him that leisure, and the fool's undone.  
The gods, to curse poor Demea, heard his vow,  
And busines now no more contracts his brow :  
Nor real cares, 'tis true, perplex his breast,  
But thousand fancied ills his peace molest ;  
The slightest trifles solid sorrows prove,  
And the long ling'ring wheel of life scarce seems to move.

Useless in busines, yet unfit for ease,  
Nor skill'd to mend mankind, nor form'd to please,  
Such spurious animals of worthless race  
Live but the public burthen and disgrace :  
Like mean attendants on life's stage are seen,  
Drawn forth to fill, but not conduct the scene.

The mind not taught to think, no useful store  
To fix reflection, dreads the vacant hour.  
Turn'd on its self its numerous wants are seen,  
And all the mighty void that lies within.

Yet cannot wisdom stamp our joys complete ;  
 'Tis conscious virtue crowns the blest retreat.  
 Who feels not that, the private path must shun ;  
 And fly to public view t' escape his own ;  
 In life's gay scenes uneasy thoughts suppress,  
 And lull each anxious care in dreams of peace.  
 'Midst foreign objects not employ'd to roam,  
 Thought, sadly active, still corrodes at home ;  
 A serious moment breaks the false repose,  
 And guilt in all its naked horror shows.

He who would know retirement's joy refin'd,  
 The fair recess must seek with cheerful mind :  
 No Cynic's pride, no bigot's heated brain,  
 No frustrate hope, nor love's fantastic pain,  
 With him must enter the sequester'd cell,  
 Who means with pleasing solitude to dwell ;  
 But equal passions let his bosom rule,  
 A judgment candid, and a temper cool,  
 Enlarg'd with knowledge, and in conscience clear,  
 Above life's empty hopes, and death's vain fear.  
 Such he must be who greatly lives alone ;  
 Such Portio is, in crowded scenes unknown.  
 For public life with every talent born,  
 Portio far off retires with decent scorn ;  
 'Though without business, never unemploy'd,  
 And life, as more at leisure, more enjoy'd :  
 For who like him can various science taste,  
 His mind shall never want an endless feast.

In his blest ev'ning walk may'st thou, may I,  
 Oft friendly join in sweet society ;  
 Our lives like his in one smooth current flow,  
 Nor swell'd with tempest, nor too calmly slow,  
 Whilst he, like some great sage of Rome or Greece,  
 Shall calm each rising doubt, and speak us peace,  
 Correct each thought, each wayward wish controul,  
 And stamp with every virtue all the foul.

Ah ! how unlike is Umbrio's gloomy scene,  
 Estrang'd from all the cheerful ways of men !  
 There superstition works her baneful pow'r,  
 And darkens all the melancholy hour.  
 Unnumber'd fears corrode and haunt his breast,  
 With all that whim or ign'rance can suggest.  
 In vain for him kind nature pours her sweets ;  
 The visionary saint no joy admits,  
 But seeks with pious spleen fantastic woes,  
 And for heav'n's sake heav'n's offer'd good foregoes.

Whate'er's our choice we still with pride prefer,  
 And all who deviate, vainly think must err :  
 Clodio, in books and abstract notions lost,  
 Sees none but knaves and fools in honor's post ;  
 Whilst Syphax, fond on fortune's sea to sail,  
 And boldly drive before the flatt'ring gale,  
 (Forward her dang'rous ocean to explore,)  
 Condemns as cowards those who make the shore.  
 Not so my friend impartial,—man he views  
 Useful in what he shuns as what pursues ;

Sees different turns to general good conspire,  
 The hero's passion and the poet's fire ;  
 Each figure plac'd in nature's wise design,  
 With true proportion and exactest line :  
 Sees lights and shades unite in due degree,  
 And form the whole with fairest symmetry.



## G R O N G A R   H I L L.

Near CAERMARTHEN, South Wales.

By Mr. DYER <sup>a</sup>.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye !  
 Who, the purple ev'ning, lie  
 On the mountain's lonely van,  
 Beyond the noise of busy man,  
 Painting fair the form of things,  
 While the yellow linnet sings ;

Or

<sup>a</sup> Mr. John Dyer was the second son of Robert Dyer of Aberglasney, in Caermarthenshire, a solicitor of great capacity and note. He was born in the year 1700, and received his education at Westminster-school, from whence he returned home, being designed for his father's profession. Disliking the study of the law, he relinquished it on the death of his parent, and having an inclination for painting, became a

Or the tuneful nightingale  
 Charms the forest with her tales ;  
 Come with all thy various hues,  
 Come, and aid thy sister Muse ;  
 Now while Phœbus riding high  
 Gives lustre to the land and sky !  
 Grongar Hill invites my song,  
 Draw the landscape bright and strong ;  
 Grongar, in whose mossy cells  
 Sweetly musing Quiet dwells ;  
 Grongar, in whose silent shade,  
 For the modest Muses made,  
 So oft I have, the evening still,  
 At the fountain of a rill,  
 Sate upon a flow'ry bed,  
 With my hand beneath my head ;

pupil to Mr. Richardson. He then travelled into Italy, continued some time at Rome, and came back to England in 1740. His proficiency as an artist seems to have been but inconsiderable ; and this circumstance, joined to an ill state of health, and the love of study, determined him to the church. He therefore entered into holy orders, and in 1741 obtained the living of Caithorpe, in Leicestershire, on which he lived ten years, and then exchanged it for Belchford, in Lincolnshire. In 1752 he was presented to the rectory of Coningsby, and soon after had that of Kirkby given him in addition. On the two latter he remained during the rest of his life, which ended in July 1758, of a consumptive disorder, which he had struggled with many years.

While

While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,  
 Over mead, and over wood,  
 From house to house, from hill to hill,  
 'Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd fides I wind,  
 And leave his brooks and meads behind,  
 And groves and grottoes where I lay,  
 And vistoes shooting beams of day :  
 Wide and wider spreads the vale ;  
 As circles on a smooth canal ;  
 The mountains round, unhappy fate !  
 Sooner or later, all of height,  
 Withdraw their summits from the skies,  
 And lessen as the others rise ;  
 Still the prospect wider spreads,  
 Adds a thousand woods and meads,  
 Still it widens, widens still,  
 And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,  
 What a landkip lies below !  
 No clouds, no vapours intervene,  
 But the gay, the open scene  
 Does the face of nature show,  
 In all the hues of heaven's bow !  
 And, swelling to embrace the light,  
 Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,  
 Proudly tow'ring in the skies !

Rushing from the woods, the spires  
 Seem from hence ascending fires !  
 Half his beams Apollo sheds  
 On the yellow mountain-heads !  
 Gilds the fleeces of the flocks :  
 And glitters on the broken rocks !  
 Below me trees unnumber'd rise,  
 Beautiful in various dyes :  
 The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,  
 The yellow beech, the fable yew,  
 The slender fir, that taper grows,  
 The sturdy oak, with broad-spread boughs.  
 And beyond the purple grove,  
 Haunt of Phillis, queen of love !  
 Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,  
 Lies a long and level lawn,  
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,  
 Holds and charms the wand'ring eye !  
 Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,  
 His sides are cloath'd with waving wood,  
 And ancient towers crown his brow,  
 That cast an aweful look below ;  
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,  
 And with her arms from falling keeps ;  
 So both a safety from the wind  
 On mutual dependence find.  
 'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;  
 'Tis now th' apartment of the toad ;

And

And there the fox securely feeds ;  
 And there the pois'nous adder breeds,  
 Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds ;  
 While, ever and anon, there falls  
 Huge heaps of hoary-moulder'd walls.  
 Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low,  
 And level lays the lofty brow,  
 Has seen this broken pile compleat,  
 Big with the vanity of state ;  
 But transient is the smile of fate !  
 A little rule, a little sway,  
 A sun-beam in a winter's day,  
 Is all the proud and mighty have  
 Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,  
 Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,  
 Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,  
 Wave succeeding wave, they go  
 A various journey to the deep,  
 Like human life to endless sleep !  
 Thus is nature's vesture wrought,  
 To instruct our wand'ring thought ;  
 Thus she dresses green and gay,  
 To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,  
 When will the landkip tire the view !  
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow,  
 The woody vallies, warm and low ;

The windy summit, wild and high,  
 Roughly rushing on the sky !  
 The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,  
 The naked rock, the shady bow'r ;  
 The town and village, dome and farm,  
 Each give each a double charm,  
 As pearls upon an *Æthiop's* arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,  
 Where the prospect opens wide,  
 Where the evening gilds the tide ;  
 How close and small the hedges lie !  
 What streaks of meadows cross the eye !  
 A step methinks may pass the stream,  
 So little distant dangers seem ;  
 So we mistake the future's face,  
 Ey'd through hope's deluding glass ;  
 As yon summits soft and fair,  
 Clad in colours of the air,  
 Which to those who journey near,  
 Barren, brown, and rough appear ;  
 Still we tread the same coarse way,  
 The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,  
 And never covet what I see !  
 Content me with an humble shade,  
 My passions tam'd, my wishes laid ;  
 For while our wishes wildly roll,  
 We banish quiet from the soul :

\*Tis thus the busy beat the air;  
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,  
As on the mountain-turf I lie;  
While the wanton Zephyr sings,  
And in the vale perfumes his wings;  
While the waters murmur deep;  
While the shepherd charms his sheep;  
While the birds unbounded fly,  
And with music fill the sky,  
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts, be great who will;  
Search for Peace with all your skill:  
Open wide the lofty door,  
Seek her on the marble floor,  
In vain you search, she is not there;  
In vain ye search the domes of care!  
Grafs and flowers Quiet treads,  
On the meads and mountain-heads,  
Along with pleasure, close ally'd,  
Ever by each other's side:  
And often, by the murmur'ring rill,  
Hears the thrush, while all is still,  
Within the groves of Gronger Hill.



THE  
 R U I N S   o f   R O M E.  
 A  
 P   O   E   M.

By the Same.

*Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa,  
 Obrutaque borrenti vasta theatra situ :  
 Hæc sunt Roma. Viden' velut ipsa cadavera tantæ  
 Urbis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas ?*

Janus Vitalis.

**E**NOUGH of Grongar, and the shady dales  
 Of winding Towy, Merlin's fabled haunt,  
 I sung inglorious. Now the love of arts,  
 And what in metal or in stone remains  
 Of proud antiquity, through various realms  
 And various languages and ages fam'd,  
 Bears me remote, o'er Gallia's woody bounds,  
 O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote ; beyond  
 The vale of Arno purpled with the vine,  
 Beyond the Umbrian and Etruscan hills,  
 To Latium's wide champain, forlorn and waste,

Where

Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave  
 Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muse,  
 Yet once again, and soar a loftier flight ;  
 Lo the restless theme, imperial Rome !

Fall'n, fall'n, a silent heap ; her heroes all  
 Sunk in their urns ; behold the pride of pomp,  
 The throne of nations fall'n ; obscur'd in dust ;  
 Ev'n yet majestical ; the solemn scene  
 Elates the soul, while now the rising sun  
 Flames on the ruins in the purer air  
 Tow'ring aloft, upon the glitt'ring plain,  
 Like broken rocks, a vast circumference ;  
 Rent palaces, crush'd columns, rifted moles,  
 Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs.

Deep lies in dust the Theban obelisc, .  
 Immense along the waste ; minuter art,  
 Gliconian forms, or Phidian, subtly fair,  
 O'erwhelming ; as th' immense LEVIATHAN  
 The finny brood, when near Ierne's shore  
 Out-stretch'd, unwieldy, his island length appears  
 Above the foamy flood. Globose and huge,  
 Grey-mould'ring temples swell, and wide o'ercast  
 The solitary landscape, hills, and woods,  
 And boundless wilds ; while the vine-mantled brows  
 The pendent goats unveil, regardless they  
 Of hourly peril, though the clefted domes  
 Tremble to every wind. The pilgrim oft  
 At dead of night, 'mid his oraison hears

Aghast the voice of time, disparting tow'rs,  
 Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd,  
 Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the moon :  
 While murmurs sooth each aweful interval  
 Of ever-falling waters ; shrouded Nile <sup>a</sup>,  
 Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,  
 And palmy Euphrates ; they with dropping locks  
 Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among  
 The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their streams.

Yet here advent'rous in the sacred search  
 Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,  
 Curious and modest, from all climes resort,  
 Grateful society ! with these I raise  
 The toilsome step up the proud Palatin,  
 Through spiry cypres groves, and tow'ring pine,  
 Waving aloft o'er the big ruins brows,  
 On num'rous arches rear'd ; and frequent stopp'd,  
 The sunk ground startles me with dreadful chasm,  
 Breathing forth darkness from the vast profound  
 Of isles and halls, within the mountain's womb.  
 Nor these the nether works ; all these beneath,  
 And all beneath the vales and hills around,  
 Extend the cavern'd sewers, massy, firm,  
 As the Sibylline grot beside the dead  
 Lake of Avernus ; such the sewers huge <sup>b</sup>,

Whither

<sup>a</sup> Fountains at Rome adorned with the statues of those rivers.

<sup>b</sup> " The Cloacæ, which are conveyances for the filth and dirt of the  
 2 " city,

Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms  
 Each wave impure ; and proud with added rains,  
 Hark how the mighty billows lash their vaults,  
 And thunder ; how they heave their rocks in vain !  
 Though now incessant Time has roll'd around  
 A thousand winters o'er the changeful world,  
 And yet a thousand since, th' indignant floods  
 Roar loud in their firm bounds, and dash and swell,  
 In vain ; convey'd to Tiber's lowest wave.

Hence over airy plais, by crystal founts,  
 That weave their glitt'ring waves with tuneful lapse,  
 Among the sleeky pebbles, agate clear,  
 Cerulean ophite, and the flow'ry vein  
 Of orient jasper, pleas'd I move along,  
 And vases boss'd, and huge inscriptive stones,  
 And intermingling vines ; and figur'd nymphs,  
 Floras and Chloes of delicious mould,  
 Cheering the darkness ; and deep empty tombs,  
 And dells, and mould'ring shrines, with old decay  
 Rustic and green, and wide-embow'ring shades,  
 Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding tow'rs ;  
 A solemn wilderness ! With error sweet,  
 I wind the ling'ring step, where'er the path

" city, are a work of very great antiquity, and are called by Pliny  
 " Opus Omnium Maximum, on account of the great capaciousness and  
 " firmness of the vaults. They were eight hundred years old in his  
 " time, being made by Tarquinius Priscus, and continue to this day."  
*Wright's Travels*, 1730, p. 361.

Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot  
 O'er sculptures maim'd has made ; Anubis, Sphinx,  
 Idols of antique guise, and horned Pan,  
 Terrific, monstrous shapes ! prepost'rous gods,  
 Of Fear and Ign'rance, by the sculptor's hand  
 Hewn into form, and worship'd ; as ev'n now  
 Blindly they worship at their breathless mouths <sup>c</sup>  
 In varied appellations : men to these  
 (From depth to depth in dark'ning error fall'n)  
 At length ascrib'd th' INAPPLICABLE NAME.

How doth it please and fill the memory  
 With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand  
 Historic urns and breathing statues rise,  
 And speaking busts ! Sweet Scipio, Marius stern,  
 Pompey superb, the spirit-stirring form  
 Of Cæsar reaptur'd with the charm of rule  
 And boundleis fame ; impatient for exploits,  
 His eager eyes upcast, he soars in thought  
 Above all height : and his own Brutus see,  
 Desponding Brutus, dubious of the right,  
 In evil days, of faith, of public weal  
 Solicitous and sad. The next regard  
 Be Tully's graceful attitude ; uprais'd,  
 His out-stretch'd arm he waves, in act to speak

<sup>c</sup> Several statues of the Pagan gods have been converted into images of saints. See Dr. Middleton's *Letter from Rome*, vol. iii. p. 84. 4to edition of his works.

Before the silent masters of the world,  
 And eloquence arrays him. There behold  
 Prepar'd for combat in the front of war  
 The pious brothers ; jealous Alba stands  
 In fearful expectation of the strife,  
 And youthful Rome intent : the kindred foes  
 Fall on each other's neck in silent tears ;  
 In sorrowful benevolence embrace——  
 Howe'er they soon unsheathe the flashing sword,  
 Their country calls to arms ; now all in vain  
 The mother clasps the knee, and ev'n the fair  
 Now weeps in vain ; their country calls to arms.  
 Such virtue Clelia, Coclæs, Manlius, rous'd ;  
 Such were the Fabii, Decii ; so inspir'd  
 The Scipios battled, and the Gracchi spoke :  
 So rose the Roman state. Me now, of these  
 Deep-musing, high ambitious thoughts inflame  
 Greatly to serve my country, distant land,  
 And build me virtuous fame ; nor shall the dust  
 Of these fall'n piles with shew of sad decay  
 Avert the good resolve, mean argument,  
 The fate alone of matter.——Now the brow  
 We gain entraptur'd ; beautously distinct <sup>4</sup>  
 The num'rous porticoes and domes upswell,  
 With obelisks and columns interpos'd,  
 And pine, and fir, and oak : so fair a scene

<sup>4</sup> From the Palatin hill one sees most of the remarkable antiquities.

Sees not the dervise from the spiral tomb  
 Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds  
 Proud Memphis' reliques o'er th' *Ægyptian* plain ?  
 Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,  
 Though graceful Athens, in the vale beneath,  
 Along the windings of the Muse's stream,  
 Lucid Ilyssus, weeps her silent schools,  
 And groves, unvisited by bard or sage.  
 Amid the tow'ry ruins, huge, supreme,  
 Th' enormous amphitheatre <sup>e</sup> behold,

### Mountainous

<sup>e</sup> Of Vespafian, finished by his son Titus. Wright, in his *Travels*, p. 350, speaking of this building, observes, " The lowest story is pretty much buried. Ficaroli says, he saw an architect of Verona uncover some of the buried part, and found there was an ascent of three ~~steps~~ <sup>steps</sup> to it. All the arches within were covered with ornaments of stucco, of which there are some still remaining. This noble fabric had seats sufficient to contain eighty-five thousand spectators. The seats are all gone, but the slope still remains on which they were placed, almost round the arena. It is built of Tiburtine stone, which has not a fine grain, but is very durable. The outside of about one half is all standing yet, quite up to the top. The body of the amphitheatre, behind the seats, consisted of double galleries, that is, galleries divided with pillars all along the middle of them; each gallery going quite round and inclosing the seats, as they did the arena. There were four stories of these galleries; three of them were properly porticos of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders. The uppermost is adorned with pilasters of the Corinthian or Composite order, and is lighted by windows in the wall between the pilasters, and not laid <sup>" open</sup>

Mountainous pile ! o'er whose capacious womb  
 Pours the broad firmament its varied light ;  
 While from the central floor the seats ascend  
 Round above round, slow-wid'ning to the verge ;  
 A circuit vast and high ; nor less had held  
 Imperial Rome, and her attendant realms ;  
 When drunk with rule she will'd the fierce delight,  
 And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out-rush'd  
 Before th' innumerable shouting crowd  
 The fiery, madded, tyrants of the wilds ;  
 Lions and tygers, wolves and elephants,  
 And desp'rate men, more fell. Abhorrd intent !  
 By frequent converse with familiar death,  
 To kindle brutal daring, apt for war ;  
 To lock the breast, and steel th' obdurate heart,  
 Amid the piercing cries of sore distress  
 Impenetrable.—But away thine eye ;  
 Behold yon sleepy cliff ; the modern pile

" open as the other three are. Some parts of all the galleries are yet  
 " intire, for a considerable extent together, with the several communica-  
 " tions between them; and the seats by the vomitoria (as they called  
 " the mouths of the passages, through which the crowds of people were  
 " poured into the amphitheatre to see the shews;) and such parts as  
 " still remain, give us a sufficient idea of what the whole was when the  
 " circle was compleat. Several of the fornices too, below, under the  
 " seats, where the slaves and wild beasts were kept, that were let out  
 " for combat into the arena, remain pretty entire to this day."

Perchance may now delight, while that rever'd =  
 In ancient days, the page alone declares,  
 Or narrow coin through dim cærulean rust.  
 The fane was Jove's ; its spacious golden roof,  
 O'er thick-surrounding temples beaming wide,  
 Appear'd, as when above the morning hills  
 Half the round sun ascends ; and tow'r'd aloft,  
 Sustain'd by columns huge, innumerous  
 As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights  
 Dark'ning their idols, when Astarte lur'd  
 Too prosp'rous Israel from his living strength.  
 And next regard yon venerable dome,  
 Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim,  
 Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd  
 Pantheon ; plain and round ; of this our world  
 Majestic emblem ; with peculiar grace,

Before

## \* The Capitol.

" " At the other end of the Campo Vaccino, towards the Capitol, are  
 " the small, but noble remains of the temple of Jupiter Stator ; they  
 " are only three Corinthian pillars with their entablature. These  
 " they call the Grammar of the Architects. The tops of the capitals  
 " are become roundish, by their corners being broke off, and the  
 " whole does not seem likely to stand much longer. *Wright's Travels*,  
 p. 256.

" " As St. Peter's is incontestably the noblest piece of modern ar-  
 " chitecture in Italy, so the Pantheon must as certainly be allowed to  
 " be the finest and most perfect remain of the antique ; though it has  
 " undergone some alterations since its first building. The portico at  
 " the entrance, supported by sixteen granite pillars of near five feet  
 " diameter,

Before its ample orb, projected stands  
 The many-pillar'd portal ; noblest work  
 Of human skill : here, curious architect,  
 If thou assay'st, ambitious, to surpass  
 Palladius, Angelus, or British Jones <sup>h</sup>,  
 On these fair walls extend the certain scale,  
 And turn th' instructive compass : careful mark  
 How far in hidden art, the noble plain  
 Extends, and where the lovely forms commence  
 Of flowing sculpture ; nor neglect to note  
 How range the taper columns, and what weight  
 Their leafy brows sustain ; fair Corinth first <sup>i</sup>

Boasted

" diameter, besides pilasters, of the Corinthian order; each of one  
 " piece, makes a most magnificent appearance. Upon the frieze; in  
 " the front, is an inscription in very large capitals, shewing by whom  
 " it was built.

" M. A GRIPPA LF. CONSUL TERTIUM FECIT.

" Marcus Agrippa, the son of Lucius, built it, when Consul  
 " the third time.

" And in the two large niches, on each side the entrance into the  
 " temple, are said to have been two colossal statues, one of the same  
 " Agrippa, the other of Augustus Caesar, his father-in-law." *Wright's  
 Travels*, p. 211.

<sup>h</sup> Inigo Jones.

<sup>i</sup> The invention of this order, most of the moderns, after Vitruvius, ascribe to Callimachus, a Corinthian sculptor, who passing by the tomb of a young lady, over which her nurse had placed a basket with some of

Boasted their order, which Callimachus  
 (Reclining studious on Asopus' banks  
 Beneath an urn of some lamented nymph)  
 Haply compos'd ; the urn with foliage curl'd  
 Thinly conceal'd, the chapter inform'd.

See the tall obelisks from Memphis old,  
 One stone enormous each, or Thebes convey'd ;  
 Like Albion's spires they rush into the skies.  
 And there the temple, where the summon'd state<sup>k</sup>  
 In deep of night conven'd : ev'n yet methinks  
 The veh'ment orator in rent attire  
 Persuasion pours, ambition sinks her crest ;  
 And lo the villain, like a troubled sea,  
 That tosses up her mire ! Ever disguis'd,  
 Shall treason walk ? shall proud oppression yoke  
 The neck of virtue ? Lo the wretch abash'd,  
 Self-betray'd Catiline ! O Liberty,  
 Parent of happiness, celestial born ;  
 When the first man became a living soul,

her play-things, and covered it up from the weather with a tile ; the whole having been placed on a root of *Acanthus*, as it sprung up, the branches encompassed the basket, and bending down at top, under the corners of the tile, formed a kind of volute. Hence Callimachus took his hint : the basket he imitated in the vase of his column ; the leaves in the volutes, and the tile in the abacus of his order.

<sup>k</sup> The temple of Concord, where the senate met, on Catiline's conspiracy.

His sacred genius thou ; be Britain's care ;  
 With her secure, prolong thy lov'd retreat ;  
 Thence blefs mankind ; while yet among her sons,  
 Ev'n yet there are, to shield thine equal laws,  
 Whose bosoms kindle at the sacred names  
 Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walsingham, and **Drake**.  
 May others more delight in tuneful airs ;  
 In masque and dance excel ; to sculptur'd stone  
 Give with superior skill the living look ;  
 More pompous piles erect, or pencil soft  
 With warmer touch the visionary board :  
 But thou, thy nobler Britons teach to rule ;  
 To check the ravage of tyrannic sway ;  
 To quell the proud ; to spread the joys of peace  
 And various blessings of ingenious trade.  
 Be these our arts ; and ever may we guard,  
 Ever defend thee with undaunted heart,  
 Inestimable good ! who giv'st us Truth,  
 Whose hand upleads to light, divinest Truth,  
 Array'd in every charm : whose hand benign  
 Teaches unwearied toil to cloath the fields,  
 And on his various fruits inscribes the name  
 Of Property : O nobly hail'd of old  
 By thy majestic daughters, Judah fair,  
 And Tyrus and Sydonia, lovely nymphs,  
 And Libya bright, and all-enchanting Greece,  
 Whose numerous towns and isles, and peopled seas,  
 Rejoic'd around her lyre ; th' heroic note

(Smit with sublime delight) Ausonia caught,  
 And plan'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign  
 Reard up her tow'ry battlements in strength ;  
 Bent her wide bridges o'er the swelling stream  
 Of Tuscan Tiber ; thine those solemn domes  
 Devoted to the voice of humble pray'r ;  
 And thine those piles undeck'd, capacious, vast<sup>1</sup>,  
 In days of dearth, where tender Charity  
 Dispens'd her timely succours to the poor.  
 Thine too those musically falling founts  
 To slake the clammy lip ; adown they fall,  
 Musical ever ; while from yon blue hills  
 Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts<sup>2</sup>  
 Turn their innumerable arches o'er  
 The spacious desert, bright'ning in the sun,  
 Proud and more proud, in their august approach :

## 3 The public granaries.

<sup>1</sup> The old aqueduct of *Ancus Martius*, was brought over high narrow arches, the remains of which are seen in several places, and in some without any interruption for a long way together. That of *Claudius*, and the rest of the ancient aqueducts, were carried over the like narrow arches, as appears by what is left of them. Several of these being decayed, were restored by some of the first Emperors, to which others were afterwards added. And instead of such as have since that time failed, a rich supply has been made by *Sextus V.* and *Paul V.* of the *Acqua Felice* and *Paula*. Some of the ancient aqueducts brought the waters above sixty miles, and the more modern above thirty.

High

High o'er istigous vales and woods and towns,  
 Glide the soft whispering waters in the wind,  
 And here united pour their silver streams  
 Among the figur'd rocks, in murmur'ring falls,  
 Musical ever. These thy beauteous works :  
 And what beside felicity could tell  
 Of human benefit : more late the rest ;  
 At various times their turrets chanc'd to rise,  
 When impious tyranny vouchsaf'd to smile.

Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome a  
 Couches beneath the ruins : there of old  
 With arms and trophies gleam'd the field of Mars ;  
 There to their daily sports the noble youth  
 Rush'd emulous ; to fling the pointed lance ;  
 To vault the steed ; or with the kindling wheel  
 In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling goal ;  
 Or wrestling, cope with adverse swelling breasts,  
 Strong, grappling arms, clos'd heads, and distant feet ;  
 Or clash the lifted gauntlets - there they form'd  
 Their ardent virtues : lo the bossy piles,  
 The proud triumphal arches ; all their wars,  
 Their conquests, honours, in the sculptures live.  
 And see from every gate those ancient roads,  
 With tombs high-verg'd, the solemn paths of Fame ;  
 Deserve they not regard ? O'er whose broad flints  
 Such crowds have roll'd, so many storms of war ,

Modern Rome stands chiefly on the old Campus Martius.

Such trains of consuls, tribunes, sages, kings ;  
 So many pomps ; so many wond'ring realms :  
 Yet still through mountains pierc'd, o'er vallies rais'd,  
 In even state, to distant seas around,  
 They stretch their pavements. Lo the fane of Peace <sup>o</sup>,  
 Built by that prince, who to the trust of pow'r  
 Was honest, the delight of human kind.  
 Three nodding isles remain : the rest an heap  
 Of sand and weeds : her shrines, her radiant roofs,  
 And columns proud, that from her spacious floor,  
 As from a shining sea, majestic rose  
 An hundred foot aloft, like stately beech  
 Around the brim of Dion's glassy lake,  
 Charming the mimic painter : on the walls  
 Hung Salem's sacred spoils ; the golden board,  
 And golden trumpets, now conceal'd, entomb'd  
 By the funk roof.—O'er which in distant view  
 Th' Etruscan mountains swell, with ruins crown'd  
 Of ancient towns ; and blue Sora's spires,  
 Wrapping his sides in tempests. Eastward hence,

<sup>o</sup> Begun by Vespasian, and finished by Titus. "The greatest part of  
 " it lies in ruins. What now appears, seems to be one side of what  
 " the ancient temple was, and as it were a section of it. It consists of  
 " three great arches or vaults, and was esteemed the finest temple of  
 " old Rome. Here were lodged the spoils that were brought from the  
 " temple of Jerusalem : and it abounded afterwards with an infinity of  
 " other riches." *Wright's Travels*, p. 231.

Nigh where the Cestian pyramid divides  
 The mould'ring wall, behold yon fabric huge,  
 Whose dust the solemn antiquarian turns,  
 And thence, in broken sculptures cast abroad  
 Like Sibyl's leaves, collects the builder's name  
 Rejoic'd, and the green medals frequent found  
 Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame:  
 The stately pines, that spread their branches wide  
 In the dun ruins of its ample halls,  
 Appear but tufts; as may whate'er is high  
 Sink in comparison, minute and vile.

These, and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift,  
 Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks  
 On Merlin's mount, or Snowden's rugged sides,  
 Stand in the clouds, their branches scatter'd round,  
 After the tempest; Mausoleums, Cirques,

The pyramid of Cestius, all built of white marble, stands half  
 within, and half without the wall of Rome, near the Porta Tergo-  
 mina. There are some antique paintings still within. The lower  
 part of this pyramid was a good deal buried, till Alexander VII. took  
 away the earth from about it; at which time were found lying along,  
 the two pillars that are now set up at the two corners of the pyramid,  
 within the city wall. *Wright's Travels*, p. 358.

The baths of Caracalla. Of these there are many high walls,  
 which inclose large spacious courts, and several great arches, now stand-  
 ing. Wright, in his Travels, p. 352, says there were in these baths  
 sixteen hundred seats of marble, for those that bathed to sit in, in order  
 to be cleansed with the *frigids*, brushes, &c.

Naumachios,

Naumachios, Forums ; Trajan's<sup>1</sup> column tall,  
 From whose low base the sculptures wind aloft,  
 And lead through various toils, up the rough steep,  
 Its hero to the skies : and his dark tow'r<sup>2</sup>,  
 Whose execrable hand the city fir'd,  
 And while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd,  
 Play'd to the flames ; and Phœbus' letter'd dome<sup>3</sup>,  
 And the rough reliques of Carinae's street,  
 Where now the shepherd to his nibbling sheep  
 Sits piping with his oaten reed ; as erst  
 There pip'd the shepherd to his nibbling sheep,  
 When th' humble roof Anchises' son explor'd  
 Of good Evander, wealth-despising king<sup>4</sup> ;  
 Amid the thicketts : so revolves the scene ;

<sup>1</sup> Trajan's pillar was of white marble, or what was once so, though time has considerably changed its colour. The shaft of it is above twelve foot diameter at the lower end, and ten foot and an half at the upper, and the plinth of the base one and twenty foot square. On the outside are carved the figures in a continual spiral, going round the pillar from the bottom to the top : and within is hollowed out of the solid stone, a stair-case, winding round a solid newel or pillar of the same stone, left in the middle for that purpose. The lights are very narrow on the outside, that they might break in as little as possible upon the train of figures in the basso relievos, but are widened much within, so as to diffuse what light there does come through ; and 'tis sufficient to enlighten the stairs.

<sup>2</sup> Nero's.

<sup>3</sup> The Pantheon Library.

<sup>4</sup> Virgil's Aeneid, B. 8.

So time ordains, who rolls the things of pride  
 From dust again to dust. Behold that heap  
 Of mould'ring urns (their ashes blown away,  
 Dust of the mighty) the same story tell ;  
 And at its base, from whence the serpent glides  
 Down the green desert street, yon hoary monk  
 Laments the same, the vision as he views,  
 The solitary, silent, solemn scene,  
 Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits lie,  
 Blended in dust together ; where the slave  
 Rests from his labours ; where th' insulting proud  
 Resigns his pow'r ; the miser drops his hoard ;  
 Where human folly sleeps.—There is a mood,  
 (I sing not to the vacant and the young)  
 There is a kindly mood of melancholy,  
 That wings the soul, and points her to the skies ;  
 When tribulation cloaths the child of man,  
 When age descends with sorrow to the grave,  
 'Tis sweetly-soothing sympathy to pain,  
 A gently wak'ning call to health and ease.  
 How musical ! when all-devouring Time,  
 Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,  
 While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,  
 How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy !  
 Cool ev'ning comes ; the setting sun displays  
 His visible great round between yon tow'rs,  
 As through two shady cliffs ; away, my Muse,  
 Though yet the prospect pleases, ever new

In vast variety, and yet delight  
 The many-figur'd sculptures of the path  
 Half beauteous, half effac'd ; the traveller  
 Such antique marbles to his native land  
 Oft hence conveys ; and every realm and state  
 With Rome's august remains, heroes and gods,  
 Deck their long galleries and winding groves ;  
 Yet miss we not th' innumerable thefts,  
 Yet still profuse of graces teems the waste.

Suffice it now th' Esquilian mount to reach  
 With weary wing, and seek the sacred resis  
 \* Of Maro's humble tenement ; a low  
 Plain wall remains ; a little sun-gilt heap,  
 Grotesque and wild ; the gourd and olive brown  
 Weave the light roof ; the gourd and olive fan  
 Their am'rous foliage, mingling with the vine,  
 Who drops her purple clusters through the green.  
 Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy sooth'd :  
 Here flow'd his fountain ; here his laurels grew ;  
 Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard,  
 Fram'd the celestial song, or social walk'd

\* " I will say nothing (says bishop Burnet. See his Travels, letter 4)  
 " of the Amphitheatre, or of Cicero and Virgil's houses, for which  
 " there is nothing but a dubious tradition. They are ancient brick  
 " buildings of the Roman way, and the vaults of Virgil's house are  
 " still entire."

With Horace and the ruler of the world ;  
 Happy Augustus ! who so well inspir'd  
 Could'st throw thy pomps and royalties aside,  
 Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,  
 And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,  
 Auspicious to the Muses ! then rever'd,  
 Then hallow'd was the fount, or secret shade,  
 Or open mountain, or whatever scene  
 The poet chose to tune th' ennobling rhyme  
 Melodious ; ev'n the rugged sons of war,  
 Ev'n the rude hinds rever'd the poet's name :  
 But now—another age, alas ! is ours—  
 Yet will the Muse a little longer soar,  
 Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wing,  
 Since nature's stores are shut with cruel hand,  
 And each aggrieves his brother ; since in vain  
 The thirsty pilgrim at the fountain asks  
 Th' o'erflowing wave—Enough—the plaint disdain.—

See'st thou yon fane<sup>r</sup> ev'n now incessant Time  
 Sweeps her low mould'ring marbles to the dust ;  
 And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,  
 Threatens huge ruin o'er the small rotund.  
 'Twas there beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,  
 Th' astonish'd swains with reverend awe beheld

<sup>r</sup> The temple of Romulus and Remus under mount Palatin. It is now the church of St. Cosmus and St. Damianus. *Wright* says, the old hæzen gates were remaining when he was at Rome.

Thee,

Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin;  
 Pressing the teat within a monster's grasp  
 Sportive; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf  
 Turn'd her stretch'd neck, and firm'd your tender limbs!  
 So taught of Jove, ev'n the fell savage fed  
 Your sacred infancies, your virtues, toils,  
 The conquests, glories, of th' Ausonian state,  
 Wrapp'd in their secret seeds. Each kindred soul,  
 Robust and stout, ye grapple to your hearts,  
 And little Rome appears. Her cots arise,  
 Green twigs of osier weave the slender walls;  
 Green rushes spread the roofs; and here and there  
 Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.  
 Elate with joy Etruscan Tiber views  
 Her spreading scenes enamelling his waves,  
 Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,  
 And gath'ring swains; and rolls his yellow ear  
 To Neptune's court with more majestic train.  
 Her speedy growth alarm'd the states around  
 Jealous, yet soon by wond'rous virtue won,  
 They sink into her bosom. From the plough  
 Rose her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd,  
 Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers;  
 For then no private pomp, no household state,  
 The public only swell'd the gen'rous breast.  
 Who has not heard the Fabian heroes sung?  
 Dentatus' scars, or Mutius' flaming hand?  
 How Manlius sav'd the Capitol? the choice

Of steady Regulus ? As yet they stood,  
 Simple of life ; as yet seducing wealth  
 Was unexplor'd, and shame of poverty  
 Yet unimagin'd.—Shine not all the fields,  
 With various fruitage ? murmur not the brooks  
 Along the flow'ry vallies ? They, content,  
 Feasted at nature's hand, indelicate,  
 Blithe, in their easy taste ; and only sought  
 To know their duties ; that their only strife,  
 Their gen'rous strife, and greatly to perform.  
 They through all shapes of peril and of pain,  
 Intent on honour, dar'd in thickest death  
 To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,  
 Nor Thrasymenè, nor Cannæ's bloody field,  
 Their dauntless courage ; storming Hannibal  
 In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd,  
 The thunder of the battle they return'd  
 Back on his Punic shores : 'till Carthage fell,  
 And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd  
 With precious spoils : alas prosperity !  
 Ah baneful state ! yet ebb'd not all their strength  
 In soft luxurious pleasures ; proud desire  
 Of boundless sway, and fev'rish thirst of gold,  
 Rous'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,  
 Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm  
 Half-rais'd her rusty shield ; nor could avail  
 The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart ;

Nor yet the car of that fam'd British chief<sup>2</sup>,  
 Which seven brave years beneath the doubtful wing,  
 Of vict'ry, dreadful roll'd its griding wheels  
 Over the bloody war : the Roman arms  
 Triumph'd, 'till Fame was silent of their foes.

And now the world unrivall'd they enjoy'd  
 In proud security : the crested helm,  
 The plated greave and corselet hung unbrac'd ;  
 Nor clank'd their arms, the spear and sounding shield,  
 But on the glitt'ring trophy to the wind.

Diffolv'd in ease and soft delights they lie,  
 'Till every sun annoys, and every wind  
 Has chilling force, and every rain offends :  
 For now the frame no more is girt with strength  
 Masculine, nor in lustiness of heart  
 Laughs at the winter storm, and summer beam,  
 Superior to their rage : enfeebling vice  
 Withers each nerve, and opens every pore  
 To painful feeling : flow'ry bow'rs they seek  
 (As æther prompts, as the sick sense approves)  
 Or cool Nymphæan grots ; or tepid baths  
 (Taught by the soft Ionians) they, along  
 The lawny vale, of every beauteous stone,  
 Pile in the roseat air with fond expence :  
 Through silver channels glide the vagrant waves,

■ *Caractacus.*

And

And fall on silver beds crystalline down,  
 Melodious murmuring ; while luxury  
 Over their naked limbs, with wanton hand,  
 Sheds roses, odours, sheds unheeded bane.

Swift is the flight of wealth ; unnumber'd wants,  
 Brood of voluptuousness, cry out aloud  
 Necessity, and seek the splendid bribe.  
 The citron board, the bowl emboss'd with gems,  
 And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around  
 Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand,  
 Corinthian Thericles ; whate'er is known.  
 Of rarest acquisition ; Tyrian garbs,  
 Neptunian Albion's high testaceous food,  
 And flavour'd Chian wines with incense fum'd  
 To slake Patrician thirst : for these, their rights  
 In the vile streets they prostitute to sale ;  
 Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,  
 Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,  
 Is there no villain, that will bind the neck  
 Stretch'd to the yoke ? they come ; the market throngs,  
 But who has most by fraud or force amass'd ?  
 Who most can charm corruption with his doles ?  
 He be the monarch of the state ; and lo !  
 Didius, vile us'rer, through the crowd he mounts \*,  
 Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cow'rs,

\* Didius Julianus, who bought the empire. See Gibbon's *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. i. p. 131.

And the red arrows fill his grasp uncouth.  
 O Britons, O my countrymen, beware,  
 Gird, gird your hearts; the Romans once were free,  
 Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny howe'er  
 Deign'd to walk forth awhile in pageant state,  
 And with licentious pleasures fed the rout,  
 The thoughtless many: to the wanton sound  
 Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the shade  
 Sung Cæsar, great and terrible in war,  
 Immortal Cæsar! lo, a God, a God,  
 He cleaves the yielding skies! Cæsar mean while  
 Gathers the ocean pebbles; or the gnat  
 Enrag'd pursues; or at his lonely meal  
 Starves a wide province, tastes, dislikes, and flings  
 To dogs and sycophants: a God, a God!  
 The flow'ry shades and shrines obscene return.

But see along the north the tempest swell  
 O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their snows!  
 Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,  
 Rush as the breach of waters, whelming all  
 Their domes, their villas; down the festive piles,  
 Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,  
 And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.

Vain end of human strength, of human skill,  
 Conquest, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,  
 And ease and luxury! O luxury,  
 Bane of elated life, of affluent states,  
 What dreary change, what ruin is not thine?

How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind !  
 To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave  
 How dost thou lure the fortunate and great ?  
 Dreadful attraction ! while behind thee gapes  
 Th' unfathomable gulph where Ashur lies  
 O'erwhelm'd, forgotten ; and high-boasting Cham ;  
 And Elam's haughty pomp ; and beauteous Greece ;  
 And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome.





## THE SCHOOL - MISTRESS.

A P O E M,

In I M I T A T I O N of S P E N S E R.

By WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq; <sup>a</sup>

*Audite voces, vagitus & ingens,  
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo. VIRG.*

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### A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*What particulars in Spenser were imagin'd most proper for the Author's imitation on this occasion, are his language, his simplicity, his manner of description, and a peculiar tenderness of sentiment remarkable throughout his works.*

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#### I.

**A**H me ! full sorely is my heart forlorn,  
To think how modest worth neglected lies ;  
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn  
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise ;

Deeds.

<sup>a</sup> William Shenstone, Esq; was born at the Leafowes, in the parish of Hales Owen, and county of Salop, Nov. 1714. He was taught to read by

Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise !  
 Lend me thy clarion, goddess ! let me try  
 To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies ;  
 Such as I oft have chaunced to espy,  
 Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

## II.

In every village, mark'd with little spire,  
 Embow'r'd in trees, and hardly known to Fame,  
 There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,  
 A matron old, whom we school-mistress name ;

by the old dame whom he has delivered to posterity in the present poem, after which, he went some time to the grammar-school in Hales Owen, then to Mr. Crompton, an eminent schoolmaster at Solihul, and in 1732 was entered a commoner of Pembroke College, Oxford. He continued his name at the University ten years, but took no degree, nor made the slightest effort to engage in any profession. After spending a few years with great inattention to his fortune, and much to the injury of it, he, about the year 1745, went to reside upon his estate, which he ornamented with so much taste, that it became one of the chief objects of curiosity, to those whom business or pleasure called to that part of the kingdom. Unfortunately for Mr. Shenstone, his income was not equal to the expence which his improvements demanded. He embarrassed his circumstances, and dragged out the latter part of his life discontentedly, and in distress. It is said, that if he had lived a little longer, he would have been assisted by a pension, which death prevented him from enjoying. He died at the Leasowes, of a putrid fever, about five on Friday morning, Feb. 11, 1763, and was buried in the church-yard of Hales Owen.

Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame.  
 They grieveen sore, in piteous durance pent,  
 Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame :  
 And oft-times on vagaries idly bent,  
 For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

## III.

And all in gight doth rise a birchen tree,  
 Which Learning near her little dome did flowe ;  
 Whilom a twig of small regard to see,  
 Though now so wide its waving branches flow ;  
 And work the simple vassals mickle woe ;  
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,  
 But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low ;  
 And, as they look'd, they found their horror grew,  
 And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

## IV.

So have I seen (who has not may conceive,)  
 A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd :  
 So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,  
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast ;  
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast :  
 Sad servitude ! such comfortless annoy  
 May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste !  
 Ne Superstition clog his dance of joy,  
 Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

## V.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,  
 On which the tribe their gambols do display ;  
 And at the door impris'ning board is seen,  
 Left weakly wights of smaller size should stray ;  
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day !  
 The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,  
 Do Learning's little tenement betray :  
 Where sits the dame, disquis'd in look profound,  
 And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around,

## VI.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,  
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield :  
 Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,  
 As is the Hare-bell that adorns the field :  
 And in her hand, for scepter, she does wield  
 Tway birchen sprays ; with anxious Fear entwin'd,  
 With dark Distrust, and sad Repentance fill'd ;  
 And stedfast Hate, and sharp Affliction join'd,  
 And Fury uncontroul'd, and Chastisement unkind.

## VII.

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,  
 The childish faces of old Eol's train ;  
*Libs, Notus, Auster* : these in frowns array'd,  
 How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,

Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein ?  
 And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,  
 And were not she her statutes to maintain,  
 The cott no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,  
 Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

## VIII.

A russet frole was o'er her shoulders thrown ;  
 A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air ;  
 'Twas simple russet, but it was her own ;  
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair ;  
 'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare ;  
 And sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,  
 Through pious awe, did term it passing rare ;  
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,  
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

## IX.

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,  
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear ;  
 Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,  
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear ;  
 Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear ;  
 Ne would esteem him ait as mought behove,  
 Who should not honour'd eld with these revere :  
 For never title yet so mean could prove,  
 But there was eke a Mind which did that title love.

## X. One

## X.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,  
 The plodding pattern of the busy dame ;  
 Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,  
 Into her school, begirt with chickens, came ;  
 Such favour did her past deportment claim :  
 And, if Neglect had lavish'd on the ground  
 Fragment of bread, she would collect the same ;  
 For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,  
 What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

## XI.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,  
 That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry dew ;  
 Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak ;  
 But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,  
 Of grey renown, within those borders grew :  
 The tufted Basil, pun-provoking Thyme,  
 Fresh Baum, and Mary-gold of cheerful hue ;  
 The lowly Gill that never dares to climb ;  
 And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

## XII.

Yet Euphrasy may not be left unsung,  
 That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around ;  
 And pungent Radish, biting infant's tongue ;  
 And Plantain ribb'd that heals the reaper's wound ;

And

And Mar'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie found ;  
 And Lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom  
 Shall be, ere while, in arid bundles bound,  
 To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,  
 And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume.

## XIII.

And here trim Rosmarine, that whilom crown'd  
 The daintiest garden of the proudest peer ;  
 Ere, driven from its envy'd site, it found  
 A sacred shelter for its branches here ;  
 Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear.  
 Oh wassel days ; O customs meet and well !  
 Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere ;  
 Simplicity then fought this humble cell,  
 Nor ever would She more with thane and lordling dwell.

## XIV.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,  
 Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete.  
 If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave ;  
 But in her garden found a summer seat.  
 Sweet melody ! to hear her then repeat  
 How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,  
 While taunting foe-men did a song intreat,  
 All, for the Nonce, untuning ev'ry string,  
 Up hung their useless lyres — small heart had they to sing.

## XV. For

## XV.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,  
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed ;  
 And, in those Elfin's ears, would oft ~~deplore~~  
 The times, when Truth by popish rage did bleed ;  
 And tortious death was true Devotion's meed ;  
 And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,  
 That would on wooden image place her creed ;  
 And lawny hints in smould'ring flames did burn :  
 Ah ! dearest Lord, forefend, thilk days should e'er return.

## XVI.

In elbow chair, like that of Scottish stem  
 By the sharp tooth of cank'ring eld defac'd,  
 In which, when he receives his diadem,  
 Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,  
 The matron fate ; and some with rank she grac'd,  
 (The source of children's and of courtier's pride !)  
 Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd ;  
 And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,  
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

## XVII.

Right well she knew each temper to descry ;  
 To thwart the proud, and the submis to raise ;  
 Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,  
 And some entice with pittance small of praise ;

And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays ;  
 Ev'n absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,  
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways ;  
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,  
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

## XVIII.

Lo now with state she utters the command ;  
 Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair ;  
 Their books of stature small they take in hand,  
 Which with pellucid horn secured are,  
 To save from finger wet the letters fair :  
 The work so gay, that on their backs is seen,  
 St. George's high achievements does declare ;  
 On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,  
 Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween !

## XIX.

Ah luckles he, and born beneath the beam  
 Of evil star ! it irks me whilst I write !  
 As erst the <sup>b</sup> bard by Mulla's filver stream,  
 Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,  
 Sigh'd as he fung, and did in tears indite.  
 For brandishing the rod, she doth begin  
 To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight !  
 And down they drop ; appears his dainty skin,  
 Fair as the fury coat of whitest Ermilin.

<sup>b</sup> Spenser.

## XX. O

## XX.

O ruthful scene ! when from a nook obscure,  
 His little foster doth his peril see :  
 All playful as the fate, she grows demure ;  
 She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee :  
 She meditates a pray'r to set him free :  
 Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,  
 (If gentle pardon could with dames agree)  
 To her sad grief that swells in either eye,  
 And wrings her so that all for pity she could dye.

## XXI.

Nor longer can she now her shrieks command ;  
 And hardly she forbears, through aweful fear,  
 To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,  
 To stay harsh justice in its mid career.  
 On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear !  
 (Ah ! too remote to ward the shameful blow !)  
 She sees no kind domestic visage near,  
 And soon a flood of tears begins to flow ;  
 And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

## XXII.

But ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace ?  
 Or what device his loud laments explain ?  
 The form uncouth of his disguised face ?  
 The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?

Ah ! better far than all the Muses' lyres,  
 All coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat ;  
 The firm fixt breast which Fit and Right requires,  
 Like Vernon's <sup>c</sup> patriot soul ; more justly great  
 Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.

## XXVIII.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear !  
 Ev'n now sagacious Foresight points to show  
 A little bench of heedless bishops here,  
 And there a chancellour in embryo,  
 Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,  
 As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall dye !  
 Though now he crawl along the ground so low,  
 Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,  
 Wisheth, poor starvling elf ! his paper-kite may fly.

## XXIX.

And this perhaps, who, cens'ring the design,  
 Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,  
 Shall Dennis <sup>d</sup> be ! if rigid fates incline,  
 And many an Epic to his rage shall yield :

<sup>c</sup> Edward Vernon, Esq; at the time this poem was published, a very popular character, on account of the recent capture of Porto Bello.

<sup>d</sup> John Dennis, the celebrated critic.

And many a poet quit th' Aonian field ;  
 And, four'd by age, profound he shall appear,  
 As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd  
 Survey's mine work ; and levels many a sneer,  
 And furls his wrinkly front, and cries " What stuff is here ? "

## XXX.

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle skie,  
 And Liberty unbars their prison-door ;  
 And like a rushing torrent out they fly,  
 And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er  
 With boist'rous revel rout and wild uproar ;  
 A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,  
 Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore !  
 For well may Freedom, erst so dearly won,  
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

## XXXI.

Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your sportive trade ;  
 And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs ;  
 For when my bones in graft-green sods are laid ;  
 For never may ye taste more careleſs hours  
 In knightly castles, or in ladies bow'rs.  
 O vain to seek delight in earthly thing !  
 But most in courts where proud Ambition tow'rs :  
 Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace can spring  
 Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

## XXXII.

See in each sprite some various bent appear !  
 These rudely carol most incondite lay ;  
 Those saunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer  
 Salute the stranger passing on his way ;  
 Some building fragile tenements of clay ;  
 Some to the standing lake their courses bend,  
 With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play ;  
 Thilk to the huxter's fav'ry cottage tend,  
 In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

## XXXIII.

Here as each season yields a different store,  
 Each season's stores in order ranged been ;  
 Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,  
 Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen ;  
 And goose-b'rie clad in liv'ry red or green ;  
 And here of lovely die, the Cath'rine pear,  
 Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice, I ween :  
 O may no wight e'er penny-less come there,  
 Left smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care ?

## XXXIV.

See ! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,  
 With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,  
 Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,  
 With paraper'd look draw little eyes aside ;

And

And must be bought though penury betide.  
The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,  
And here each season, do those cakes abide,  
Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,  
Rend'ring through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known\*.

XXXV.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride  
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,  
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils tried,  
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave;  
Ah! 'midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave,  
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!  
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,  
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray;  
Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their way!

\* Shrewsbury Cakes.



THE  
ART of POLITICKS, :  
In Imitation of  
HORACE's ART of POETRY.

By the Reverend Mr. BRAMSTON<sup>a</sup>.

**I**F to an human face Sir James<sup>b</sup> should draw  
A horse's mane, and feathers of maccaw,

<sup>a</sup> Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
Jungere si velit, & varias inducere plumas,  
Undique collatis membris ; ut turpiter atrum  
Definat in pisces mulies formosae superne ;  
Spectatum admitti, risum teneatis, amici ?  
Credite, Pifones, isti tabulæ fore librum  
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ  
Fingentur species—Pictoribus atque Poetis  
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas ;  
Scimus, & hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim ;  
Sed non ut placidis coœant immixta, non ut  
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.

<sup>a</sup> Vicar of Starting, in Sussex. He was of Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degree of M. A. April 5, 1720. He died the 16th of March 1744.

<sup>b</sup> Sir James Thornhill, the painter.

A lady's

A lady's bosom, and a tail of cod,  
 Who could help laughing at a sight so odd?  
 Just such a monster, Sirs, pray think before ye,  
 When you behold one man both Whig and Tory.  
 Not more extravagant are drunkards dreams,  
 Than Low-church politics with High-church schemes.  
 Painters, you'll say, may their own fancies use,  
 And free-born Britons may their party chuse :  
 That's true, I own : but can one piece be drawn  
 For dove and dragon, elephant and fawn ?  
<sup>2</sup> Speakers, profess'd, who gravity pretend,  
 With motley sentiments their speeches blend ;  
 Begin like patriots, and like courtiers end.  
 Some love to roar the constitution's broke,  
 And others on the nation's debts to joke :  
 Some rail, (they hate a commonwealth so much,)  
 Whate'er the subject be, against the Dutch ;

<sup>2</sup> Incōptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis  
 Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus & alter  
 Assiuitur pannus ; cum lucus, & ara Dianæ,  
 Aut properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,  
 Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.  
 Sed nūc non erat his locus : & f rtaffe cupressum  
 Scis simulare ; quid hoc, si fractis enatat ex pes  
 Navibus, sere dato qui pingitur ? amphora cœpit  
 Institui ; currente rota cur urceus exit ?  
 Denique sit quidvis, simplex duntaxat & unum.

While others, with more fashionable fury,  
 Begin with turnpikes, and conclude with Fleury.  
 Some, when th' affair was Blenheim's glorious battle,  
 Declaim'd against importing Irish cattle :  
 But you, from whate'er side you take your name,  
 Like Anna's motto, always be the same.

<sup>3</sup> Outsides deceive, 'tis hard the truth to know,  
 Parties from quaint denominations flow,  
 As Scotch and Irish antiquaries show.  
 The low are said to take Fanatics parts,  
 The high are bloody Papists in their hearts.  
 Caution and fear to highest faults have run ;  
 In pleasing both the parties, you please none.  
 Who in the house affects declaiming airs,  
 Whales in Change-alley paints: in Fish-street, bears.

<sup>3</sup> Decipimur specie recti; brevis esse labore,  
 Obscurus fio; fextantem lœvia nervi  
 Deficiunt animique; professus grandis, turget.  
 Qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam,  
 Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.  
 In vitiis dicit culposa fuga, si caret arte.  
 Æmilium circa ludum fatigatus & unguis  
 Exprimet, & molles imitabitur sere capillos;  
 Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum  
 Nesciet; hunc ego me, si quid componere curram,  
 Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere nato,  
 Specundum nigris oculis nigroque capillo.

Some metaphors, some handkerchiefs display,  
 These peep in hats, while those with buttons play,  
 And make me think it Repetition-day ;  
 There knights haranguing hug a neigb'ring post,  
 And are but quorum orators at most.  
 So ner than thus my want of sense expose,  
 I'll deck out bandy-legs with gold-clock'd hose,  
 Or wear a toupet-wig without a nose.  
 Nay, I would sooner have thy phyz, I swear,  
 Surintendant des plaisirs d'Angleterre <sup>c</sup>.

4 Ye weekly writers of seditious news,  
 Take care your subjects artfully to chuse,

4 Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, squam  
 Viribus; & versate diu, quid ferre recusent,  
 Quid valeant humeri: cui lecta potenter erit, res,  
 Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.  
 Ordinis haec virtus erit & Venus, aut ego faller,  
 Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici,  
 Pleraque differat, & præsens in tempus omittat.  
 Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum  
 Reddiderit jonckura novum; si forte necesse est  
 Indicis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,  
 Fingere cincturis non exaudi: a Cethegis  
 Continget, dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter.  
 Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si  
 Greco fonte cadant.

<sup>c</sup> All Mr. Heydegger's letters come directed to him from abroad  
*A Monsieur, Monsieur Heydegger, surintendant des plaisirs d'Angleterre.*  
 Mr. Heydegger was remarkable for a very ugly countenance.

Write panegyric strong, or boldly rail,  
 You cannot miss preferment, or a gaol.  
 Wrap up your poison well, nor fear to say  
 What was a lie last night is truth to-day.  
 Tell this, sink that, arrive at Ridpath's <sup>d</sup> praise,  
 Let Abel Roper your ambition raise.  
 To lie fit opportunity observe,  
 Saving some double meaning in reserve;  
 But oh! you'll merit everlasting fame,  
 If you can quibble on Sir Robert's <sup>e</sup> name.  
 In state affairs use not the vulgar phrase,  
 Talk words scarce known in good queen Bess's days,  
 New terms let war or traffic introduce,  
 And try to bring persuading-ships in use.

<sup>d</sup> George Ridpath was a political writer in the reign of queen Anne, and had for his opponent Abel Roper, mentioned in the next line. One of them had the management of a paper called *The Flying Post*, the other of *The Post Boy*, and both were equally dull, scandalous, and abusive. The fate of these worthies was uniform to the end of their lives, for they were both frequently cudgelled, prosecuted, and imprisoned; and, to complete the parallel, both died on the same day. Mr. Pope, speaking of them, says,

“ There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,  
 “ The very worsted still look'd black and blue.

Dunciad, ii. 149.

<sup>e</sup> Sir Robert Walpole's.

Coin words: in coining ne'er mind common sense,  
Provided the original be French.

<sup>5</sup> Like South-sea stock, expressions rise and fall:  
King Edward's words are now no words at all.  
Did aught our predecessors genius cramp?  
Sure ev'ry reign may have its proper stamp.  
All sublunary things of death partake;  
What alteration does a cent'ry make!  
Kings and comedians are all mortal found,  
Cæsar and Pinkethman <sup>f</sup> are underground.  
What's not destroy'd by Time's devouring hand?  
Where's Troy, and where's the may-pole in the Strand?

<sup>5</sup> ——— Licuit, semperque licebit  
Signatum præsente nota producere nomen.  
Ut sylvæ foliis prinos mutantur in annos;  
Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas.  
Debemur morti nos nostraque; sive receptus  
Terræ Neptunus, classes aquilonibus arcet,  
Regis opus; steriliisque diu palus aptaque remis  
Vicinas urbes alit, & grave sentit aratum;  
Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis  
Doctus iter melius; mortalia facta peribunt,  
Nedum sermonum stet honos, & gratia vivax.  
Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque  
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,  
Quem penes arbitrium est & jus & norma loquendi.

<sup>f</sup> William Pinkethman, the player. He died the 15th of May 1740.

Pease,

Pease, cabbages, and turnips once grew, where  
 Now stands New Bond-street, and a newer square;  
 Such piles of buildings now rise up and down,  
 London itself seems going out of town.  
 Our fathers cross'd from Fulham in a wherry,  
 Their sons enjoy a bridge at Putney ferry.  
 Think we that modern words eternal are?  
 Toupet and Tompion, Cosins, and Colmar,  
 Hereafter will be call'd, by some plain man,  
 A wig, a watch, a pair of stays, a fan.  
 To things themselves if time such change affords,  
 Can there be any trusting to our words?

<sup>6</sup> To screen good ministers from public rage,  
 And how with party madneſſ to engage,  
 We learn from Addison's immortal page.  
 The Jacobite's ridiculous opinion  
 Is ſeen from Tickell's letter to Avignon <sup>g</sup>.  
 But who puts Caleb's <sup>h</sup> Country-Craftſman out,  
 Is ſtill a ſecret, and the world's in doubt.

<sup>6</sup> Res gestae regumque ducumque, & trititia bella  
 Quo scribi poſſent numero, monſtravit Homerus.  
 Veribus impariter junctis querimonia primum,  
 Post etiam inclusa eſt voti ſententia compos.  
 Quia tamen exiguoſ elegos emiferit auctor,  
 Grammatici certant, & adhuc ſub iudice lis eſt.

<sup>g</sup> See page 69.

<sup>h</sup> Caleb Danvers, names assumed by the writers of the Craftſman.

7 Not long since parish-clerks, with fauncy airs,  
 Apply'd king David's psalms to state affairs.  
 Some certain tunes to politicks belong,  
 On both sides drunkards love a party-song.

8 If full across the Speaker's chair I go,  
 Can I be said the rules o' th' House to know?  
 I'll ask, nor give offence without intent,  
 Nor through mere sheepishness be impudent.

9 In acts of Parliament avoid sublime,  
 Nor e'er address his Majesty in rhyme;  
 An Act of Parliament's a serious thing;  
 Begins with year of Lord and year of King;  
 Keeps close to form, in every word is strict,  
 When it would pains and penalties inflict.

7 Musa dedit fidibus Divos puerosque Deorum  
 Et pugilem victorem, & equum certaminis primum,  
 Et juvenum curas, & libera vina referre.

8 Descriptas servare vices operumque colores  
 Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?  
 Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere malo?

9 Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult;  
 Indignatur item privatis, ac prope focco  
 Dignis carminibus narrari cena Thyestis.  
 Interdum tamen & vocem Comedia tollit,  
 Iratusque Chremes tumido dilitigat ore.  
 Telephus & Peleus, cum pauper et exul eterque  
 Projicit ampullas & sesquipedalia verba.

Soft words suit best petitioners' intent ; . . .

Soft words, O ye petitioners of Kent !<sup>1</sup>

" Who'er harangues before he gives his vote,  
Should send sweet language from a tuneful throat.  
Pultney <sup>k</sup> the coldest breast with zeal can fire,  
And Roman thoughts by Attic stile inspire ;  
He knows from tedious wrangling to beguile  
The serious house into a cheerful smile ;  
When the great patriot paints his anxious fears  
For England's safety, I am lost in tears.  
But when dull speakers strive to move compassion,  
I pity their poor hearers, not the nation :  
Unless young members to the purpose keep,  
I fall a laughing, or I fall asleep.

<sup>10</sup> Non satis est pulchra esse Poemata, dulcia sunt.

Ut ridentibus arident, ita fientibus adsunt  
Humani vultus : si vis me fere, dolendum est  
Primum ipsi tibi : tunc tua me infortunia laudent,  
Telephe, vel Peleu : male si mandata loquaris,  
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.

<sup>1</sup> The petition here alluded to, was one presented to the House of Commons, from the magistrates of Kent, in 1701. It contained a censure on the proceedings of that branch of the legislature, for not enabling King William to prosecute the war. The House, in resentment of the insult offered to their dignity by the petitioners, committed five of them, who were deputies for the rest, to the Gatehouse.

<sup>k</sup> Afterwards earl of Bath.

11 Can men their inward faculties controul?  
 Is not the tongue an index to the soul?  
 Laugh not in time of service to your God,  
 Nor bully, when in custody o' th' rod;  
 Look grave, and be from jokes and grinning far,  
 When brought to sue for pardon at the bar:  
 If then you let your ill-tim'd wit appear,  
 Knights, citizens, and burghesses will sneer.

12 For land, or trade, not the same notions fire  
 The city-merchant, and the country-squire;  
 Their climes are distant, though one cause unites  
 The lairds of Scotland, and the Cornish knights.

13 To likelihood your characters confine:  
 Don't turn Sir Paul out, let Sir Paul resign.

In

11 Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnes  
 Fortunarum habitum, &c.  
 Post effert animi motus interprete linguâ.  
 ——————  
 tristia meatum  
 Vultum verba decent, &c.  
 Si dicentis erunt fortunis absonta dicta,  
 Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.

12 Intererit multum Davusne loquatur, an Héros:  
 Mercatorne vagus, cultornę virentis agelli;  
 Colchus, an Affyrius; Thebis nutritus, an Argis.

13 Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge,  
 Scriptor. Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,

Impiger,

In Walpole's voice (if factions ill intend)  
 Give the two universities a friend ;  
 Give Maidstone <sup>1</sup> wit, and elegance refin'd ;  
 To both the Pelhams <sup>m</sup> give the Scipio's mind ;  
 To Cart'ret <sup>n</sup> learning, eloquence, and parts ;  
 To George the second, give all English hearts.  
<sup>14</sup> Sometimes fresh names in politics produce,  
 And factions yet unheard of introduce ;  
 And if you dare attempt a thing so new,  
 Make to itself the flying squadron true.  
<sup>15</sup> To speak is free, no member is debarr'd ;  
 But funds and national accounts are hard :

Safer

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,  
 Jura neget fibi nata, nihil non arroget armis ;  
 Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ino,  
 Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, triftis Orestes.

<sup>14</sup> Si quid inexpertum scense committis, & audes  
 Personam formare novam, servetur ad imum  
 Qualis ab incepto processerit, & fibi constet.

<sup>15</sup> Difficile est proprie communia dicere : tuque  
 Reclius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,  
 Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.

<sup>1</sup> George Finch, afterwards earl of Winchelsea.

<sup>m</sup> Thomas Pelham Holles, duke of Newcastle, and Henry Pelham, Esq.  
 His brother.

<sup>n</sup> John Carteret, lord Carteret, afterwards earl Granville.

Safer on common topicks to discourse,  
 The malt-tax, and a military force.  
 On these each coffee-house will lend a hint,  
 Besides a thousand things that are in print.  
 But steal not word for word, nor thought for thought,  
 For you'll be teaz'd to death, if you are caught,  
 When factious leaders boast increasing strength,  
 Go not too far, nor follow every length :  
 Leave room for change, turn with a grace about,  
 And swear you left 'em, when you found 'em out.  
<sup>16</sup> With art and modesty your part maintain ;  
 And talk like Col'nel Titus, not like Lane <sup>o</sup>.  
 The trading knight with rants his speech begins,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, and dragons, saints, and kings :

Publica materies privati juris erit, si  
 Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem;  
 Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus  
 Interpres; nec desiles imitator in arctum,  
 Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.

<sup>16</sup> Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor Cyclicus olim,  
 " Fcrtunam Priami cantabo & nobile bellum."  
 Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepite,  
 " Dic mihi Musa virum, captus post tempora Trojas,  
 " Qui mores hominum multorum vedit & urbes."

• Sir Richard Lane, member for Worcester in the year 1727.

But

But Titus said, with his uncommon sense,  
 When the exclusion-bill was in suspence <sup>P</sup>,  
 I hear a lion in the lobby roar;  
 Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door  
 And keep him there, or shall we let him in  
 To try if we can turn him out again?

<sup>17</sup> Some mighty blusterers impeach with noise,  
 And call their private cry, the public voice.

<sup>18</sup> From folios of accounts they take their handles,  
 And the whole balance proves a pound of candles;

<sup>17</sup> Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem  
 Cogitat\_\_\_\_\_

<sup>18</sup> Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?  
 Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

P In a debate on the exclusion bill, January 7, 1680, Colonel Titus, amongst other things, observed, "If a lion was in the lobby, and we were to consider which way to secure ourselves from him, and conclude it is best to shut the door and keep him out, "No, says another, "let us chain him and let him come in, but I should be loth to put the chain on. Should the nomination of the judges, and all other fermenters, be in your hands, what a kind of government would you have, without feet or claws? As such a king cannot hurt you, so he cannot protect you. It has been said by another, "Let us establish a good council about the king. But I never knew a king and his council of a different opinion. A wise king has, and also makes a wise council, but a wise council does not always make a wise king, &c." *Grey's Debates*, vol. viii, page 279.

As

As if Paul's cupola were brought to bed,  
After hard labour, of a small pin's head.

<sup>19</sup> Some Rufus, some the Conqueror bring in,  
And some from Julius Cæsar's days begin.  
A cunning speaker can command his chops,  
And when the house is not in humour, stops ;  
In falsehood probability employs,  
Nor his old lies with newer lies destroys.

<sup>20</sup> If when you speak, you'd hear a needle fall,  
And make the frequent hear-hims rend the wall,  
In matters suited to your taste engage,  
Rememb'ring still your quality and age.  
Thy task be this, young knight, and hear my song,  
What politics to every age belong.

<sup>21</sup> When babes can speak, babes should be taught to say  
King George the second's health, huzza, huzza !

Boys

<sup>19</sup> Net redditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,  
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo ;

————— & quæ  
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit ;  
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,  
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.

<sup>20</sup> Tu, quid ego & populus mecum desideret, audi ;  
Si plausoris eges aulæa manentis, & usque  
Sessori, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat ;  
Æstatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,  
Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus & annis.

<sup>21</sup> Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, & pede certo

Boys should learn Latin for Prince William's <sup>q</sup> sake,  
And girls Louisa <sup>r</sup> their example make.

<sup>z2</sup> More loves the youth, just come to his estate,  
To range the fields, than in the house debate;  
More he delights in fav'rite Jowler's tongue,  
Than in Will Shippen, or Sir William Yonge <sup>s</sup>:  
If in one chase he can two horses kill,  
He cares not two pence for the land-tax bill :

Signat humum, gesit paribus colludere, & iram  
Colligit ac ponit temere, & mutatur in horas.

<sup>22</sup> Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,  
Gaudet equis casibusque, & aprici gramine campi;  
Cereus in vitium flesti, monitoribus asper,  
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,  
Sublimis cupidusque, & amata relinquere peraix.

<sup>q</sup> William, duke of Cumberland.

<sup>r</sup> Louisa, afterwards Queen of Denmark, youngest daughter of George the second. She died the 8th of December 1751.

<sup>s</sup> These two orators were always in opposition to each other. The former was member for Newton in Lancashire, and celebrated for the bluntness of his manners. In a debate the 6th of December 1717, he incurred the displeasure of the House of Commons, and was committed to the Tower for asserting that the king's speech was calculated rather for the meridian of Germany, than England, and that his majesty was a stranger to our language and constitution. He died in 1743. The latter represented Honiton in Devonshire, and held successively several lucrative posts under the government. He died in 1755.

Loud in his wine, in women not o'er nice,  
 He damns his uncles if they give advice ;  
 Votes as his father did when there's a call,  
 But had much rather never vote at all.

<sup>23</sup> We take a different turn at twenty-six,  
 And lofty thoughts on some lord's daughter fix ;  
 With men in pow'r strict friendship we pursue,  
 With some considerable post in view.

A man of forty years to change his note,  
 One way to speak, and t'other way to vote ;  
 Careful his tongue in passion to command,  
 Avoids the bar, and speaker's reprimand.

<sup>24</sup> In bags the old man lets his treasure rust,  
 Afraid to use it, or the funds to trust ;  
 When stocks are low he wants the heart to buy,  
 And through much caution sees them rise too high ;

<sup>23</sup> Conversis studiis, setas animusque virilis  
 Querit opes & amicitias, infervit honori ;  
 Commiffisfe cavit quod mox mutare laboret.

<sup>24</sup> Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda ; vel quod  
 Querit, & inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti ;  
 Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri ;  
 Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti  
 Se pueri, censor castigatorque minorum.  
 Multa ferunt aani venientes commoda secum,  
 Multa recedentes adlidunt ; ne forte seniles  
 Mandentur juveni partes, puerisque viriles ;  
 Semper in adjunctis sevoque morabimur aptis.

Thinks nothing rightly done since seventy-eight,  
 Swears present members do not talk, but prate :  
 In Charles the second's days, says he, ye prigs,  
 Tories were Tories then, and Whigs were Whigs.  
 Alas, this is a lamentable truth,  
 We lose in age, as we advance in youth :  
 I laugh when twenty will like eighty talk,  
 And old Sir John with Polly Peachum walk.

<sup>25</sup> Now as to double, or to false returns,  
 When pockets suffer, and when anger burns ;  
 O thing surpassing faith ! knight strives with knight,  
 When both have brib'd, and neither's in the right.  
 The bailiff's self is sent for in that case,  
 And all the witnesses had face to face.  
 Selected members soon the fraud unfold,  
 In full committee of the house 'tis told ;  
 Th' incredible corruption is destroy'd,  
 The chairman's angry, and th' election void.

<sup>26</sup> Those who would captivate the well-bred throng,  
 Should not too often speak, nor speak too long :

Church,

<sup>25</sup> Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.  
 Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,  
 Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ  
 Ipse sibi tradit spectator.  
 Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

<sup>26</sup> Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu  
 Fabula, quæ posci vult, & spectata reponi ;

Nec

Church, nor church-matters ever turn to sport,  
Nor make St. Stephen's chapel, Dover-court<sup>t</sup>.

<sup>27</sup> The speaker, when the commons are assembled,  
May to the Græcian chorus be resembled;  
'Tis his the young and modest to espouse,  
And see none draw, or challenge in the house:  
'Tis his, old hospitality to use,  
And three good printers for the house to chuse;  
To let ~~each~~ representative be heard,  
And take due care the chaplain be preferr'd;  
To hear no motion made that's out of joint,  
And when he spies his member, make his point.

Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus  
Inciderit; nec quarta loqui persona laboret.

<sup>27</sup> Actoris partes Chorus officiumque virile  
Defendat; neu quid medios intercinat actus,  
Quod non preposito conducat & herreat apte;  
Ille bonis faveatque, & consilietur amicis,  
Et regat iratos, & amet peccare timentes;  
Ille dapes laudet mensa brevis; ille salubre  
Justitiam, legesque, & apertis otia portis;  
Ille tegat commissa, Deosque precetur & oret,  
Ut redeat miseria, abeat fortuna superbis.

<sup>t</sup> Dover-court is a term still in use for a company, where all are for speaking at the same time. In *The Norfolk Drolley* by Stevenson, 1673, it is said,

" I'm not a man ordain'd for Dover-court,  
" For I'm a hearer still where I resort."

28 To knights new chosen in old time would come  
 The country trumpet, and perhaps a drum ;  
 Now when a burges new elect appears,  
 Come trainbands, horseguards, footguards, grenadiers,  
 When the majority the town-clerk tells,  
 His honour pays the fiddles, waits, and bells :  
 Harangues the mob, and is as wise and great,  
 As the most mystic oracle of state.

29 When the duke's grandson for the country flood,  
 His beef was fat, and his October good ;  
 His lordship took each ploughman by the fist,  
 Drank to their sons, their wives and daughters kiss'd ;  
 But when strong beer their free-born hearts inflames,  
 They sell him bargains, and they call him names.

28 Tibia non, ut nunc, Orientali vindita, tuba quoque  
 Æmula, sed tenuis simplexque foramine pauco,  
 Aspirare & adesse choris erat utilis, &c.

Postquam cœpit agros extendere yictor, & urbem  
 Latior amplecti murus, &c.

Accesit numerisque modisque licentia major ;  
 Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,  
 Et tulit Eloquuntur insolitum secundia præcepis ;  
 Utiliumque sagas rerum & divisa futufl  
 Sortilegii flori distrepuit fætenda Delphis.

29 Carmine qui tragico vilèm certavit ob hincum,  
 Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit, eo quod  
 Illecebris erat & grata novitate mordet  
 Spectator, funerisque fatigis, & potus, & exlex.

Thus

Thus it is deem'd in English nobles wise  
To stoop for no one reason but to rise.

30 Election matters shun with cautious awe,  
O all ye judges learned in the law ;  
A judge by bribes as much himself degrades,  
As duchess-dowager by masquerades.

31 Try not with jests obscene to force a smile,  
Nor lard your speech with mother Needham's <sup>1</sup> stale ;  
Let not your tongue to Ωλφιλδσμο run,  
And Κιλερσμο with abhorrence shun ;  
Let not your looks affected words disgrace,  
Nor join with silver tongue a brazen face ;

32 Effutire leves indigni Tragedia verbas,  
Ut fētis matrona moveri jussa diebas,  
Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervia.

33 Non ego ignorata & dominantis nomina solum,  
Verbaque, Pisones, Satyrorum scriptor amabo ;  
Nec sic enitas Tragico differre colori,  
Ut nihil intereat Davusne loquatur, & audax  
Pythias, emuncko lucrata Simone talentum ;  
An cufos famulūque Dei Sileaus alumni.

\* A lady celebrated in the Dunciad, see b. i. l. 324. She was a matron of great fame, and very religious in her way ; whose constant prayer it was, " that she might get enough by her profession to leave it off in " time, and make her peace with God." But her fate was not so happy ; for being convicted of keeping a disorderly house, and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great friends and votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

Let not your hands, like tallboys be employ'd,  
And the mad rant of tragedy avoid.

Just in your thoughts, in your expression clear,  
Neither too modest, nor too bold appear.

<sup>32</sup> Others in vain a like success will boast,  
He speaks most easy, who has study'd most.

<sup>33</sup> A peer's pert heir has to the commons spoke  
A vile reflection, or a bawdy joke:  
Call'd to the house of lords, of this beware,  
'Tis what the bishops' bench will never bear,  
Among the commons is such freedom shown,  
They lash each other, and attack the throne;  
Yet so unskilful or so fearful some,  
For nine that speak there's nine-and-forty dumb.

<sup>34</sup> When James the first, at great Britannia's helm,  
Rul'd this word-clipping and word-caining realm,

<sup>32</sup> ——Ut sibi quivis

Speret idem, fudet multum, frustraque labore.

<sup>33</sup> Ne nimis teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,

Aut immunda erepint ignominiosaque dicta:

Offenduntur enim quibus est equus, & pater & res,

Nec si quid fricti ciceris probat, & nucis emptor,

Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona.

<sup>34</sup> At nostri proavii Plautinos & numeros &

Laudavere sales; nimium patienter utrumque,

Ne dicam stulte, mirati; si modo ego & vos

Scimus inybanum lepido seponere dicto,

Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus & auro,

No word to royal favour made pretence,  
 But what agreed in sound and clash'd in sense.  
 Thrice happy he ! how great that speaker's praise,  
 Whose every period look'd an hundred ways.  
 What then ? we now with just abhorrence shun  
 The trifling quibble, and the school-boy's pun ;  
 Though no great connoisseur, I make a shift  
 Just to find out a Durfey from a Swift ;  
 I can discern with half an eye, I hope,  
 Miss from Jo Addifon ; from Eusden, Pope :  
 I know a farce from one of Congreve's plays,  
 And Cibber's opera.<sup>x</sup> from Johnny Gay's.

<sup>35</sup> When pert Defoe <sup>y</sup> his saucy papers writ,  
 He from a cart was pillor'd for his wit :  
 By mob was poled half a morning's space,  
 And rotten eggs besmeard his yellow face ;

35 Ignotum Tragice genus invenisse Cameræ  
 Dicitur, & plausis venisse poëmata Thespis,  
 Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti facibus ora.  
 Post hunc personæ, pallæque repertor honestæ  
 Aeschylus, & modicis instravit pulpit tignis,  
 Et docuit spagnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.  
 Successit vetus his Comædia, non sine multa  
 Laude : sed in vitium libertas excidit, & vim  
 Dignam lege regi ; lex est accepta, chorusque  
 Turpiter obticuit sublato jure nocendi.

<sup>x</sup> Love in a Riddle, written in opposition to the Beggars Opera.

<sup>y</sup> Daniel Defoe, author of Robinson Crusoe, and other pieces.

The

The Censor <sup>\*</sup> then improv'd the list'ning isle,  
 And held both parties in an artful smile.  
 A scribbling crew now pinching winter briags,  
 That spare no earthly nor no heavenly things,  
 Nor church, nor state, nor treasurers, nor kings.  
 But blasphemy displeases all the town;  
 And for defying scripture, law, and crown,  
 Woolston should pay his fine, and lose his gown.

<sup>36</sup> It must be own'd the journals try all ways  
 To merit their respective party's praise :  
 They jar in every article from Spain ;  
 A war these threaten, those a peace maintain ;  
 Though lie they will, to give them all their due,  
 In foreign matters, and domestic too.  
 Whoe'er thou art that wou'dst a Postman write,  
 Enquire all day, and hearken all the night.  
 Sure, Gazetteers and writers of Courants  
 Might soon exceed the intelligence of France ;  
 To be out-done old England should refuse,  
 As in her arms, so in her public news :

<sup>36</sup> Nil intentatum nostri liquere Poëtae ;  
 Nec minimum mērūre dēcus, vestigia Graeca  
 Ausi deserere, & celebrare domestica facta ;  
 Nec vittute foret clarissime potentissimis armis,  
 Quām linguis, Latium, si non offenderet unum-  
 quemque Poëtarum limē labor & mora.

\* A character assumed by Isaac Bickerstaff, the fictitious author of *The Tailor*.

But truth is scarce, the scene of action large,  
And correspondence an excessive charge.

37 There are who say, no man can be a wit,  
Unless for Newgate, or for Bedlam fit;  
Let pamphleteers abusive satire write,  
To shew a genius is to shew a spite;  
That author's work will ne'er be reckon'd good,  
Who has not been where Cull the printer stood.

38 Alas poor me! you may my fortune guess;  
I write, and yet humanity proses:  
(Though nothing can delight a modern judge,  
Without ill-nature and a private grudge)

37 *Ingenium miserum quia fortunatus arte  
Credit, & excludit sanos Helicone Poëtas  
Democritus; bona pars non unguis ponere curat,  
Non barbam—  
Nancisetur enim pretium nomenque Poëtae;  
Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam  
Tonsori Licino commiserit.*

38 *O ego laetus,  
Qui purgor bilum sub verni temporis horam:  
Non aliud facaret mellora poëmata, verum  
Nil tantum est: ergo fungar vice cotis scutum  
Reddet quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi;  
Munus & officium, nil scribentis ipse, docebo;  
Unde parentur opes, quid alat formetque Poëtam:  
Quid deceat, quid nesci: quid virtus, quid ferat error,*

I love the king, the queen, and royal race ;  
 I like the government, but want no place :  
 Too low in life to be a justice I,  
 And for a constable, thank God, too high ;  
 Was never in a plot, my brain's not hurt ;  
 I politics to poetry convert.

<sup>39</sup> A politician must (as I have read)  
 Be furnish'd, in the first place, with a head ;  
 A head well fill'd with Machiavelian brains,  
 And stuff'd with precedents of former reigns :  
 Must journals read, and Magna Charta quote ;  
 But acts still wiser if he speaks by note ;  
 Learn well his lesson, and ne'er fear mistakes ;  
 For ready-money ready-speakers makes.  
 He must instructions and credentials draw,  
 Pay well the army, and protect the law :  
 Give to his country what's his country's due,  
 But first help brothers, sons, and cousins too.

39 Scribendi recte, sapere est & principium & fons :  
 Rem tibi Socratis poterunt ostendere chartæ,  
 Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.  
 Qui didicit, patriæ quid debet, & quid amicis,  
 Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, & hospes ;  
 Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium, qua  
 Partes in bellum missi ducis ; ille profecto  
 Reddere personæ scit, convenientia cuique.

He must read Grötius upon war and peace,  
And the twelve judges' salary increase.  
He must oblige old friends and new allies,  
And find out ways and means for fresh supplies.  
He must the weavers' grievances redress,  
And merchants wants in merchants words express.

40 Dramatic poets that expect the bays,  
Should cull our histories for party plays ;  
\* Wicquesfort's Embassador should fill their head,  
And the State-trials carefully be read :  
For what is Dryden's Muse, and Otway's plots,  
To th' Earl of Essex or the Queen of Scots <sup>b</sup> ?  
41 'Tis said that queen Elizabeth could speak,  
At twelve years old, right Attic full-mouth'd Greek;

Hence

40 Respicere exemplar vita merumque jubebo  
Dōctum imitatore, & veras hinc ducere voces.  
Fabula, nullius veneris, fine pondere & arte,  
Valdus oblectat populum, meliusque motatur,  
Quām versus inopes rerum, nugeque canorū.

41 Graii ingenium, Graii dedit ore rotundo  
Musa loqui, &c.  
Romani pueri longis rationibus assem

Discant

\* A book entitled, "The Ambassador and his functions," written by Mons. de Wicquesfort, Privy Counsellor to the Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg Zell.—Translated by Mr. Digby. Folio.

<sup>b</sup> Two plays by Banks, which, although written in the most contemptible language, yet never fail to melt the audience into tears, merely by the force of judicious and well-arranged plots and incidents.

Hence was the student forc'd at Greek to drudge,  
 If he would be a bishop or a judge,  
 Divines and lawyers now don't think they thrive,  
 'Till promis'd places of men still alive :  
 How old is such a one in such a post ?  
 The answer is, he's seventy-five almost :  
 Th' archbishop and the master of the rolls ?  
 Neither is young, and one's as old as Paul's.  
 Will men that ask such questions, publish books  
 Like learned Hooker's, or chief justice Coke's ?

42 On tender subjects with discretion touch,  
 And never say too little or too much.  
 On trivial matters flourishes are wrong,  
 Motions for candles never should be long :  
 Or if you move, in case of sudden rain,  
 To shut the windows, speak distinct and plain.  
 Unless you talk good English, downright sense,  
 Can you be understood by serjeant Spence ?

Discut in partes centum diducere. Dicat  
 Filius urbani, si de quincunce remota est  
 Uncia, quid supereft ? poterat dixisse, triens. Eu !  
 Rem poteris servare tuam.

— reddit uncia, quid fit ?  
 Semis. Ad hæc animos ærugo & cura peculi  
 Cum femel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi  
 Posse linenda cedro, & lævi servanda cupresso ?

42 Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis ; ut cito dicta  
 Percipient animi dociles, teneantque fideles ;  
 Omne supervacuum plene de pectori manat.

43 New stories always should with truth agree,  
 Or truth's half-sister, probability :  
 Scarce could <sup>c</sup> Toft's rabbits and pretended throes  
 On half the honourable house impose.

44 When Cato speaks, young Shallow runs away,  
 And swears it is so dull he cannot stay :  
 When rakes begin <sup>on</sup> blasphemy to border,  
 Bromley and Hanmer <sup>d</sup> cry aloud—to order.  
 The point is this, with manly sense and ease  
 To inform the judgment, and the fancy please.  
 Praise it deserves, nor difficult the thing,  
 At once to serve one's country, and one's king.

43 Ficta voluptatis causa, fint proxima veris :  
 Nec, quodcumque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi ;  
 Neu pransæ Lamæ vivum puerum extrahat alva.

44 Centauris seniorum agitant experitæ frugis ;  
 Celsi prætereunt austera poëmata Rhamnes.  
 Omne talit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,  
 Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.  
 Hic seret æra liber Sofis, hic & mare transit,  
 Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ærum.

<sup>c</sup> Mary Tofts, of Godalming in Surry, in 1726, pretended to have been delivered of several rabbits, and imposed on the credulity of many eminent persons, before the cheat was discovered.

<sup>d</sup> William Bromley, Esq; and Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart. both Speakers of the House of Commons, in the reign of Queen Anne.

Such speeches bring the wealthy Tonsons gain,  
 From age to age they minuted remain,  
 As precedents for George the twentieth's reign.

43 Is there a man on earth so perfect found,  
 Who ne'er mistook a word in sense or sound ?  
 Not blund'ring, but persisting is the fault ;  
 No mortal sin is Lapsus Linguæ thought :  
 Clerks may mistake ; considering who 'tis from,  
 I pardon little slips in Cler. Dom. Com.  
 But let me tell you I'll not take his part,  
 If every Thursday he date Die Mart.  
 Of sputt'ring mortals, 'tis the fatal curse,  
 By mending blunders still to make them worse.  
 Men sneer when — gets a lucky thought,  
 And stare if Wyndham • should be nodding caught.

45 Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus ;  
 Nen semper seriet quodcumque minabitur arcus ;  
 Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego patcio  
 Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,  
 Aut humana parum cavit natura. Quid ergo est ?  
 Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,  
 Quamvis est monitus, venia caret : & Citharodes  
 Ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eadem :  
 Sic mihi, qui multam effisi, fit Cherilus ille,  
 Quem bis terque bonum, cum risu miror : & idem  
 Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus :  
 Verum opere in longo fas est obtempere somnam.

• Sir William Wyndham, chanceller of the exchequer under queen Anne: he made, says Mr. Pope, early a considerable figure, but afterwards a much greater, both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper.

But sleeping's what the wifest men may do,  
Should the committee chance to fit 'till two.

<sup>46</sup> Not unlike paintings, principles appear,  
Some best at distance, some when we are near.  
The love of politics so vulgar's grown,  
My landlord's party from his sign is known :  
Mark of French wine, see Ormond's head appear,  
While Marlborough's face directs to beer and beer ;  
Some Buchanan's, the Pope's head some like best,  
The Devil tavern is a standing jest.

<sup>47</sup> Whoe'er you are that have a seat secure,  
Duly return'd, and from petition sure,  
Stick to your friends in whatsee'er you say ;  
With strong aversion shun the middle-way ;  
The middle-way the best we sometimes call,  
But 'tis in politics no way at all.

<sup>46</sup> Ut pictura Poësis erit ; quæ, si proprius fies,  
Te capiet magis : & quedam, si longius absites.  
Hæc amat obscurum, volet hæc sub luce videri ;  
Hæc placuit fenal, hæc decies repetita placbit.

<sup>47</sup> O major juvenum——hoc tibi dictum  
Tolle memor, certis medium & tolerabile rebus  
Recte concedi ———  
—— Mediocribus effe Poëtis  
Non homines, non Dii, non concessere columnæ.  
Sic animis natum inventumque Poëma juvandis,  
Si paulum a summo decessit, vergit ad imum.

A Trimmer's what both parties turn to sport,  
By country hated; and despis'd at court.  
Who would in earnest to a party come,  
Must give his vote not whimsical; but plumb.  
There is no medium; for the term is vague,  
On either side, is, honest man, or rogue.  
Can it be difficult our minds to thow,  
Where all the difference is, yes, or no?

\* In all professions, time and pains give skill;  
Without hard study dare physicians kill?  
Can he that ne'er read statutes or reports,  
Give chamber counsel; or urge law in courts?  
But every whipster knows affairs of state,  
Nor fears on nicest subjects to debate.  
A knight of eighteen hundred pounds a year,  
Who minds his head, if his estate be clear?  
Sure he may speak his mind, and tell the house  
He matters not the government a house.

48 Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis:  
Inductusque pilæ, discive, trochive, quiescit,  
Ne spissæ risum tollant impunè coronæ;  
Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere. —————

————— Quid ni?

Liber & ingenuus, præfertim census equestrem  
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.  
Membranis intus positis, delere licebit  
Quod non edideris: nescit vox missa reverti.

Lack-

Lack-learning knights, these things are safely said  
 To friends in private, at the Bedford-head ;  
 But in the house, before your tongue runs on,  
 Consult sir James, lord William's dead and gone.  
 Words to recall is in no member's power,  
 One single word may send you to the Tower.

49 The wrong'd. to help, the lawles to restrain,  
 Thrice every year in ancient Egbert's reign,  
 The members to the Mitchelgemot went,  
 In after-ages called the Parliament ;  
 Early the Mitchelgemot did begin  
 T' inroll their Statutes on a parchment skin :  
 For impious treason hence no room was left,  
 For murder, for polygamy, or theft :  
 Since when the senate's power both sexes know  
 From hops and claret, soap and calico.

49 Sylvestres homines facer interpresque Deorum  
 Cædibus & vietu fædo deterruit Orpheus.  
 —————— Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,  
 Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis ;  
 Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis ;  
 Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.  
 —————— Dictæ per carmina sortes,  
 Et vitæ monstrata via est, & gratia regum  
 Pieris tentata modis : ludusque repertus,  
 Et longorum operum finis :  
 —————— ne forte pudori  
 Si tibi Musa lyre solers, & cantor Apollo.

Now wholesome laws young senators bring in  
 'Gainst gaols, attorneys, bribery, and gin.  
 Since such the nature of the British state,  
 The power of parliament so old and great,  
 Ye 'squires and Irish lords, 'tis worth your care  
 To be return'd for city, town, or shire,  
 By sheriff, bailiff, constable, or mayor.

<sup>50</sup> Some doubt, which to a seat has best pretence,  
 A man of substance, or a man of sense :  
 But never any member feats will do,  
 Without a head-piece and a pocket too ;  
 Sense is requir'd the depth of things to reach,  
 And money gives authority to speech.

<sup>51</sup> A man of bus'ness won't 'till evening dine,  
 Abstains from women, company, and wine :  
 From Fig's new theatre he'll miss a night,  
 Though cocks, and bulls, and Irish women fight :

<sup>50</sup> Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,  
 Quæsitus est ; ego nec studium sine divite venâ,  
 Nec rude quid profit video ingenium : alterius sic  
 Altera poscit opem res, & conjurat amice.

<sup>51</sup> Quid studet optatam cursu contingere metam,  
 Multa tulit fecitque puer ; sudavit & alfit,  
 Abstinuit venere & vino.—————  
 Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira poëmata pango :  
 Occupet extreum scabies, mihi turpe relinqui est,  
 Et, quod non dijici, sane nescire fateri.

<sup>f</sup> Fig was the most celebrated prize-fighter of the times. He died December 1734.

Nor

Nor sultry sun, nor storms of soaking rain,  
The man of bus'ness from the house detain :  
Nor speaks he for no reason but to say,  
I am a member, and I spoke to-day.  
I speak sometimes, you'll hear his lordship cry,  
Because some speak that have less sense than I.

52 The man that has both land and money too,  
May wonders in a trading borough do :  
They'll praise his ven'son, and commend his port,  
Turn their two former members into sport,  
And, if he likes it, satirize the court.  
But at a feast 'tis difficult to know  
From real friends an undiscover'd foe ;  
The man that swears he will the poll secure,  
And pawns his foul that your election's sure,  
Suspect that man : beware, all is not right,  
He's ten to one a corporation-bite.

52 **Affentatōres** jubet ad lucrum ire Poēta,  
Dives agris, dives postis in fenore nummis.  
Si vero est unctum qui recte ponere posſit,  
Et spondere levi pro-paupere, & eripere atris  
Litibus implicitum, mirabor, si sciet inter-  
noscere mendacem verumque beatus amicūm.  
Tu seu donarīs, seu quid donare voles cui,  
Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum  
Lætitia: clamabit enim, Pulchre, bene, recte  
— — — — — si carmina condes,  
Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.

53 Alderman Pond, a downright honest man;  
 Would say, I cannot help you, or I can;  
 To spend your money, sir, is all a jest;  
 Matters are settled, set your heart at rest;  
 We've made a compromise, and, sir, you know,  
 That sends one member high, and t'other low.  
 But if his good advice you would not take,  
 He'd scorn your supper, and your punch forfake,  
 Leave you of mighty interest to brag,  
 And poll two voices like sir Robert Fag <sup>s.</sup>

54 Parliamenteering is a sort of itch,  
 That will too oft unwary knights bewitch.

53 Quintilio si quid recitares corrige, sodes,  
 Hoc, siebat, & hoc: melius te posse negares,  
 Bis terque expertum frustra, delere jubebat.  
 Si defendere delictum, quam vertere, malle,  
 Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam insumebat inanem,  
 Quin sine rivali teque & tua solus amares.

54 Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urguet,  
 \_\_\_\_\_ dicam, Siculique Poëtae

Narrabo interitum \_\_\_\_\_  
 Nec semel hoc fecit, nec si retractus exit, jam  
 Fiet homo, et ponet famosus mortis amorem.  
 Indoctum doctrinque fugat recitator acerbus.  
 Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,  
 Non missura cutem, nisi plena crux, hirudo.

<sup>s</sup> Sir Robert Fag was member for the Borough of Steyning, in the Parliament which met June 13th 1734. He died in the year 1740.

Two good estates fir Harry Clodpole spent;  
 Sate thrice, but spoke not once, in parliament;  
 Two good estates are gone—Who'll take his word?  
 Oh! should his uncle die, he'd spend a third;  
 He'd buy a house his happiness to crown,  
 Within a mile of some-good-borough-town;  
 Tag, rag, and bobtail to fir Harry's run,  
 Men that have votes, and women that have none;  
 Sons, daughters, grandsons, with his honour dine;  
 He keeps a public-house without a sign.  
 Coblers and smiths extol th' ensuing choice,  
 And drunken taylors boast their right of voice.  
 Dearly the free-born neighbourhood is bought,  
 They never leave him while he's wroth a groat:  
 So leeches stick, nor quit the bleeding wound,  
 'Till off they drop with skinfuls to the ground.



THE

## M A N of T A S T E.

Occasioned by an

## E P I S T L E

Of Mr. POPE's on that Subject.

By the Same.

W Hoe'er he be that to a Tast' aspires,  
Let him read this, and be what he desires,  
In men and manners vers'd, from life I write,  
Not what was once, but what is now polite.  
Those who of courtly France have made the tour,  
Can scarce our English aukwardnes endure.  
But honest men who never were abroad,  
Like England only, and its Tast' applaud.  
Strife still subsists, which yields the better goût ;  
Books or the world, the many or the few.  
True Tast' to me is by this touchstone known,  
That's always best that's nearest to my own.  
To shew that my pretensions are not vain,  
My father was a play'r in Drury-lane.

Pears

Pears and pistachio-nuts my mother sold,  
 He a dramatic poet, she a scold.  
 His tragic Muse could countesses affright,  
 His wit in boxes was my lord's delight.  
 No mercenary priest e'er join'd their hands,  
 Uncramp'd by wedlock's unpoetic bands.  
 Laws my Pindaric parents matter'd not,  
 So I was tragi-comically got.  
 My infant tears a sort of measure kept,  
 I squall'd in distichs, and in triplets wept.  
 No youth did I in education waste,  
 Happy in an hereditary Taste.  
 Writing ne'er cramp'd the sinews of my thumb,  
 Nor barbarous birch e'er brush'd my tender bum.  
 My guts ne'er suffer'd from a college cook,  
 My name ne'er enter'd in a buttery-book.  
 Grammar in vain the sons of Priscian teach,  
 Good parts are better than eight parts of speech :  
 Since these declin'd, those undeclin'd they call,  
 I thank my stars, that I declin'd them all.  
 To Greek or Latin tongues without pretence,  
 I trust to mother wit and father sense.  
 Nature's my guide, all sciences I scorn,  
 Pains I abhor, I was a poet born.  
 Yet is my goût for criticism such,  
 I've got some French, and know a little Dutch.  
 Huge commentators grace my learned shelves,  
 Notes upon books out-do the books themselves.

Critics indeed are valuable men,  
 But hyper-critics are as good agen.  
 Though Blackmore's.<sup>a</sup> works my soul with raptures fill,  
 With notes by Bentley they'd be better still.  
 The Boghouse-Miscellany's<sup>b</sup> well design'd,  
 To ease the body, and improve the mind.  
 Swift's whims and jokes for my resentment call,  
 For he displeases me that pleases all.  
 Verse without rhyme I never could endure,  
 Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure.  
 To him as nature, when he ceas'd to see,  
 Milton's an universal blank to me.  
 Confirm'd and settled by the nation's voice,  
 Rhyme is the poet's pride, and people's choice.  
 Always upheld by national support,  
 Of market, university, and court :  
 Thomson, write blank ; but know that for that reason,  
 These lines shall live when thine are out of season.  
 Rhyme binds and beautifies the poet's lays,  
 As London ladies owe their shape to stays.  
 Had Cibber's self the Careless Husband wrote,  
 He for the laurel ne'er had had my vote :

<sup>a</sup> Sir Richard Blackmore, author of King Arthur, Prince Arthur, and other Epic Poems.

<sup>b</sup> An infamous publication, which appeared just before this Poem was printed.

But for his epilogues and other plays,  
 He thoroughly deserves the modern bays.  
 It pleases me, that Pope unlaurell'd goes,  
 While Cibber wears the bays for play-house prose :  
 So Britain's monarch once uncover'd fate,  
 While Bradshaw <sup>c</sup> bully'd in a broad-brimm'd hat.

Long live old Curr! he ne'er to publish fears,  
 The speeches, verses, and last wills of peers.  
 How oft has he a public spirit shewn,  
 And pleas'd our ears, regardless of his own ?  
 But <sup>d</sup> to give merit due, though Curr's the fame,  
 Are not his brother book-sellers the same ?  
 Can statutes keep the British press in awe,  
 While that sells best, that's most against the law ?  
 Lives of dead play'r's my leisure hours beguile,  
 And Sessions-papers tragedize my file.  
 'Tis charming reading in Ophelia's life <sup>d</sup>,  
 So oft a mother, and not once a wife :  
 She could with just propriety behave,  
 Alive with peers, with monarchs in her grave :  
 Her lot how oft have envious harlots wept,  
 By prebends bury'd, and by generals kept.

<sup>c</sup> Bradshaw presided at the court wherein King Charles I. was tried.

<sup>d</sup> Mrs. Anne Oldfield, the celebrated actress. She died 23 October 1730, and was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 27th of the same month; Dr. Barker, the senior prebendary then resident, performing the ceremony.

T' improve in morals Mandevil <sup>c</sup> I read,  
 And Tyndal's <sup>f</sup> scruples are my settled creed.  
 I travell'd early, and I soon saw through  
 Religion all, ere I was twenty-two.  
 Shame, pain, or poverty shall I endure,  
 When ropes or opium can my ease procure ?  
 When money's gone, and I no debts can pay,  
 Self-murder is an honourable way.  
 As Pasaran <sup>g</sup> directs I'd end my life,  
 And kill myself, my daughter, and my wife <sup>h</sup>.

Burn

<sup>c</sup> Dr. Bernard Mandeville, author of *The Fable of the Bees, &c.* He died 21 January 1732-3.

<sup>f</sup> Dr. Matthew Tyndal, author of *Christianity as old as the Creation.* He died 16 Aug. 1733.

<sup>g</sup> Author of a book called *A Philosophical Discourse on Death*; being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet feared to practice his own precepts; on which the following story used to be told:— Amongst his pupils, to whom he read in moral philosophy, there was, it seems, a noted gamester, who lodged under the same roof with him. This useful citizen, after a run of ill luck, came one morning early into the philosopher's bed-chamber with two loaded pistols; and, as Englishmen do not understand raillery in a case of this nature, told the Piedmontese, on presenting him with one of his pistols, that now was come the time to put his doctrine in practise: that as to himself, having lost his last stake, he was become an useless member in society, and so was resolved to quit his station; and that as to him, his guide, philosopher, and friend, surrounded with miseries, the out-cast of government, and the sport even of that chance which he adored, he doubtless would rejoice

for

Burn but that Bible which the parson quotes,  
And men of spirit all shall cut their throats.

But not to writings I confine my pen,  
I have a taste for buildings, music, men.  
Young travell'd coxcombs mighty knowledge boast,  
With superficial smattering at most.  
Not so my mind, unsatisfied with hints,  
Knows more than Budgel <sup>1</sup> writes, or Roberts <sup>k</sup> prints.  
I know the town, all houses I have seen,  
From High-Park corner down to Bednal-Green.

for such an opportunity to bear him company. All this was said and done with so much resolution and solemnity, that the Italian found himself under a necessity to cry out murder; which brought in company to his relief. This unhappy man at last died a penitent.

*Warburton's Notes on Pope.*

<sup>h</sup> Though Pasaran wanted spirit to act in conformity to his own principles, yet a book-binder and his wife shewed more resolution. Being involved in debt, they came to the horrid determination of destroying their child, and then putting an end to their own existence. They left a paper behind them, justifying the action by some reasonings of the above author, and others of the same kind. The names of this miserable pair were Richard and Bridget Smith, and the event happened in the year 1732.

<sup>1</sup> Eustace Budgel, Esq; one of the writers in the Spectator, and a near relation to Mr. Addison. This gentleman having involved himself in difficulties, became guilty of some acts which totally destroyed his reputation. In a fit of despair he put an end to his life, by throwing himself into the Thames, 4 May 1737.

<sup>k</sup> James Roberts, the publisher of a multitude of pamphlets at that period.

Sure wretched Wren was taught by bungling Jones,  
 To murder mortar, and disfigure stones !  
 Who in Whitehall can symmetry discern ?  
 I reckon Covent-Garden church a barn.  
 Nor hate I less thy vile cathedral, Paul !  
 The choir's too big, the cupola's too small :  
 Substantial walls and heavy roofs I like,  
 'Tis Vanbrug's structures that my fancy strike :  
 Such noble ruins every pile would make,  
 I wish they'd tumble for the prospect's sake.  
 To lofty Chelsea, or to Greenwich dome,  
 Soldiers and sailors all are welcom'd home.  
 Her poor to palaces Britannia brings,  
 St. James's hospital may serve for kings.  
 Buildings so happily I understand,  
 That for one house I'd mortgage all my land.  
 Doric, Ionic, shall not there be found,  
 But it shall cost me threescore thousand pound.  
 From out my honest workmen, I'll select  
 A Bricklay'r, and proclaim him architect ;  
 First bid him build me a stupendous dome,  
 Which having finish'd, we set out for Rome ;  
 Take a week's view of Venice and the Brent,  
 Stare round, see nothing, and come home content.  
 I'll have my Villa too, a sweet abode,  
 Its situation shall be London road :  
 Pots o'er the door I'll place like Cits balconies,  
 Which <sup>1</sup> Bentley calls the Gardens of Adonis.

<sup>1</sup> Bentley's Milton, Book ix. ver. 439.

I'll have my gardens in the fashion too,  
 For what is beautiful that is not new?  
 Fair four-legg'd temples, theatres that vye  
 With all the angles of a Christmas-pye.  
 Does it not merit the beholder's praise,  
 What's high to sink? and what is low to raise?  
 Slopes shall ascend where once a green-houſe stood,  
 And in my horse-pond I will plant a wood.  
 Let misers dread the hoarded gold to waste,  
 Expence and alteration shews a Taste.

In curious paintings I'm exceeding nice,  
 And know their several beauties by their price.  
 Auctions and sales I constantly attend,  
 But chuse my pictures by a skilful friend.  
 Originals and copies much the same,  
 The picture's value is the painter's name.

My Taste in sculpture from my choice is seen,  
 I buy no statues that are not obscene.  
 In spite of Addison<sup>m</sup> and ancient Rome,  
 Sir Cloudefly Shovel's is my fav'rite tomb.  
 How oft have I with admiration stood,  
 To view some city-magistrate in wood!  
 I gaze with pleasure on a lord-mayor's head,  
 Cast with propriety in gilded lead.  
 Oh could I view through London as I pass,  
 Some broad Sir Balaam in Corinthian bras:

<sup>m</sup> See Spectator, No. 26.

High on a pedestal, ye freemen, place  
 His magisterial paunch and griping face;  
 Letter'd and gilt, let him adorn Cheapside,  
 And grant the tradesman, what a king's deny'd.

Old coins and medals I collect, 'tis true,  
 Sir Andrew <sup>n</sup> has 'em, and I'll have 'em too.  
 But among friends if I the truth might speak,  
 I like the modern, and despise th' antique.  
 Though in the drawers of my japan bureau,  
 To lady Gripeall I the Cæsars shew,  
 'Tis equal to her ladyship or me,  
 A copper Otho, or a Scotch baubee.  
 Without Italian, or without an ear,  
 To Bononcini's music I adhere <sup>o</sup>;  
 Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,  
 And therefore proper at a sheriff's feast.

<sup>n</sup> Sir Andrew Fountaine, knt. a gentleman famous for his valuable collection of pictures, statues, medals, and inscriptions. He was tutor to the duke of Cumberland, and at the time of his death, Sept. 4, 1753, warden of the Mint.

<sup>o</sup> On the establishment of a royal academy of music, about the year 1723, the publick was divided about the merits of Handel and Bononcini, as composers, and great feuds were raised amongst the nobility on the occasion. The contest was managed with much violence, and at length brought to a decision by each of the rival performers composing an act of *Muzio Scævola*. The superiority was generally acknowledged to belong to Handel.

My soul has oft a secret pleasure found,  
 In the harmonious bagpipe's lofty sound.  
 Bagpipes for men, shrill German-flutes for boys,  
 I'm English born, and love a grumbling noise.  
 The stage should yield the solemn organ's note,  
 And scripture tremble in the eunuch's throat.  
 Let Senefino sing, what David writ,  
 And hallelujahs charm the pious pit.  
 Eager in throngs the town to Esther <sup>P</sup> came,  
 And Oratorio was a lucky name.  
 Thou, Heidegger ! the English Taste hast found <sup>4</sup>,  
 And rul'st the mob of quality with sound.  
 In Lent, if masquerades displease the town,  
 Call 'em Ridottos, and they still go down.  
 Go on, prince Phiz ! to please the British Nation,  
 Call thy next Masquerade a Convocation.  
 Bears, lions, wolves, and elephants I breed,  
 And Philosophical Transactions read.  
 Next lodge I'll be Free-mason, nothing less,  
 Unless I happen to be F. R. S.  
 I have a palate, and (as yet) two ears,  
 Fit company for porters or for peers.  
 Of every useful knowledge I've a share,  
 But my top talent is a bill of fare.

<sup>P</sup> Esther, one of the first of Mr. Handel's oratorios, performed about the year 1729 or 1730.

<sup>4</sup> See vol. iii. p. 206.

Sir-loins and rumps of beef offend my eyes,  
 Pleas'd with frogs fricasseed, and coxcomb-pies,  
 Dishes I chuse though little, yet genteel,  
 Snails the first course, and peepers crown the meal.  
 Pigs heads with hair on, much my fancy please,  
 I love young colly-flow'r's if stew'd in cheese,  
 And give ten guineas for a pint of peas.  
 No tattling servants to my table come,  
 My grace is silence, and my waiter dumb.  
 Queer country-puts extol queen Bess's reign,  
 And of lost hospitality complain.  
 Say thou that dost thy father's table praise,  
 Was there mahogena in former days?  
 Oh! could a British barony be sold!  
 I would bright honour buy with dazzling gold.  
 Could I the privilege of peer procure,  
 The rich I'd bully, and oppress the poor.  
 To give is wrong, but it is wronger still,  
 On any terms to pay a tradesman's bill.  
 I'd make the insolent mechanics stay,  
 And keep my ready money all for play.  
 I'd try if any pleasure could be found,  
 In tossing up for twenty-thousand pound.  
 Had I whole counties, I to White's would go,  
 And set land, woods, and rivers, at a throw.  
 But should I meet with an unlucky run,  
 And at a throw be gloriously undone;

My

My debts of honour I'd discharge the first,  
 Let all my lawful creditors be curs'd!  
 My title would preserve me from arrest,  
 And seizing hired horses is a jest.  
 I'd walk the morning with an oaken stick,  
 With gloves and hat, like my own footman, Dick.  
 A footman I would be, in outward show,  
 In sense, and education, truly so.  
 As for my head, it should ambiguous wear  
 At once a perriwig and its own hair.  
 My hair I'd powder in the women's way,  
 And dress and talk of dressing more than they.  
 I'll please the maids of honour, if I can;  
 Without black velvet breeches, what is man?  
 I will my skill in button-holes display,  
 And brag how oft I shift me every day.  
 Shall I wear cloaths in awkward England made?  
 And sweat in cloth, to help the woollen trade?  
 In French embroid'ry and in Flander's lace  
 I'll spend the income of a treasurer's place.  
 Deard's<sup>2</sup> bill for baubles shall to thousands mount,  
 And I'd out-di'mond even the di'mond count.  
 I would convince the world by tawdry cloaths  
 That belles are less effeminate than beaux,  
 And doctor Lamb should pare my lordship's toes.

<sup>2</sup> A noted toymen.

To boon companions I my time would give,  
 With players, pimps, and parasites I'd live.  
 I would with jockeys from Newmarket dine,  
 And to rough-riders give my choicest wine ;  
 I would caref some stableman of note,  
 And imitate his language and his coat.  
 My ev'nings all I would with sharpers spend,  
 And make the thief-catcher my bosom friend.  
 In Fig<sup>4</sup> the prize-fighter by day delight,  
 And sup with Colley Cibber every night.  
 Should I perchance be fashionably ill,  
 I'd send for Misäubin<sup>t</sup>, and take his pill.  
 I should abhor, though in the utmost need,  
 Arbuthnot<sup>u</sup>, Hollins<sup>w</sup>, Wigan<sup>x</sup>, Lee<sup>y</sup>, or Mead<sup>z</sup>;

<sup>4</sup> See vol. vi. This celebrated prize-fighter died about the year 1734.

<sup>t</sup> Dr. John Misäubin was a celebrated quack, though a member of the College of Physicians. He died 20 April 1734.

<sup>u</sup> Dr. Arbuthnot, the friend of Pope, Swift, and Gay. He died 27 February 1735.

<sup>w</sup> Dr. John Hollins, at the time of his death, to May 1739, senior King's physician in ordinary.

<sup>x</sup> Dr. John Wigan, of Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degree July 7, 1727.

<sup>y</sup> Dr. Matthew Lee. This gentleman settled at Low Layton, and died 27 September 1755.

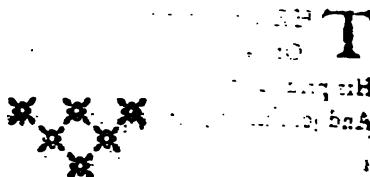
<sup>z</sup> The celebrated Dr. Richard Mead.

But if I found that I grew worse and worse,  
 I'd turn off Misaubin and take a nurse.  
 How oft when eminent physicians fail,  
 Do good old w<sup>m</sup>en's remedies prevail !  
 When beauty's goné, and Chloe's struck with years,  
 Eyes she can couch, or she can syringe ears.  
 Of graduates I dislike the learned rout,  
 And chuse a female doctor for the gout.

Thus would I live, with no dull pedants curs'd ;  
 Sure, of all blockheads, scholars are the worst.  
 Back to your universities, ye fools,  
 And dangle arguments on strings in schools :  
 Those schools which Universities they call,  
 'Twere well for England were there none at all.  
 With ease that los<sup>s</sup> the nation might sustain,  
 Supply'd by Goodman's-fields and Drury-lane.  
 Oxford and Cambridge are not worth one farthing,  
 Compar'd to Haymarket and Covent-garden :  
 Quit those, ye British youth, and follow these,  
 Turn players all, and take your 'squire's degrees.  
 Boast not your incomes now, as heretofore,  
 Ye book-learn'd seats ! the theatres have more :  
 Ye stiff-rump'd heads of colleges be dumb ;  
 A single eunuch gets a larger sum.  
 Have some of you three hundred by the year ;  
 Booth, Rich, and Cibber, twice three thousand clear.  
 Should Oxford to her sister Cambridge join  
 A year's rack-rent, and arbitrary fine :

Thence not one winter's charge would be defray'd,  
 For play-house, opera, ball, and masquerade.  
 Glad I congratulate the judging age,  
 The players are the world, the world the stage.

I am a politician too, and hate  
 Of any party, ministers of state :  
 I'm for an Act, that he, who sev'n whole years  
 Has serv'd his king and country, lose his ears.  
 Thus from my birth I'm qualified, you find,  
 To give the laws of Taste to human kind.  
 Mine are the gallant schemes of politesse,  
 For books, and buildings, politics, and dress.  
 This is true Taste, and who so likes it not,  
 's blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and sot.



E S S A Y  
CONVERSATION.

By BENJAMIN STILLINGFLEET.

*Oderunt bilarem trifles, triflesque jocofi,  
Sedatum celeres, agiles gravumque remissi*

HOR.

**T**HE art of converse, how to sooth the soul  
Of haughty man, his passions to controul,  
His pride at once to humble and to please,  
And join the dignity of life with ease,

Be

\* Benjamin Stillingfleet, was the only son of Edward Stillingfleet, a clergyman in the county of Norfolk, and grandson to Dr. Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester. He was educated at Norwich school, which he left in 1720, and went to Trinity College Cambridge, where Dr. Bentley, who had been private tutor to his father, was then Master. He became a candidate while there for a fellowship, but through the

Be now my theme. O thou, whom Nature's hand  
 Fram'd for this best, this delicate command,  
 And taught, when lisping without reaſon's aid,  
 At the same time to speak and to perſuade,  
 WYNDHAM, with diligence awhile attend,  
 Nor ſcorn th' inſtructions of an older friend;  
 Who when the world's great commerce ſhall have join'd  
 The deep refection, and the strength of mind,  
 To the bright talents of thy youthful state,  
 In turn ſhall on thy better leſſons wait.

Whence comes it, that in every art we ſee  
 Many can riſe to a ſupreme degree;  
 Yet in this art, for which all ſeem deſign'd  
 By nature, ſcarcely one compleat we find?  
 You'll ſay, perhaps, we think, we ſpeak, we move;  
 By the ſtrong ſprings alone of selfish love:  
 Yet among all the ſpecies, is there one,  
 Whom with more caution than ourſelves we ſhun?

influence of Dr. Bentley, was rejected. On this diſappointment, he quitted the University, and travelled with Mr. Wyndham of Felbrig, in Norfolk, to whom this Poem is addreſſed, and with whom he lived in the moſt intimate and unreserved friendſhip. By the favour of the late Lord Barrington, he was appointed maſter of the barracks at Kensington, a place which enabled him to pursue his ſtudies, and pa-  
 ticularly his favourite one of Natural History, with ſucceſs. He was the author of ſeveral valuable works which have been published, and of others which have not hitherto appeared. He died a batchelor, in the year 1771, at the age of upwards of feſtety years, and was buried in Saint James's church.

What

What is it fills a puppet-show or court?  
 Go none but for the profit or the sport?  
 If so, why comes each soul fatigu'd away,  
 And curses the dull puppets same dull play;  
 Yet, unconvinc'd, is tempted still to go?  
 'Tis that we find at home our greatest foe.  
 And reason good why solitude we flee;  
 Can wants with self-sufficiency agree?  
 Yet, such our inconsistency of mind,  
 We court society, and hate mankind.  
 With some we quarrel, for they're too sincere:  
 With others, for they're close, reserv'd and queer;  
 This is too learn'd, too prudent, or too wise;  
 And that we for his ignorance despise:  
 A voice perhaps our ear shall harshly strike,  
 Then strait ev'n wit itself shall raise dislike;  
 Our eye may by some feature be annoy'd,  
 Behold at once a character destroy'd:  
 One's so good-natur'd, he's beyond all bearing,  
 He'll ridicule no friend, though out of hearing:  
 Another warm'd with zeal, offends our eyes,  
 Because he holds the mirror up to vice.  
 No wonder then, since fancies wild as these  
 Can move our spleen, that real faults displease.  
 When Mævius, spite of dulness, will be bright,  
 And teach ARGYLL<sup>b</sup> to speak, and SWIFT to write;

<sup>b</sup> John Duke of Argyll, equally celebrated as a statesman, a warrior, and an orator. He died 3d September 1743.

When Flavia entertains us with her dreams,  
 And Macer with his no less airy schemes ;  
 When peevishness, and jealousy, and pride,  
 And int'rest that can brother hearts divide,  
 In their imagin'd forms our eyght hit,  
 Of an old maid, a poet, peer or cit ;  
 Can then, you'll say, philosophy refrain,  
 And check the torrent of each boiling vein ?  
 Yes. She can still do more ; view paffion's slave  
 With mind serene, indulge him, and yet save.

But self-conceit steps in, and with strict eye  
 Scans every man, and every man awry ;  
 That reigning passion, which through every stage  
 Of life, still haunts us with unceasing rage.  
 No quality so mean, but what can raise  
 Some drudging driveling candidate for praise ;  
 Ev'n in the wretch, who wretches can despise,  
 Still self-conceit will find a time to rise.  
 Quintus salutes you with forbidding face,  
 And thinks he carries his excuse in lace :  
 You ask, why Clodius bullies all he can ?  
 Clodius will tell you, he's a gentleman :  
 Myrtilla shuns, and shudders half the year,  
 With a round cap, that shews a fine-turn'd ear ;  
 The lowest jest makes Delia laugh to death ;  
 Yet she's no fool, she has only handsome teeth.  
 Ventoſo lolls, and scorns all human kind,  
 From the gilt coach with four lac'd slaves behind :

Dona

Does all this pomp and state proceed from merit ?  
 Mean thought ! he deems it nobler to inherit :  
 While Fopling from some title draws his pride,  
 Meanless, or infamous, or misapply'd ;  
 Free-mason, rake, or wit, 'tis just the same,  
 The charm is hence, he has gain'd himself a name.  
 Yet, spite of all the fools that pride has made,  
 'Tis not on man an useles burthen laid ;  
 Pride has ennobled some, and some disgrac'd ;  
 It hurts not in itself, but as 'tis plac'd ;  
 When right, its view knows none but virtue's bound ;  
 When wrong, it scarcely looks one inch around.  
 Mark ! with what care the fair one's critic eye  
 Scans o'er her dres, nor lets a fault slip by ;  
 Each rebel hair must be reduc'd to place  
 With tedious skill, and tortur'd into grace ;  
 Betty must o'er and o'er the pins dispose,  
 Till into modish folds the drapery flows,  
 And the whole frame is fitted to express  
 The charms of decency and nakednes.  
 Why all this art, this labour'd ornament ?  
 To captivate, you'll cry, no doubt, 'tis meant.  
 True. But let's wait upon this fair machine  
 From the lone closet to the social scéne ;  
 There view her loud, affected, scornful, sour,  
 Paining all others, and herself still more.  
 What means she, at one instant to disgrace  
 The labour of ten hours, her much-lov'd face ?

Why,

Why, 'tis the self-same passion gratify'd ;  
 The work is ruin'd, that was rais'd by pride.  
 Yet of all tempers, it requires least pain,  
 Could we but rule ourselves, to rule the vain.  
 The prudent is by reason only sway'd,  
 With him each sentence and each word is weigh'd ;  
 The gay and giddy can alone be caught  
 By the quick lustre of a happy thought ;  
 The miser hates, unless he steals your pelf ;  
 The prodigal, unless you rob yourself ;  
 The lewd will shun you, if your wife prove chaste ;  
 The jealous, if a smile on his be cast ;  
 The steady, or the whimsical will blame,  
 Either, because you're not, or are the same ;  
 The peevish, sullen, shrewd, luxurious, rash,  
 Will with your virtue, peace, or interest, clash ;  
 But mark the proud man's price, how very low !  
 'Tis but a civil speech, a smile, or bow.

Ye who, push'd on by noble ardour, aim,  
 In social life to gain immortal fame,  
 Observe the various passions of mankind,  
 General, peculiar, single, or combin'd :  
 How youth from manhood differs in its views,  
 And how old age still other paths pursues ;  
 How zeal in Priscus nothing more than heats,  
 In Codex burns, and ruins all it meets ;  
 How freedom now a lovely face shall wear,  
 Now shock us in the likeness of a bear ;

How

How jealousy in some resembles hate,  
 In others, seems but love grown delicate ;  
 How modesty is often pride refin'd,  
 And virtue but the canker of the mind ;  
 How love of riches, grandeur, life, and fame,  
 Wear different shapes, and yet are still the same.

But not our passions only disagree,  
 In taste is found as great variety :  
 Sylvius is ravish'd when he hears a hound,  
 His lady hates to death the odious sound :  
 Yet both love music, though in different ways ;  
 He in a kennel, she at operas.  
 A florist shall, perhaps, not grudge some hours,  
 To view the colours in a bed of flowers ;  
 Yet, shew him TITIAN's workmanship divine,  
 He passes on, and only cries, 'tis fine.  
 A rusty coin, an old worm-eaten post,  
 The mouldy fragment of an author left,  
 A butterfly, an equipage, a star,  
 A globe, a fine lac'd hat, a china jar,  
 A mistress, or a fashion, that is new,  
 Have each their charms, though felt but by a few.  
 Then study each man's passion and his taste,  
 The first to soften, and indulge the last :  
 Not like the wretch, who beats down virtue's fence,  
 And deviates from the paths of common sense ;  
 Who daubs with fulsome flattery, blind and bold,  
 The very weakness we with grief behold.

Passions are common to the fool and wise,  
And all would hide them under art's disguise ;  
For so avow'd, in others, is their shame,  
None hates them more, than he, who has the same.  
But taste seems more peculiarly our own,  
And every man is fond to make his known ;  
Proud of a mark he fancies is design'd  
By nature to advance him o'er his kind ;  
And where he sees that character impress'd,  
With joy he hugs the favourite to his breast.

But the main stress of all our cares must lie,  
To watch ourselves with strict and constant eye ;  
To mark the working mind, when passion's course  
Begins to swell, and reason still has force ;  
Or, if she's conquer'd by the stronger tide,  
Observe the moments when they first subside ;  
For he who hopes a victory to win  
O'er other men, must with himself begin ;  
Else like a town by mutiny oppress'd,  
He's ruin'd by the foe within his breast ;  
And they alone, who in themselves oft view  
Man's image, know what method to pursue.  
All other creatures keep in beaten ways,  
Man only moves in an eternal maze :  
He lives and dies, not tam'd by cultivation,  
The wretch of reason, and the dupe of passion ;  
Curious of knowing, yet too proud to learn ;  
More prone to doubt, than anxious to discern ;

[ 335 ]

Tir'd with old doctrines, prejudic'd at new ; and i' th' world  
Mistaking still the pleasing for the true ;  
Foe to restraints approv'd by gen'ral voice ;  
Yet to each fool-born mode i' th' have by choice ;  
Of rest impatient, yet in love with ease ;  
When most good-natur'd, sinning how to tease ;  
Dissaining by the vulgar to be aw'd,  
Yet never pleas'd but when the fools applaud ;  
By turns severe, indulgent, humble, vain ;  
A trifle serves to lose him or to gain.

Then grant this trifle, yet his vices shun,  
Not like to CATO or to CLINIUS' son ;  
This for each humour every shape could take,  
Ev'n virtue's own, though not for virtue's sake ;  
At Athens rakish, thoughtless, full of fire,  
Severe at Sparta, as a Chartreux friar ;  
In Thrace, a bully, drunken, rash, and rude ;  
In Asia gay, effeminate, and lewd ;  
While the rough Roman, virtue's rigid friend,  
Could not to save the cause he dy'd for bende ;  
In him 'twas scarce an honour to be good,  
He more indulg'd a passion than subdu'd.

See how the skilful lover spreads his toils,  
When eager in pursuit of beauty's spoils !  
Behold him bending at his idol's feet ;  
Humble, not mean ; disputing, and yet sweet ;

In rivalry not fierce, nor yet unmov'd ;  
 Without a rival studious to be lov'd ;  
 For ever cheerful, though not always witty,  
 And never giving cause for hate or pity :  
 These are his arts, such arts as must prevail,  
 When riches, birth and beauty's self will fail :  
 And what he does to gain a vulgar end,  
 Shall we neglect, to make mankind our friend ?

Good sense and learning may esteem obtain ;  
 Humour and wit a laugh, if rightly ta'en :  
 Fair virtue admiration may impart ;  
 But 'tis good-nature only wins the heart :  
 It moulds the body to an easy grace,  
 And brightens every feature of the face :  
 It smooths th' unpolish'd tongue with eloquence,  
 And adds persuasion to the finest sense.  
 Yet this, like every disposition, has  
 Fixt bounds, o'er which it never ought to pass ;  
 When stretch'd too far, its honour dies away,  
 Its merit sinks, and all its charms decay ;  
 Among the good it meets with no applause,  
 And to its ruin the malicious draws :  
 A slave to all, who force it, or entice,  
 It falls by chance in virtue or in vice.  
 'Tis true, in pity for the poor it bleeds,  
 It cloaths the naked, and the hungry feeds ;  
 It cheers the stranger, nay its foes defends,  
 But then as oft it injures its best friends.

Study with care Politeness, that must teach  
 The modish forms of gesture and of speech :  
 In vain Formality, with matron mien,  
 And Pertness apes her with familiar gait :  
 They against nature for applauses strain,  
 Distort themselves, and give all others pain :  
 She moves with easy, though with measur'd pace,  
 And shews no part of study, but the grace.  
 Yet ev'n by this man is but half refin'd,  
 Unless philosophy subdues the mind :  
 'Tis but a varnish that is quickly lost,  
 Whene'er the soul in passion's sea is toss.

Would you both please and be instructed too,  
 Watch well the rage of shining to subdue ;  
 Hear every man upon his fav'rite theme,  
 And ever be more knowing than you seem.  
 The lowest genius will afford some light,  
 Or give a hint that had escap'd your sight.  
 Doubt, 'till he thinks you on conviction yield,  
 And with fit questions let each pause be fill'd :  
 And the most knowing will with pleasure grant,  
 You're rather much reserv'd, than ignorant.

The rays of wit gild wheresoe'er they strike,  
 But are not therefore fit for all alike ;  
 They charm the lively, but the grave offend ;  
 And raise a foe as often as a friend ;  
 Like the resifles beams of blazing light,  
 That cheer the strong, and pain the weakly sight.

If a bright fancy therefore be your share,  
 Let judgment watch it with a guardian's care ;  
 'Tis like a torrent apt to overflow,  
 Unless by constant government kept low ;  
 And ne'er ineffectual passes by,  
 But overturns or gladdens all that's nigh.  
 Or else, like trees, when suffer'd wild to shoot,  
 That put forth much, but all unripen'd fruit ;  
 It turns to affectation and grimace,  
 As like to wit, as dullness is to grace.

How hard soe'er it be to bridle wit,  
 Yet mem'ry oft no less requires the bit :  
 How many, hurried by its force away,  
 For ever in the land of gossips stray !  
 Usurp the province of the nurse to lull,  
 Without her privilege for being dull !  
 Tales upon tales they raise ten stories high,  
 Without regard to use or symmetry :  
 So Ripley <sup>4</sup>, till his destin'd space is fill'd,  
 Heaps bricks on bricks, and fancies 'tis to build.  
 A story shou'd, to please, at least seem true,  
 Be à-propos, well told, concise, and new ;

<sup>4</sup> "Ripley," says Mr. Pope, " was a carpenter, employ'd by a first minister, who rais'd him to an architect, without any genius in the art ; and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in publick buildings, made him Comptroller to the Board of Works." *Note to Moral Essays, Ep. IV. l. 18.*

And

And whensoe'er it deviates from these rules;  
 The wife will sleep, and leave applause to fools.  
 But others, more intolerable yet,  
 The waggeries, that they've said, or heard, repeat ;  
 Heavy by mem'ry made, and what's the worst,  
 At second-hand, as often as at first.  
 And can even patience hear, without disdain,  
 The maiming register of sense once slain ?  
 While the dull features, big with archness, strive  
 In vain, the forc'd half-smile to keep alive.

Some know no joy like what a word can raise,  
 Haul'd through a language's perplexing maze ;  
 'Till on a mate, that seems t'agree, they light,  
 Like man and wife, that still are opposite ;  
 Not lawyers at the bar play more with sense,  
 When brought to the last trope of eloquence,  
 Than they on every subject, great or small,  
 At clubs, or councils, at a church or ball ;  
 Then cry we rob them of their tributes due :  
 Alas ! how can we laugh and pity too ?

While others to extremes as wild will run,  
 And with sour face anatomize a pun :  
 When the brisk glass to freedom does entice,  
 And rigid wisdom is a kind of vice.  
 But let not such grave fops your laughter spoil,  
 Ne'er frown where sense may innocently smile.

Cramp not your language into logic rules,  
 To rostrums leave the pedantry of schools ;

Nor let your learning always be discern'd,  
 But chuse to seem judicious more than learn'd.  
 Quote seldom, and then let it be, at least,  
 Some fact that's prov'd, or thought that's well express'd,  
 But left, disguis'd, your eye it should escape,  
 Know, pedantry can put on every shape :  
 For when we deviate into terms of art,  
 Unless constrain'd, we act the pedant's part.  
 Or if we're ever in the self-same key,  
 No matter of what kind the subject be,  
 From laws of nations down to laws of dress,  
 For statesmen have their cant, and belles no less.  
 As good hear Bentley <sup>e</sup> dictate on epistles,  
 Or Burman <sup>f</sup> comment on the Grecian whistles ;  
 As old Obesus preach upon his belly,  
 Or Phileunucha rant on Farinelli ;  
 Flirtilla read a lecture on a fan,  
 Or W——d set forth the praise of Kouli-Kan.  
 But above all things raillery decline,  
 Nature but few does for that task design :  
 'Tis in the ablest hand a dang'rous tool,  
 But never fails to wound the meddling fool ;

<sup>e</sup> See Bentley on the Epistles of Phalaris.

<sup>f</sup> Peter Burman, a celebrated Dutch writer, born at Utrecht, 26th of June 1688. He was Professor of Eloquence and History at the place of his birth, and died 31st of March 1731.

For all must grant, it needs no common art  
 To keep men patient, when we make them smart.  
 Not wit alone, nor humour's self, will do,  
 Without good-nature, and much prudence too,  
 To judge aright of persons, place, and time;  
 For taste decrees what's low, and what's sublime;  
 And what might charm to-day, or o'er a glasse,  
 Perhaps at court, or next day, would not passe,  
 Then leave to low buffoons, by custom bred,  
 And form'd by nature to be kick'd and sed,  
 The vulgar and unenvied task, to hit  
 All persons right or wrong with random wit.  
 Our wise forefathers, born in sober days,  
 Resign'd to fools the tart and witty phrase;  
 The motley coat gave warning for the jest,  
 Excus'd the wound, and sanctify'd the pest:  
 But we from high to low all strive to screech,  
 Will all be wits, and not the livery wear.

Of all the qualities that help to raise  
 In men the universal voice of praise,  
 Whether in pleasure or in use they end,  
 There's none than can with modesty contend.  
 'Tis a transparent veil that helps the sight,  
 And lets us look on merit with delight:  
 In others, 'tis a kindly light, that seems  
 To gild the worst defects with borrow'd beams.  
 Yet, 'tis but little that its form be caught,  
 Unless its origin be first in thought:

Else rebel nature will reveal the cheat,  
 And the whole work of art at once defeat.  
 Hold forth upon yourself on no pretence,  
 Unless invited, or in self-defence ;  
 The praise you take, although it be your due,  
 Will be suspected, if it come from you :  
 For each man, by experience taught, can tell  
 How strong a flatterer does within him dwell ;  
 And if to self-condemning you incline,  
 In sober sadness, and without design,  
 (For some will flyly arrogate a vice,  
 That from excess of virtue takes its rise)  
 The world cries out, why does he hither come ?  
 Let him do penance for his sins at home.

No part of conduct asks for skill more nice,  
 Though none more common, than to give advice ;  
 Misers themselves in this will not be saving,  
 Unless their knowledge makes it worth the having,  
 And where's the wonder, when we will obtrude  
 An useless gift, it meets ingratitude ?  
 Shun then, unask'd, this arduous task to try ;  
 But if consulted, use sincerity ;  
 Too sacred is the welfare of a friend,  
 To give it up for any selfish end.  
 But use one caution, sift him o'er and o'er,  
 To find if all be not resolv'd before.  
 If such the case, in spite of all his art,  
 Some word will give the soundings of his heart ;

And

And why should you a bootless freedom use,  
 That serves him not, and may his friendship lose ?  
 Yet still on truth bestow this mark of love,  
 Ne'er to commend the thing you can't approve.  
 Sincerity has such resistless charms,  
 She oft the fiercest of our foes disarms ;  
 No art she knows, in native whiteness dress'd ;  
 Her thoughts all pure, and therefore all express'd :  
 She takes from error its deformity ;  
 And without her, all other virtues die.  
 Bright source of goodness ! to my aid descend,  
 Watch o'er my heart, and all my words attend :  
 If still thou deign to set thy foot below,  
 Among a race quite polish'd into show,  
 Oh ! save me from the jilt's dissembling part,  
 Who grants to all all favours, but her heart ;  
 Perverts the end of charming, for the fame ;  
 To fawn, her business ; to deceive, her aim ;  
 She smiles on this man, tips the wink on that,  
 Gives one a squeeze, another a kind pat ;  
 Now jogs a foot, now whispers in an ear ;  
 Here slips a letter, and there casts a leer ;  
 'Till the kind thing, the company throughout,  
 Distributes all its pretty self about ;  
 While all are pleas'd, and wretched soon or late,  
 All but the wife, who see and shun the bait.  
 Yet if, as complaisance requires to do,  
 And rigid virtue sometimes will allow,

You stretch the truth in favour of a friend,  
 Be sure it ever aim at some good end ;  
 To cherish growing virtue, vice to shame,  
 And turn to noble views the love of fame ;  
 And not, like fawning parasites, unaw'd  
 By sense or truth, be every passion's bawd.

Be rarely warm in censure, or in praise ;  
 Few men deserve our passion either ways ;  
 For half the world but floats 'twixt good and ill,  
 As chance disposes objects, these the will :  
 'Tis but a fee-saw game, where virtue now  
 Mounts above vice, and then sinks down as low.  
 Besides the wise still hold it for a rule,  
 To trust that judgment most, that seems most cool :  
 For all that rises to hyperbole,  
 Proves that we err, at least in the degree.  
 But if your temper to extremes should lead,  
 Always upon th' indulging side exceed ;  
 For though to blame most lend a willing ear,  
 Yet hatred ever will attend on fear :  
 And when a neighbour's dwelling blazes out,  
 The world will think 'tis time to look about.

Let not the curious from your bosom steal  
 Secrets, where Prudence ought to set her seal ;  
 Yet be so frank and plain, that at one view,  
 In other things, each man may see you through :  
 For if the mask of policy you wear,  
 The honest hate you, and the cunning fear.

Would

Would you be well receiv'd whate'er you go,  
 Remember each man vanquish'd is a foe.  
 Resist not, therefore, with your utmost might,  
 But let the weakest think he's sometimes right ;  
 He, for each triumph you shall thus decline,  
 Shall give ten opportunities to shine :  
 He sees, since once you own'd him to excel,  
 That 'tis his interest you should reason well :  
 And though when roughly us'd, he's full of choler,  
 As blus'ring Beatley to a brother scholar,  
 Yet by degrees, inure him to submit,  
 He's tame, and in his mouth receives the bit.  
 But chiefly against trifling contests guard,  
 'Tis here submission seems to man most hard :  
 Nor imitate that resolute old fool e,  
 Who undertook to kick against his mule.  
 But those who will not by instruction learn,  
 How fatal trifles prove, let story warn.  
 Panthus and Euclio, link'd by friendship's tie,  
 Liv'd each for each, as each for each would die ;  
 Like objects pleas'd them, and like objects pain'd ;  
 'Twas but one soul that in two bodies reign'd.  
 One night, as usual 'twas their nights to pass,  
 They ply'd the cheerful, but still temp'rate glass,  
 When lo ! a doubt is rais'd about a word :  
 A doubt that must be ended by the sword :

¶ Ctesiphon,

One

One falls a victim, mark, O man, thy shame,  
 Because their glossaries were not the same.  
 Could <sup>h</sup> Bailey's self more-tenderness have shown  
 For his two tomes of words, though half his own ?

For what remains of failings without end,  
 Morals must some, and some the laws must mend.  
 While others in such monstrous forms appear,  
 As tongue-ty'd sourness, fly suspicion's leer,  
 Free-fisted rudeness, dropical pretence,  
 Proteus' caprice, and elbowing insolence ;  
 No caution to avoid them they demand,  
 Like wretches branded by the hangman's hand.

If faith to some philosophers be given,  
 Man, that great lord of earth, that heir of heav'n,  
 Savage at first, inhabited the wood,  
 And scrambled with his fellow-brutes for food ;  
 No social home he knew, no friendship's tie,  
 Selfish in good, in ill without ally ;  
 'Till some in length of time, of stronger nerve,  
 And greater cunning, forc'd the rest to serve  
 One common purpose, and, in nature's spite,  
 Brought the whole jarring species to unite.  
 But might we not with equal reason say,  
 That every single particle of clay,  
 Which forms our body, was at first design'd  
 To lie for ever from the rest disjoin'd ?

<sup>h</sup> Nathan Bailey, the compiler of a Latin and English Dictionary, and  
 editor of several classics for the use of schools. He died 27 June, 1742.

Can

Can this be said, and can it be allow'd  
 'Twas with its powers for no one end endow'd  
 If so; we own that man, at first, by art  
 Was sooth'd to act in social life a part.  
 'Tis true, in some the seeds of discord seem  
 To contradict this all-uniting scheme:  
 But that no more hurts nature's general course,  
 Than matter found with a repelling force.

Turn we awhile on lonely man our eyes,  
 And see what frantic scenes of folly rise:  
 In some dark monastery's gloomy cells,  
 Where formal self-presuming Virtue dwells,  
 Bedoz'd with dreams of grace-distilling caves,  
 Of holy puddles, and consuming graves,  
 Of animated plaster, wood, and stone,  
 And mighty cures by sainted sinners done.  
 Permit me, Muse, still farther to explore,  
 And turn the leaves of superstition o'er;  
 Where wonders upon wonders ever grow,  
 Chaos of zeal and blindnes, mirth and woe;  
<sup>1</sup> Visions of devils into monkeys turn'd,  
 That hot from hell roar at a finger burn'd;  
<sup>2</sup> Bottles of precious tears that saints have wept,  
<sup>3</sup> And breath a thousand years in phials kept;

<sup>1</sup> St. Dominic; vide Janfeius (Nic.)

<sup>2</sup> Of our Saviour and others, vide Ferrand.

<sup>3</sup> Of Joseph, vide Molinæum.

■ Sun-beams sent down to prop one friar's staff,  
 ■ And hell broke loose to make another laugh ;  
 • Obedient fleas, and <sup>P</sup> superstitious mice ;  
 ♦ Confessing wolves, and <sup>I</sup> sanctifying lice ;  
 • Letters and houses by an angel carried ;  
 ♦ And, wond'rous ! virgin nuns to Jesus married.  
 One monk, not knowing how to spend his time,  
 Sits down to find out some unheard-of crime ;  
 Increases the large catalogue of sins,  
 And where the sober faith, there begins.  
 Of death eternal his decree is past,  
 For the first crime, as fix'd as for the last.  
 While that, as idle, and as pious too,  
 Compounds with false religion for the true ;  
 He, courtly usher to the blest abodes,  
 Weighs all the niceties of forms and modes ;  
 And makes the rugged paths so smooth and even,  
 None but an ill-bred man can miss of heav'n.

<sup>m</sup> St. Cathro's, vide Colganum.

<sup>n</sup> St. Anthony.

<sup>o</sup> Vide life of St. Colman by Colganus.

<sup>P</sup> The same life by the same author.

<sup>q</sup> Vide speculum vite sancti Francisci.

<sup>r</sup> St. Munnu gathered those that dropt from him, and put them in their place again, vide A&S. Sanctorum.

<sup>s</sup> From St. Firman to St. Columba, vide Colganum. Chapel of Loretto.

<sup>t</sup> Maria de la Visitation, vide her life by Lufignano.

One heav'n-inspir'd invents a frock, or hood :  
 The taylor now cuts out, and then grows good.  
 Another quits his stockings, brooches, shirt,  
 Because he fancies virtue dwells with dirt :  
 While all concur to take away the fires,  
 From weightier points, and lay it on the less.  
 Anxious each paltry relique to preserve  
 Of him, whose hungry friends they leave to starve,  
 Harrass'd by watching, abstinence, and chains ;  
 Strangers to joy, familiar grown with pains ;  
 To all the means of virtue they attend  
 With strictest care, and only miss the end.  
 Can scripture teach us, or can sense persuade,  
 That man for such employments o'er was made ?  
 Far be that thought ! But let us now relate  
 A character <sup>as</sup> opposite, <sup>as</sup> great,  
 In him, who living gave to Athens fame,  
 And, by his death, immortaliz'd her shame.  
 Great scourge of sophists ! he from heaven brought down,  
 And plac'd true wisdom on th' usurper's throne :  
 Philosopher in all things, but pretence ;  
 He taught what they neglected, common sense.  
 They o'er the stiff Lyceum form'd to rule ;  
 He, o'er mankind ; all Athens was his school.  
 The sober tradesman, and smart petit-maitre,  
 Great lords, and wits, in their own eyes still greater,

<sup>as</sup> Socrates.

With

With him grew wise ; unknowing they were taught ;  
 He spoke like them, though not like them he thought ;  
 Nor wept, nor laugh'd, at man's perverted fate ;  
 But left to women this, to belots that.  
 View him with sophists fam'd for fierce contest,  
 Or crown'd with roses at the jovial feast ;  
 Insulted by a peevish, noisy wife,  
 Or at the bar foredoom'd to lose his life ;  
 What moving words flow from his artless tongue,  
 Sublime with-ease, with condescension strong !  
 Yet scorn'd to flatter vice, or virtue blame ;  
 Nor chang'd to please, but pleas'd because the same ;  
 The same by friends caref'd, by foes withheld,  
 Still unaffected, cheerful, mild, and good.  
 Behold one pagan, drawn in colours faint,  
 Outshine ten thousand monks, though each a saint !

Here let us fix our foot, hence take our view,  
 And learn to try false merit by the true.  
 We see, when reason stagnates in the brain,  
 The dregs of fancy cloud its purest vein ;  
 But circulation betwixt mind and mind  
 Extends its course, and renders it refin'd.  
 When warm with youth we tread the flow'ry way,  
 All nature charms, and every scene looks gay ;  
 Each obje&gratifies ach sense in turn,  
 Whilst now for rattles, now for nymphs we burn ;  
 Enslav'd by friendship's or by love's soft smile,  
 We ne'er suspect, because we mean no guile ;

'Till,

'Till, flush'd with hope from views of past success,  
 We lay on some main trifles all our stress ;  
 When lo ! the mistress or the friend betrays :  
 And the whole fancied cheat of life displays :  
 Stun'd with an ill that from ourselves arose ;  
 For instinct rule'd, when reason should have chose :  
 We fly for comfort to some lonely scene,  
 Victims henceforth of dirt, and drink, and spleen.  
 But let no obstacles that cross our views,  
 Pervert our talents from their destin'd use ;  
 For, as upon life's hill we upwards press,  
 Our views will be obstructed less and less.  
 Be all false delicacy far away,  
 Let it from nature lead us quite astray ;  
 And for th' imagin'd vice of human race,  
 Destroy our virtue, or our parts debase ;  
 Since God with reason joins to make us own,  
 That 'tis not good for man to be alone,



## O D E, to a L A D Y.

On the Death of Col. CHARLES Ross, in the Action at  
Fontenoy. Written May 1745.

By Mr. W. COLLINS <sup>a</sup>.

### I.

WHILE, lost to all his former mirth,  
BRITANNIA's genius bends to earth,  
And mourns the fatal day ;  
While, stain'd with blood, he strives to tear  
Unseemly from his sea-green hair  
The wreaths of cheerful May ;

### II. The

<sup>a</sup> William Collins was born at Chichester on the 25th day of December, about 1720. His father was a hatter. In 1733 he was admitted a scholar of Winchester college, and in 1740 stood first in the list of the scholars in succession at New College; but there being no vacancy at that time, he became a commoner of Queen's College, and in about half a year after was elected a Demy of Magdalen College, where he continued until he had taken a Bachelor's degree; and then suddenly left the university. This event happened about the year 1744. He immediately came to London, and commenced a literary adventurer; in which capacity he was not diligent enough to keep himself from want. In a short time he was relieved from his distresses by the death of his uncle, Mr. Martin, a lieutenant colonel, who left him about £. 2,000. From this period his health began to decline, and he gradually fell into that state

## II.

The thoughts which musing pity pays,  
 And fond remembrance loves to raise,  
 Your faithful hours attend ;  
 Still fancy, to herself unkind,  
 Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,  
 And points the bleeding friend.

## III.

By rapid Scheld's descending wave  
 His country's vows shall blest the grave,  
 Where-e'er the youth is laid :  
 That sacred spot the village hind  
 With every sweetest turf shall bind,  
 And peace protect the shade.

## IV.

O'er him, whose doom thy virtues grieve,  
 Aërial forms shall fit at eve  
 And bend the pensive head !  
 And, fall'n to save his injur'd land,  
 Imperial Honour's awful hand  
 Shall point his lonely bed !

of depression of mind which enchains the faculties without destroying them, and leaves reason the knowledge of right without the power of pursuing it. These clouds which he perceived gathering on his intellects, he endeavoured to disperse by travel, and passed into France; but found himself constrained to yield to his malady, and returned. He was for some time confined in a house of lunatics, and afterwards retired to the care of his sister at Chichester, where death, in 1756, came to his relief.

VOL. I.

Z

V. The

## V.

The warlike dead of every age,  
 Who fill the fair recording page,  
 Shall leave their faintest rest :  
 And, half-reclining on his spear,  
 Each wond'ring Chief by turns appear,  
 To hail the blooming guest.

## VI.

Old EDWARD's sons, unknown to yield,  
 Shall crowd from CRESSY's laurel'd field,  
 And gaze with fix'd delight ;  
 Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,  
 Again they snatch the gleamy steel,  
 And with th' avenging fight.

## VII.

If, weak to sooth so soft an heart,  
 These pictur'd glories nought impart  
 To dry thy constant tear ;  
 If yet in sorrow's distant eye,  
 Expos'd and pale thou seest him lie,  
 Wild war insulting near.

## VIII.

Where-e'er from time thou court'st relief,  
 The Muse shall still with social grief  
 Her gentle promise keep :  
 Ev'n humble HARTING's cottage vale  
 Shall learn the sad-repeated tale,  
 And bid her shepherds weep.

ODE



## O D E,

Written in the same Year.

By the Same.

**H**O W sleep the brave, who sink to rest ;  
By all their country's wishes blest !  
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,  
She there shall dres a sweeter sod,  
Than FANCY's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is fung ;  
There HONOUR comes, a PILGRIM grey,  
To blefs the turf that wraps their clay,  
And FREEDOM shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping HERMIT there !



## O D E to E V E N I N G.

By the Same.

F aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,  
 I May hope, chaste EVE, to sooth thy modest ear,  
     Like thy own solemn springs,  
     Thy springs, and dying gales,  
 O NYMPH reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun  
     Sits on yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts  
     With brede ethereal wove,  
     O'erhang his wavy bed :  
     Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,  
     With short shrill shrieks flits by on leather'n wing,  
     Or where the beetle winds  
     His small but full horn,  
     As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,  
     Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum.  
     Now teach me, maid compos'd,  
     To breathe some soften'd strain,  
     Whose numbers stealing through thy dark'ning vale,  
     May not unseemly with its stillness suit,  
     As musing slow, I hail  
     Thy genial lov'd return !  
 For when thy folding star arising shews  
     His paly circlet, at his warning lamp  
     The fragrant Hours, and Elves  
     Who slept in flow'rs the day,

And many a Nymph who wreaths her brows with sedge,  
And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and lovelier still,

The PENSIVE PLEASURES sweet

Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm Vot'refs, where some sheety lake  
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallow'd pile,

Or up-land fallows grey

Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,  
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,

That from the mountain's side,

Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,  
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all

Thy dewy fingers draw

The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont,  
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!

While Summer loves to sport

Beneath thy ling'ring light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;

Or Winter yelling through the troublous air.

Affright thy shrinking train,

And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure-found beneath the Sylvan shed,

Shall FANCY, FRIENDSHIP, SCIENCE, rose-lip'd HEALTH,

Thy gentlest influence own,

And hymn thy fav'rite name!

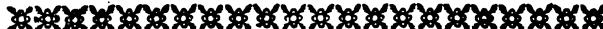
THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH CIVIL WAR

VERSES written on a BLANK LEAF,

By Lord LANSDOWN, when he presented his Works to  
the Queen, 1732.

A Muse expiring <sup>a</sup>, who with earliest voice,  
Made kings and queens, and beauty's charms her choice,  
Now on her deathbed, the last homage pays,  
O Queen, to thee; accept her dying lays.  
So at th' approach of death the cygnet tries  
To warble one note more, and singing dies.  
Hail mighty Queen, whose powerful smiles alone  
Command obedience, and secure the throne.  
Contending parties, and Plebeian rage,  
Had puzzled Loyalty for half an age;  
Conqu'ring our hearts, you end the long dispute;  
All who have eyes confess you absolute;  
To Tory doctrines even Whigs resign,  
And in your person own\the right divine.  
Thus sung the Muse, in her last moments fir'd  
With CAROLINA's praise, and then expir'd.

<sup>a</sup> His Lordship died 30th of January 1735.



## A D V I C E to a Lady in AUTUMN.

By the Earl of C H E S T E R F I E L D <sup>a</sup>.

**A**SSES milk, half a pint, take at seven, or before,  
Then sleep for an hour or two, and no more.  
At nine stretch your arms, and oh ! think when alone,  
There's no pleasure in bed.—MARY, bring me my gown :  
Slip on that ere you rise ; let your caution be such :  
Keep all cold from your breast, there's already too much ;  
Your pinners set right, your twitcher ty'd on,  
Your prayers at an end, and your breakfast quite done ;  
Retire to some author, improving and gay,  
And with sense like your own, set your mind for the day.  
At twelve you may walk, for at this time o' the year,  
The fun, like your wit, is as mild as 'tis clear :

<sup>a</sup> Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, was born September 22d, 1694; succeeded to the title 27th of January 1725-6; and was elected Knight of the Garter 18th of May 1730. Soon after he was made Steward of his Majesty's household, and Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the States General. In 1745 he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and in 1746 Secretary of State ; he resigned this post, after holding it about a year, and retired from all public business. He died March 23, 1773.

But mark in the meadows the ruin of Time ;  
Take the hint, and let life be improv'd in its prime ;  
Return not in haste, nor of dressing take heed ;  
For beauty, like yours, no assistance can need.  
With an appetite, thus, down to dinner you sit,  
Where the chief of the feast is the flow of your wit :  
Let this be indulg'd, and let laughter go round ;  
As it pleases your mind, to your health 'twill redound.  
After dinner two glasses at least, I approve ;  
Name the first to the king, and the last to your love :  
Thus cheerful with wisdom, with innocence gay,  
And calm with your joys gently glide through the day.  
The dews of the evening most carefully shun ;  
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.  
Then in chat, or at play, with a dance, or a song,  
Let the night, like the day, pass with pleasure along.  
All cares, but of love, banish far from your mind ;  
And those you may end, when you please to be kind.



### On a LADY's drinking the BATH Waters.

By the Same.

THE gushing streams impetuous flow,  
 In haste to DELIA's lips to go ;  
 With equal haste and equal heat,  
 Who would not rush those lips to meet ?  
 Bleſſ'd envy'd streams, still greater bliss  
 Attends your warm and liquid kifs.  
 For from her lips your welcome tide  
 Shall down her heaving bosom glide ;  
 There fill each swelling globe of love,  
 And touch that heart I ne'er could move.  
 From hence in soft meanders stray,  
 And find at laſt the blissful way  
 Which thought may paint, though verſe mayn't ſay. }  
 Too happy rival, dwell not there,  
 To rack my heart with jealous care,  
 But quit the bleſt abode, though loth,  
 And quickly paſſing, eafe us both.

V E R S E S



V E R S E S written in a LADY'S SHERLOCK  
upon Death.

By the Same.

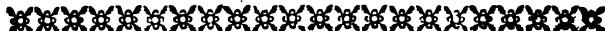
**M**istaken fair, lay Sherlock by,  
His doctrine is deceiving ;  
For whilst he teaches us to die,  
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know  
Too soon without a master ;  
Then let us only study now  
How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to bless, be blest  
With mutual inclination ;  
Share then my ardour in your breast,  
And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus bless'd I may not live,  
And pity you deny,  
To me at least your Sherlock give,  
'Tis I must learn to die.

S O N G.



## S O N G.

By the Same.

WHEN Fanny <sup>a</sup> blooming fair  
 First caught my ravish'd sight,  
 Struck with her shape and air,  
 I felt a strange delight :  
 Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,  
 Admiring every part,  
 And every feature prais'd,  
 She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes  
 Ten thousand loves appear ;  
 There Cupid basking lies,  
 His shafts are hoarded there ;  
 Her blooming cheeks are dy'd  
 With colour all their own,  
 Excelling far the pride  
 Of roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess  
 The lucky hand of Jove ;  
 Her features all express  
 The beauteous queen of love :

<sup>a</sup> Supposed to be Lady Frances Shirley.

What

What flames my nerves invade,  
When I behold the breast  
Of that too charming maid  
Rise, suing to be press'd !

Venus round Fanny's waist,  
Has her own Cestus bound,  
With guardian Cupids grac'd,  
Who dance the circle round.  
How happy must be be,  
Who shall her zone unloose !  
That bliss to all, but me,  
May heaven and she refuse !

A decorative horizontal border at the top of the page, featuring a repeating pattern of stylized floral or scrollwork motifs in a dark color.

## S O N G

**W**henever, Chloe, I begin  
Your heart like mine to move,  
You tell me of the crying sin  
Of unchaste lawless love.

How can that passion be a sin,  
Which gave to Chloe birth?  
How can those joys but be divine,  
Which make a heaven on earth?

10

To wed, mankind the priest trepann'd,  
By some fly fallacy,  
And disobey'd God's great command,  
Increase and multiply.

You say that love's a crime ; content :  
Yet this allow you must,  
More joy's in heav'n if one repent,  
Than over ninety just.

Sin then, dear girl, for heaven's sake,  
Repent and be forgiven ;  
Bless me, and by repentance make  
A holy day in heaven.



I N D E X  
TO THE  
F I R S T V O L U M E.

<i>A Poem to his Excellency the Lord Privy Seal, on the Prospect of Peace</i>	—	—	Page 3
<i>To the Right Hon. the Earl of Warwick, &amp;c.</i>	—	—	25
<i>Colin and Lucy</i>	—	—	31
<i>An Imitation of the Prophecy of Nereus, from Horace, Book III. Ode XXV.</i>	—	—	35
<i>To Sir Godfrey Kneller, at his Country Seat</i>	—	—	39
<i>On the Death of the Earl of Cadogan</i>	—	—	42
<i>An Ode inscribed to the Right Hon. the Earl of Sunderland at Windsor</i>	—	—	44
<i>Kennington Garden</i>	—	—	48
<i>An Epistle from a Lady in England to a Gentleman at Avignon</i>	—	—	69
<i>The Female Reign, an Ode</i>	—	—	78
<i>Six Town Eclogues</i>	—	—	91
<i>The Lover : A Ballad. To Mr. Chandler</i>	—	—	115
5			<i>The</i>

